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THOUGHTS,

In PROSE and VERSE,

STARTED,

IN HIS WALKS,

BY

JOHN HOPE.

Together let us beat this ample Field,
Try what the Open, what the Covert yield;
The latent Tracts, the giddy Heights, explore,
Of all who blindly creep, or ſightleſs ſoar;
Eye Nature's Walks, ſhoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the Manners, living, as they riſe.

POPE's Eſſay on Man.

STOCKTON:

Printed by R. CHRISTOPHER: And ſold at LONDON by W. Goldſmith, Pater-noſter-row; Richardſon and Urquhart, Royal Exchange; John Donaldſon, No. 188, Strand; and T. Durham, Charing Croſs. 1780.

Printed by R. Cruttenden: And sold at Lee Bow by W. Reddish, Printer-Bookbinder; Richardson and Urquhart, Royal Exchange; Dunlap, No. 152, Strand; and J. Durham, Charing Cross. 1784.

PR
3517
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To the OFFICERS of the Northamptonſhire Militia.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I HAVE received infinite pleaſure in your company, without making any Return for it. I have frequently enjoy'd your Diſcourſe, without contributing one word to the converſation.---- To many friends, indeed, my natural taciturnity lays me under equal obligation; but, if there be any entertainment in this Book, it ought particularly to be preſented to You; for the Thoughts, contained

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contained in it, were moſtly ſtarted in my agreeable Walks in your County.--- Where the Game is ſprung, ſome acknowledgment is due to the Lord of the Manour.

I am, with ſincerity,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your much obliged and

moſt affectionate Wellwiſher,

JOHN HOPE.

The PREFACE.

WHEN we recollect the number of diſtinguiſhed Perſons, of both Sexes, who have, within theſe few years, publiſhed their names with their Writings;—and when we call to mind the many Societies lately inſtituted for our improvement in eloquence;—we may ſafely pronounce, this is particularly the Age, in which "our Pride in Reaſoning, not in Acting, lies," and that Timidity cannot be termed one of our moſt faſhionable Defects. Be That as it may, the character of an Author has certainly gained a conſideration, of late, that makes one no longer aſhamed of it. There was formerly connected with it an idea of Poverty, of which it ſeems now to be ſtript.—But though a man may not be aſhamed of being called a *good* Author, he would not, unneceſſarily, hazard the acquiring the reputation of a bad one. I muſt therefore declare, that I did not determine to put my name to this Book, until I read in the Parliamentary Debates, that, of the thirty-three Scotch Members, who were preſent in the Houſe of Commons, when Mr. Dunning's motion was put to the Vote, "that the Influence of the Crown has encreaſed, is encreaſing, and ought to be diminiſhed,"—twenty eight of them voted againſt it. As one who had once the honour of ſitting in that Houſe,

Houſe, I now willingly riſk the acquiring the name of a bad Author, that I may encreaſe the ſmall number of conſtitutional Scotſmen.

I am aware that, by ſo doing, I ſhall have a charge of *Imprudence* fully exhibited againſt me; but this is no time when any friend to freedom ſhould be hid. The Voice of no one Individual can ſave the State; but the collective body is compoſed of Individuals; and the People, at this conjuncture, ſhould know on whom they may ſafely depend.——Reſpecting what I have ſaid of the twenty-eight Gentlemen mentioned above, I mean not either to depreciate their private characters, or to arrogate any praiſe to myſelf. I firmly believe, that our difference, in political Sentiments, proceeds entirely from the different educations we have received in our youth. I was early uſed to the Cuſtoms of a Republic, and I have ſince looked a little into the Laws of England, to which I give the preference, in many reſpects. They, on the contrary, have chiefly ſtudied the imperial Law, and have been educated in a country, where it is regarded as a kind of Treaſon to ſpeak of the meaſures of Government with the ſmalleſt contempt. I know, too, it is the opinion of many well-meaning men, that, as the people have loſt their virtue, the hands of Government muſt be ſtrengthened, to preſerve peace and order in the State. But, unfortunately, ſome of theſe men have ſeen little but the Luxury and Diſſipation of a metropolis; nor do they ſeem to know more of the morals of their Countrymen, than what they may have learnt at St. James's, or the Court of King's-Bench. The late Petitions, however, ſhould teach them, that much virtue ſtill remains with the People, though it be not ſo common within the precincts of a Court.—There is another

argument

argument commonly uſed with Gentlemen in Parliament, to prevail on them to give their friends, at any time, a Vote:—"Can your *ſingle* Vote, it is ſaid, be of any benefit to your Country?—Or, if it be in danger, can it ſave the ſinking State? Why, then, hurt yourſelf and your family, by incurring the diſpleaſure of Government, in oppoſing the Motion that is made?"—This may indeed, quiet the conſcience of ſome Caſuiſt? but will it exculpate him before his God? or even in any criminal Court?—I would aſk the Lord Chief Juſtice of England himſelf, (for the Caſe cannot be brought into the *Chancellor*'s Court,) whether, if a Perſon were found murdered by a gang of Ruffians, his Lordſhip would not pronounce every man to be *guilty*, who had given the Deceaſed but a ſingle Stab?—Or would his Lordſhip humanely recommend it to the Jury, to bring in their Verdict *Chance-medley;* becauſe, forſooth! it could not be proved againſt any one particular man, that he gave a *mortal* wound, and the Deceaſed died only from a Loſs of Blood.

But let the Influence of the Crown prevail in Parliament; let King, Lords, and Commons againſt the People unite; let the Machinations of the Cabinet be never ſo tyrannical,—Deſpotiſm will prove impotent, without Inſtruments wherewith to execute its Plans. Now, theſe (as the American War has ſhewn us) cannot, among Britons, very eaſily, be found. The Promoters of that War, among other things, certainly forgot, that all generoſity and love of freedom muſt be baniſhed the breaſt of a Britiſh Soldier, before he will oppreſs his fellow-citizen. They forgot, too, that War has now loſt, among Chriſtians, the barbarity and fierceneſs formerly inſpired by bigotry and fanaticiſm. An Army uſed formerly to

conquer a whole Country and keep it in Subjection by the terrors of fire and ſword. The Inhabitants, left behind it in its march, were intimidated from revolting, by the frequent exemplary Maſſacres that were made. But, now, no country can be effectually ſubdued, unleſs you can garriſon it; for the Conquered are ever ready to riſe again in the abſence of their Oppreſſors, while military executions againſt Inſurgents are no longer practiſed;—the Spirit of freedom, among the people, has encreaſed, in proportion as cruelty and rapine have been diſcountenanced in the art of war. Though the Americans were every where hoſtile, ſome of our braveſt Generals, *Howe*, *Grey* and *Erſkine* diſdained to injure any, but them who had arms in their hands. General Burgoyne too declares, that, by the violent Proclamation which he publiſhed, he meaned only to intimidate; and that he never had an idea of putting the unarm'd to the Sword, or of ſetting fire to the Houſes of the helpleſs Inhabitants.—That Humanity can dwell in the breaſt of a Soldier, will hardly be credited by barbarous and tyrannical Stateſmen; yet, more humane is even the Executioner, than the *Judge* by whom the *Innocent* are, coolly, condemned.

At this place, I thought to have finiſhed my politics; but, in the parliamentary Phraſe, now that I am upon my Legs, (and ſome of my Readers will think them ſufficiently long) I cannot help taking notice of two oppoſite extremes, into which my Countrymen have frequently run.—When once we are engaged in a War, nothing is thought of but War, as if we ſhould never have Peace again. On the contrary, when we are at Peace, our Seamen are diſmiſſed, and our Ships are left to rot in the Harbours, as if we never more ſhould have an enemy on the

the ocean. The French and Spaniards have acted in a far different manner; and if example cannot teach us wisdom, Adversity surely can. Let us, therefore, in future, keep our Fleet in repair, and be careful to support a stronger standing body of Seamen. All the Powers of Europe, now, perceive the utility of preserving the balance of Power in the empire of the Sea, as well as in the Dominions on land. For that purpose, a confederacy seems to be forming, if we may judge from the Memorial lately presented from the Empress of Russia to the States-General of the United Provinces; and the meaning of it, in plain English, is, that they all intend to come in for a share of the North-American Trade, even against our Will.—As then, "Le Jeu ne vaut plus la Chandelle," let us, in God's name, leave the Americans to act for themselves.—Our sly neighbours the Dutch, have, in this business, imitated the sagacity of the little Terrier-Dog, mentioned in page 47 of my Thoughts. Our surly English Bull-Dog fell on them, last year, in a manner which they could not then properly resent;—"maar ik zal het U wel betaalen;" but I will be revenged on you, says Pug; then, away he trots to the great Russian Bear, and entreats of him to take up the quarrel for him, and make a common Cause of it.—The Bear, again, improves upon my Staffordshire Mastiff, and brings along with him two or three little vindictive Curs;—so that, among them all, our noble British Bull-Dog runs the risk of being worried, if he should only happen to growl.—We venture, however, to publish a *growling* Proclamation. "Ay! but, says the Dutch Pug, I am a match for you now, my Lad. I have got two or three good friends, here, at my back; and as you dare not *bite*, you

may ſhew me your blunted teeth, you ſurly Dog, as much as you will. I ſhall gain as much, by the American Beaver, in one year, as ever I got by you in my whole life; ſo that, I value your friendſhip not a ſingle pin."—'Tis a melancholy conſideration, when we *ſeriouſly* reflect, how we are fallen from that glorious State, in which the Britiſh Navy, laſt War, was able to have ſtood againſt all the Fleets of Europe combined.—But as the preſent firſt Lord of the Admiralty is confeſſedly a man of buſineſs, we can impute to *him* no farther blame, than as he may prove himſelf to be one of an infatuated, unfortunate, and dim-ſighted *Cabal*.

Although I cannot clear myſelf of the charge of Imprudence, in putting my name here to ſeveral political Truths; nor yet of Self-importance, in ſuppoſing the example can be of any uſe; my Readers will find, (in pages 7, 187 and 188,) that I have entered my proteſt againſt the imputation of Vanity and Self-conceit.—Some apology, too, ſhould be made for the deſultory manner in which I commonly write. My health not permitting me to ſit, for any long continuance, with my breaſt at the deſk, I can never undertake, in proſe, any thing of a regular Diſſertation; and as to my Rhimes, (or, as my Printer has been pleaſed to call them, my miſcellaneous Poetry,) I could never ſit down, with the Pen in my hand, to compoſe one Couplet; they are all the productions of my ſolitary Walks.—My Readers will ſoon perceive, my Language is not ſtudied, and that I deal not in ſeſquipedalian words. I hope too, that, in my Expreſſions, I have ſeldom occaſion to explain myſelf. I recollect but one Couplet, in my Rhimes, where I am apprehenſive of being miſunderſtood:

"But

" But ſtill a *murmur*, from the neighb'ring Shore,
Diſturb'd the Ear with harſh reſounding *Roar*."
(Page 276.)

ſounds a little uncouth; for a *Murmur* cannot, at the ſame time, be termed a *Roar;* unleſs it be granted me, that the noiſe of the Sea, on the ſubſiding of a Storm, may be *comparatively* called *a murmur of the Sea;* although, when conveyed to the Ear, it may ſtill be denominated *a Roar.* Contrariwiſe, I conceive that the roaring of the Sea, at a great diſtance, may be called only a murmur to the Ear; on the propriety of which the Critics will beſt decide.—— I have, however, the opinion of one good Writer on my ſide; I mean, of William Falconer, Author of the *Shipwreck.* He even commended my Paſtoral ſo far, as to ſay, there were ſome Lines in it, (where the Sound is intended to be expreſſive of the Senſe,) which he wiſhed he had compoſed himſelf. His friendſhip may have made him *partial* to *me*, but he had a ſpirit above *flattering* any man. He wrote part of his Poem under my roof; and, to comprehend his Virtues in a few Words, I knew him to be " an *honeſt Man*, the nobleſt Work of God!"—His excellence as a Poet is ſufficiently known; but I can atteſt what may not be ſo certain to every one, (altho' he alludes to it in the exordium of his Shipwreck,) that he had received but a ſhort grammar-ſchool Education, and that his Youth had been paſſed in a ſea-faring life. Yet, the Enthuſiaſm of the Bard, which he fully poſſeſſed, ſurmounted every obſtacle to writing, and produced us a Poem by few modern Poems ſurpaſſed. He took his Paſſage, a few years ago, for the Eaſt-Indies, on board of the *Aurora* Frigate, in which, it is believed, he ſuffered a *real* Shipwreck;

Shipwreck;—*fatal* too, 'tis feared:—for he has not been heard of more!—So much, at leaſt, is due to the memory of a departed Friend!

If my Book ſhould not meet with a ready Sale, I have, to thoſe of the Critics, two reaſons to add, which will ſave my Vanity ſome little pain. The *firſt* is, that my Printer could not provide me with as good paper as I wiſhed for, without my waiting a longer time, for it, than I meaned to remain at Stockton. The *ſecond* deſerves to be generally known:—there is in London a certain combination of Bookſellers who diſcourage every thing that comes from a *country* Preſs, and would willingly make a monopoly of their Own. But though I would always ſhew a proper reſpect to *polite* company, by introducing myſelf to them in my *beſt Suit*, I am never diſpleaſed at obtruding myſelf on a parcel of purſe-proud Fellows, with my *ruſty Coat* on.

I have, in my Preface, made uſe of the freedom, with which an Author is commonly indulged, of ſaying a great deal concerning myſelf, and my Writings. I muſt, however, beg pardon of the Public, for being ſo much of the egotiſt in the body of my Book. My Readers, *unknown*, will be ſo kind as to ſuppoſe, that it is the *Leveller*, *An Advocate in the Cauſe of the People*, or any *other* perſon than myſelf, who is writing; for moſt of theſe Miſcellanies have already been well received, under ſuch fictitious Names. And my Readers, who know me, are deſired to figure to themſelves, their old acquaintance ſeated beſide them, in his eaſy Chair, and thence familiarly relating what he thought of in the Fields.

April 24th, 1780.

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THE

THE

LEVELLER's

CURSORY THOUGHTS.

THE man who ſpeaks to a private company, has conſiderably the advantage of the Author who addreſſes the Public in writing. The *former* has it generally in his option to fit his diſcourſe to the temper, capacity, age, profeſſion, and ſex of his hearers; but the *latter* muſt deliver his ſentiments to readers in very different predicaments; many of whom will be too dull to comprehend him, and many, though ſenſible, will diſſent from his opinions. In the reception of any *humorous* ſtory, the *Author*'s ſucceſs is particularly doubtful. A merry tale, that would convulſe the Phyſician with laughter, will perhaps cauſe the Divine to bleſs himſelf at the Writer's nonſenſe; a jeſt for which the Merchant would give one credit, will make the Lawyer gravely demur at the firſt reading; what would paſs for a damn'd good joke in the Camp, would be ſunk to perdition in the Navy; and a

ſmart thing pointed at a Young Lady, would be accounted both ſtale and inſipid in a Circle of Old Tabbies.——But the moſt difficult thing which an Author has to encounter is, the *accidental humour* of his Readers: for, as *Sterne* obſerves, a man, to be able to reliſh a merry ſtory, muſt bring half the entertainment along with him.

STERNE's maxim, That a man muſt bring half the entertainment along with him, is applicable to *every* amuſement. There are times of low ſpirits, when the beſt poetry and the beſt muſic are thrown away upon me. In ſuch moods, I frequent neither Concert, Ball, Opera, nor Play; but I take a ramble in the fields, or ſtay at home, and ſhew my dull face to nobody. The ſhunning one's acquaintances, in ſuch fits of deſpondency, ought not too haſtily to be attributed either to Pride or Diſaffection; for when one cannot reliſh the mirth of his friends, 'tis but civil not to ſpoil it with his gravity.

I WOULD not condemn any man's underſtanding, either by the teſtimony of defects in his writings, or a default and heſitation in his ſpeech. If I ſaw an incorrect, immethodical compoſition, I ſhould wiſh to know, before I paſſed ſentence on the author, whether his ideas did not crowd ſo faſt upon him, that it was with the greateſt difficulty he could arrange his thoughts. If I heard another man make a confuſed, incoherent ſpeech, I ſhould alſo like to know, before I pronounced him wrong-headed, whether

ther he cannot make himſelf, in writing, be perfectly well underſtood. One whoſe invention is dull, who is ſlow in recollection, or at a loſs for words, may write ſenſibly enough, although, from all, or any of theſe cauſes, he ſhould cut a deſpicable figure in diſcourſe; for, while he is writing one ſentence, the next will occur to him; or, if he ſhould find himſelf reduced to hum and ha, and ſcratch his pate, he may ſit at his leiſure till a thought ſtarts, or till he has recollected ſome word that he is in want of. There being no witneſſes to his diſtreſs, he can boldly write that, which, from the want of a facility in expreſſion, he would never have dared to ſpeak. Mr. Addiſon's difficulty of utterance is known to every one who has read his life; and whoever has been in company with the late David Hume, will grant it me, that he was not very fluent in his ſpeech; yet no writers were more ready at their pen, or ſhewed, in their productions, a greater command of words. To them we may add Mr. Soame Jenyns, an excellent writer! but one who is not much given to ſpeak.—I remember being in company with Dr. Robertſon, when it was known that he was employed in writing his Hiſtory of Charles the Fifth. One of his friends took the liberty of aſking him when it would be publiſhed. "I really cannot tell you, ſaid the Doctor; but if (added he, with all the modeſty of good ſenſe) I were as quick at my pen as my friend David Hume is, I could be able to promiſe when my book would be ready for the preſs. For David can ſit down to write, at ſtated hours of the day, as regularly as a merchant's clerk; and he is ſo correct in his language, and ſo methodical in the arrangement of his thoughts, that the fifth and ſixth volumes of his Hiſtory of England, which are no way

inferior to the reſt, went to the preſs in the original and only copy of them which he wrote."—Dr. Robertſon, however, is one of thoſe few people who can, with equal facility and correctneſs, either write or ſpeak; and beſides him I recollect none other, who have lately diſtinguiſhed themſelves as public writers, excepting my Lord Cheſterfield, the late Lord Lyttelton, and Mr. Edmund Burke. Innumerable are the Orators, both in the Senate and at the Bar, who are known to make but contemptible ſcribes. When, therefore, I hear of any one that ſpeaks much, it is no proof with me that he has more ſenſe or learning than the ſilent man; but only that his imagination is more lively, and that he has a greater command of words. Nor would I be willing to pronounce a man void of underſtanding, even tho' he could not, either by ſpeaking or writing, perfectly expreſs his thoughts; for, though Mr. Locke ſomewhere ſays, that a man cannot think without thinking in words, I am ſenſible I can have an idea, and at the ſame time be at a loſs for a word by which to expreſs myſelf. If, then, *that* can happen at all to *me*, why may it not frequently happen to any body elſe? Or, ſhall we ſay, that a child has no ideas till he acquire his ſpeech; and that a man, who has been deaf and dumb from his birth, has no reflections of his own for want of words?——Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, was a monarch ſo little endowed with ſpeech, that he was accounted almoſt an idiot before he commenced the great actions of his life. Cromwell, too, was moſt incoherent in the delivery of his words; nor have we ever heard, that what he wrote was either elegant or correct. Yet every one will allow, that both theſe great men ſhewed, on many occaſions, an uncommon preſence of mind, and a ſurpriſing depth of thought.

SINCE,

SINCE, with man, the want of words, nor even the total deprivation of ſpeech, does not imply a default of ſenſe, why ſhould we deny all reaſon to the dumb brutes? We are certain that the underſtanding of many of them can be improved, though they cannot go beyond the limits by nature preſcribed; but to alledge, that, becauſe they cannot go beyond that pitch, they have no reaſon at all, is as much as to ſay, every man is an idiot, whoſe judgment is not as perfect as that of a Mansfield, a Camden, or a Burke. And if the gift of ſpeech is to be the teſt of reaſon, and my poor dog is to be allowed no reflections of his own, until he ſhall have the talent of communicating his ideas in words; then muſt his maſter be reckoned a fool, until he be as great an Orator as any of the great men mentioned above; which is not yet demonſtrated, and which I am very unwilling to grant.—A friend of mine has two dogs; the one named *Toby*, the other *Omiah*. The *firſt*, I ſometimes figure to myſelf to be an Engliſhman; the *laſt*, a native of Otaheite. They have no common language by which they can make themſelves to each other underſtood; but they have *ſigns* and *looks*, which, as they reciprocally give, they ſeemingly comprehend; and which, by cuſtom, I can very well underſtand myſelf. They alſo improve by *imitation*. If they are not capable of greater improvement, it is becauſe they have not the faculty of ſpeech. Heaven, by denying them that, hath placed them far beneath mankind; yet are they much above others in the ſcale of created beings upon earth.

NOTHING

NOTHING is more common in mixed companies, than to ſee men of a ready utterance, gain the aſcendant over thoſe of better underſtanding, though of few words; and, with puns, quibbles, and ſatirical ſtrokes, paſs among the ſhallow thinkers for men of real wit.—It happens in converſation, as in the tranſactions of a buſy life: as a man of cunning, who regards neither juſtice nor honeſty, will, in many caſes, outwit the man of wiſdom, whoſe principles allow him not to deviate from the rule of right; ſo will a wag, who pays no attention to the laws of good-nature, frequently outſhine the conſiderate wit, who will ſuppreſs many a good thought, through fear of hurting or giving his neighbour offence. But the firſt will cut and thruſt at friend or foe, wherever he ſees an opening; and provided he can ſhew his dexterity, will give little heed what object he happens to hit. The beſt method of dealing with theſe practitioners in the cut-and-thruſt, is, to keep yourſelf entirely on the defenſive, till, by ſome unlucky ſtroke, they throw themſelves off their guard; if you will then aim a blow at them that perhaps will lay the ſcull open, and expoſe its contents; or if you will make a thruſt, which, if they are not callous, will pierce them to the heart, they will fall moſt abject at your feet, and will ſeldom have the courage to renew the attack upon ſuch a dangerous foe. Such wits I look upon as far inferior to a thrumber of wire, or a ſcraper of catgut, who can tickle my ear without doing miſchief to any one. But when I meet with a man of learning and underſtanding that is communicative, I court his friendſhip; and I liſten to

him

to him with ſo much the more pleaſure, as I can acquire knowledge from him, without impairing my ſight by the reading of books.

I AM no enemy to a Pun, provided it have ſome pretenſions to Wit, and be not a mere Play upon Words.—A Gentleman of ſome Conſequence in *Canada*, did me once the honour of a viſit of Congé, on his return to that Country.—He obſerved a *Pitch-fork*, as I call it, (which Mrs. H. made uſe of to tune her Mandoline) lying on the parlour-table. It was then a new invention; and, on enquiring the uſe of it, he could not help expreſſing a deſire to have one to carry with him to Canada. Mrs. H. immediately deſired he would accept of *that*, and keep it in remembrance of her. He received it with a reſpectful bow, and gallantly exclaimed: "Madame va donner le *Ton* à l'Amerique."

THE timidity which men often ſhew in delivering their ſentiments in ſpeaking, and the repugnance which ſome authors feel to ſubmit their writings to a public peruſal, proceed not always from modeſty, nor from a diffidence of their own judgment. With an inward conviction of his own merit, a man may dread cenſure; though ſeemingly humble, he may, in fact, through vanity, tremble under the apprehenſion of loſing applauſe. This remark I once made, when I had not leiſure to inlarge upon it. But now, to purſue the thought a little farther:—I honeſtly confeſs, that I make no ſcruple of ſhewing my

my insignificant productions to any of my old acquaintances; nor do I in the least hesitate in delivering my opinion in private to them; because I imagine they must already have fathomed my capacity, and found whether it was extensive or narrow. But I never could get over that tremor, which affects me on making any public oration; because I am unwilling to discover my ignorance to strangers, nor do I like to expose my folly unnecessarily among people, who, if I had remained silent, might have mistaken me for a man of a better understanding. As little should I choose to put my name, without necessity, to any Literary Publication; because *that* would also subject me to the censure of strangers; and it would have the appearance, too, of my being perfectly well pleased with my own compositions. This is far from being the case, however; for, though I would never put pen to paper, if I did not amuse myself by my writings, I have seldom been satisfied, but rather wished to express myself in a better manner. At the same time that I am so bashful, with regard to the public exhibition of any thing that hazards the exposing of my understanding, I have not the least dread on me in performing any of the exercises which I learnt at the Academy. I can dance a minuet with the utmost unconcern, before the most genteel assembly; I can scrape a fiddle, with perfect facility, before the most numerous audience, provided always they be previously acquainted that I am no professed musician; I have rode in the manège, and practised in the fencing-school, without any tremor upon me, before the most beautiful female spectators; and I never made a difficulty of shewing, to any body, the wretched productions of my pencil. All this I do, because I dare. I consider it as a matter of indifference,

tence, whether I excel or not in any of these exercises. They are not *mental* accomplishments. They are things which a gentleman may learn for their private utility, or merely for his own amusement. Whether he knows them or not, I esteem him neither the better nor the worse man for it. If, on the contrary, he learns them with a view of *shining* in public, it will cost him infinite labour to arrive at the requisite perfection; and, after all his trouble, the anxiety about gaining applause will not, perhaps, allow him to perform with that ease which is necessary in a graceful execution.

IT is astonishing to me, how many sensible Readers suffer their opinion of books to be guided by the judgment of others. I have known several learned men who never dared acknowledge they were pleased with a new publication, till they had first seen the sentence passed on it by the Gentlemen *Reviewers*. So far as *their censure* goes, it must be allowed they acquit themselves in a most masterly and judicious manner; but their *praises*, at other times, are so partially good-natured, that I would not always bestow my money at their friendly recommendation. —'Tis easy to find defects in the best compositions; and a defect being once exposed, (unless some beauties of the same book be also given) it may damn the author of it as a bad writer for ever. It must, on the other hand, be an execrable performance in which nothing is found that is worthy of commendation. If, then, we get but one good extract from it, the Gentlemen Reviewers, by suppressing the rest, and giving a doubtful opinion on the subject, may easily

favour their friend the publiſher. I do not, therefore, truſt to them entirely.—Concerning books of great value, I wait for the opinion of the public; and in ſmall-priced publications, I ſometimes venture to purchaſe, even contrary to the verdict of a critical Jury. If there is any thing *good* in a book, I am, like *Moliere*'s Houſekeeper, ſtruck with it immediately. Heaven has given me a taſte and feelings, to which I owe great enjoyment in the reading of Poetry, and particularly of dramatic pieces.—I was once, in a ſpecial manner, diverted with a friend of mine, who had read to me Mr. Goldſmith's Comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, when it was firſt publiſhed. He was highly delighted with it, and laughed at the reading of it as heartily as I did; but unluckily, within a few days after the peruſal, a tolerable author and a great dramatic critic, of his acquaintance, happened to pay him a viſit, and deliver his opinion of this new Comedy. I then heard my friend every where running it down as a mere Farce, replete with improbabilities, extravagance, and buffoonery; and when I took the occaſion to remind him of the entertainment it afforded us both, when he was ſo kind as to read it to me:—True, ſaid he, I was certainly diverted, but it was at the *extravagance* of the Author I laughed, not at his wit nor his humour. Come, come, my friend, ſaid I, confeſs that you was highly entertained with this ſame *Comedie outree;* and that you never found thoſe faults with it, till you heard the opinion of your friend the Ranter. I have read it twice over, ſince I ſaw you, and I can boldly ſay, it loſt nothing with *me* in the reading. There are many ſtrokes of genuine humour in it; the incidents are truly comical; there is not a character in it but what I have known in real life; there

is

is not one circumſtance beyond probability, excepting that of Tony Lumpkin's carrying his mother rather too long a journey, in bad roads, for the time allowed him to perform it in; and as for the miſtaking a gentleman's houſe for an inn, the thing might happen to any man who had ever travelled the Bath-road, or who, in his rambles, had never been off the poſt-roads of England.

THE *Republic of Letters* is a common phraſe; but, from what I have obſerved above, there appears to be as much a *Tyranny* of Letters as a *Republic*. Let ſome great critic ſend forth his learned edict, and all opinion is borne down before it. To diſſent from it, as often implies folly and ignorance, as it is accounted treaſon to rebel againſt the King, or hereſy at Rome to differ with the Holy Pontiff.

ONE day, as I ſat reſting myſelf on a ſtile, with a field of ripe wheat before me, I imagined a man could not take a better pattern for a genteel bow and a handſome recovery, than from one of the ſtalks as it bent beneath the breeze that blew upon it. The ſtalk, or body, firſt inclined, and the ear, or head, next followed its ſlow motion. The ſtalk then gently roſe again, and the ear recovered in ſucceſſion. I ſat like a King upon his throne, and I could not help fancying, I ſaw ſo many of my loving ſubjects bowing, with Addreſſes, before me. When my Readers recollect, that the great Homer himſelf compares the ſpears of an army to a field of corn, no leſs than

three different times in his firſt Book of the Iliad, they will readily forgive me for one poor ſimile which I made of the ſtanding corn, although reeds have more frequently been uſed in the like compariſons. But reeds being a little ſtiff in the back, repreſent not ſo properly the eaſy graceful motions of a Courtier's body. To *that* of the bending corn, I will oppoſe another ſimile of the ſtubborn oak; and both may be applied to the addreſſors and non-addreſſors at ſome future meeting of Parliament.

When Nobles bow, and bring, in humble tone,
An abject vote before the Monarch's Throne,
They yield to breaths of indolence and eaſe,
And bend, like corn, beneath the fragrant breeze.
Not ſo, the ſturdy oak withſtands the blaſt
Of fouleſt ſtorm;—'tis ſtubborn to the laſt:
Yet, Tree of Freedom! O majeſtic head!
Thy leaves oft wither—while thy branches ſpread.

ALL poetry, and indeed all literary compoſitions whatſoever, muſt be allowed to be proportionably diſtant from perfection, as they ſtand in need of additional notes and explanations to enable their readers to comprehend them. For, in other words of my own;

" A well-written book ('tis a rule that ſome quote)
" Should be underſtood without comment or note."

'Tis therefore, with all due ſubmiſſion, I ſtand corrected, for not making myſelf ſufficiently underſtood in the alluſion of the laſt line in the following ſtanza:——

" Not

" Not ſo, the ſturdy oak withſtands the blaſt
" Of fouleſt ſtorm;—'tis ſtubborn to the laſt:
" Yet, Tree of Freedom! O majeſtic head!
" Thy leaves oft wither—while thy branches ſpread."

That is to ſay, in Mr. Bayes's ſtile,—altho' individuals may ſuffer in their lives or fortunes, by withſtanding the fouleſt blaſt of corruption, yet the public will reap the benefit of a formidable reſiſtance;—their rights will, in conſequence of it, be extended; the Tree of Liberty will flouriſh and ſpread in a future more luxuriant verdure. Though a Ruſſel and a Sidney fell, and many leaves of the tree dropt off in the laſt century, yet the branches ſuffered neither fracture nor amputation; the majeſtic head enlarged, and this generation enjoy its protection.——To puſh the allegory no farther, I cannot but acknowledge that my lines ſtood much more in need of an explanation than many of Pope's plain paſſages, on which dull notes are written by ſome of his learned Commentators.

I WOULD not have it underſtood, that I regard the genteel exerciſes learnt at the Academy, as tending ſolely to the *amuſement* of a gentleman. They are often of ſingular uſe to him. *Muſic* indeed may lead a man into low company; but then, as the mind muſt ſometimes be unbent, after any neceſſary application to buſineſs, it is a great happineſs for him to have ſome muſical inſtrument to apply to, inſtead of hazarding his purſe at the gaming-table, or impairing his conſtitution in the debaucheries of a tavern.—*Painting* and *Drawing* may be learnt by gentlemen

tlemen of independent fortunes, for the same good purpose of relaxation. But they may be hurtful, rather than of service, to people whose necessary occupations are of a sedentary kind.——*Fencing* may prove of infinite use to a gentleman, on some unfortunate occasions; and the more any humane, considerate man knows of that science, the more cautiously will he avoid a quarrel; for, though he might have the advantage of an unskilful adversary, and might with perfect facility run him through the body, yet he would not willingly put a man to death for a trifle; or if, to save his own life, he saw it absolutely necessary to disable his adversary, he would find it a very difficult matter, without imminent danger to himself, to make a home thrust at a man of courage, who found a sword in his hand, and was determined, at all hazards, to advance upon him. The affair of Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth is a case in point, which I cannot help mentioning: The *latter* was an excellent swordsman; and seemed to have presumed too much on his dexterity; the *former*, being acquainted with his antagonist's superiority, was the more precipitate in disabling him for ever, as the surest method of preserving his own existence.—As quarrels, however, cannot always be avoided, it is of great importance to a man to be able to *parry*, and (if necessary to terminate the difference) to be able to draw blood at no very dangerous part of the body.—To attend the *riding-school* is also of great advantage to a gentleman; for, besides the acquiring, by it, a graceful seat on horseback, it may also save him many a dislocated joint, or many a fractured member. The riding a race, or a fox-chase, is the least part of the art. A boy will do *that* with almost as little practice as reflection; but a gentleman ought to

know

know how to manage any vicious horſe he may be accidentally mounted upon; for want of which knowledge, I have ſeen even Officers of Dragoons, who were the boldeſt fox-hunters, make no figure at all with their regiments.—*Dancing* is certainly of ſervice to form the limbs, and to make a man genteel and active in walking; but moſt exerciſes within doors being relaxing to the body, I recommend it for its *utility* only to the Gentlemen of the Army. In what ſhape it is *uſeful* to *them*, in particular, may require ſome explanation. I would not be thought to mention it ludicrouſly, but I will venture to affirm, that no expert figure-dancer would be at a loſs in learning any of the evolutions of the army; for nothing teaches a man to keep his mouth ſhut, and his eyes and ears open, more readily than dancing: now theſe are qualifications of acknowledged importance in a ſoldier upon duty; and though an Officer has a greater privilege in uſing his tongue, the leſs he opens his mouth unneceſſarily, the more he will be attended to on neceſſary occaſions.——For the ſame reaſon of accuſtoming the eyes and ears to be attentive, the practice of *muſic* is of advantage to an Officer; for, while he is reading and playing his own part, he muſt alſo liſten to the inſtruments of the other performers.—*Landſhip-drawing* is of acknowledged uſe to an *Engineer;* and by exerciſing the eye, is worthy of the notice of all Officers. *Riding*, as I above hinted, is an exerciſe to be recommended particularly to the Gentlemen of the Army.—*Fencing*, and the uſe of the broad-ſword, is of ſingular utility in exerciſing the attention of the eye, and improving the activity of the body: but the knowledge of them, excepting to the Horſe and Dragoon Officers, is not ſo requiſite as it uſed to be, when man was frequently

quently opposed to man in battle; for now that cannon, and the as-merciful firelocks, have put close fighting out of fashion, the rifle-gun is the chief weapon for practice.——Since I have been drawn into the subject of amusements that are attended with utility to the Gentlemen of the Army, I must not omit mentioning my favourite *Game of Chess*. Whoever can with a glance of the eye command every move that can be played on the Chess-board, might, with equal facility, discern the whole disposition of an army, and be prepared for every attack which an enemy could make upon him. *Hunting* and *Shooting* are also amusements of acknowledged utility to an Officer; by improving the quickness of his eye, they give him a readiness in perceiving every inch of ground around him; and he acquires, in time, a tolerable certainty in guessing at the face of the adjoining country, from the appearance of the field immediately within his prospect.

NOTWITHSTANDING these thoughts are written in a most stormy night, I will venture the communicating an observation on the weather, which may give some comfort to the under-writers in London, and for which I shall expect their acknowledgements, accompanied with a handsome *premium*.——I have heard it once observed, as I have found it by experience, for these three last years, to be a *just* observation, that, as the weather rules for about a week before, and after the equinoxial day, it will, in general, be the same kind of weather for three or four months next ensuing: That is to say, if the fortnight above named should be stormy weather, the four months

months after will, for the moſt part, be ſtormy too; but if that fortnight ſhould prove fine, mild weather, (as it lately did) we may expect a continuance of the ſame for the greater part of the four months to come.

MAN was certainly formed for exerciſe and laborious employment; and unnatural to him muſt be the occupations of a ſedentary life. I cannot therefore but think, it will turn out greatly to the advantage of the male ſex, the women having taken ſo much to reading and writing of late. The honeſt profeſſion of a taylor, ſo generally derided for its effeminacy, could not, with propriety, have been committed to the truſt of a *female* hand; for it would be indecent in a woman to be conſtantly fumbling about a man's breeches, and to be neceſſarily feeling his ribs, or tickling his ſides, while ſhe was taking his meaſure for a ſuit of clothes.——But various are the other employments, which the learned part of the fair-ſex can now take off our hands! By changing the cuſtom of flogging the poſteriors, to the flagellating ſome other part of as exquiſite feeling, the Ladies may teach our youth the *ancient* and *modern* languages as properly as the men can. For the *firſt*, the women have generally moſt excellent memories, capable of retaining the minuteſt and moſt particular circumſtance or event; for the *laſt*, it will be readily allowed, that their tongues are ſufficiently pliant and voluble to acquire the moſt difficult twiſts. The Spaniſh, German, and Dutch gutturals, indeed, would not be ſo eaſily managed, unleſs the fair teachers were Northumberland or Scotch.—In the *Senate*, and at the *Bar*, the loquacity of the women would

be of extraordinary uſe. And, in the *Pulpit*, how would their ſweet perſuaſion, and their winning looks make converts to the truth!—As to *trade* and *manufactures*, 'tis very well known, that a widow in Holland and Flanders continues her traffic, with little inconvenience, after her huſband's death; and I truſt that our Engliſh widows are clever enough to do the ſame with us. In the practice of *Phyſic*, I doubt not but the Ladies would be very expert. The ſight, I grant, of a beautiful woman might ſometimes diſorder a man's pulſe, and the feel of her delicate hand would naturally accelerate the courſe of his blood; but then, how many patients would revive at the mere ſight of their doctor! or be reſtored to all their priſtine vigour, at her very magical touch! As cuſtom reconciles us to every thing, old King David's method of prolonging his days might come again into vogue:—a man might have a handſome female doctor on each ſide of him all night, and diſmiſs them in the morning (with their guinea a-piece), without his giving the world the leaſt ſcandal or offence —— *Certain diſorders* would be difficult to treat, without putting the *ſurgeon* to the bluſh. But, in theſe caſes, I think the Ladies might eaſily get over their delicacy; for, conſidering the liberties which the *men-midwives* have already taken with the fair ſex, I ſee no harm in the women uſing the ſame freedoms with us. If any there be, the *examiner* and *examined* ſharing the reproach, there is but half the immodeſty in it.—I will tell it in *Italian;* for my Latin I have partly forgot, plain Engliſh would be vulgar, and almoſt as well underſtood would be the original French:—*Un ſervitiale molliſicante, per rinfreſcar le Viſcere del Signor*, would give infinite relief, when adminiſtered by the hands of a pretty female *apothecary;* whereas,

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in the preſent way, by being frequently left to the care of an old nurſe, it is not ſo likely to have all its proper and benign effects.

THERE is a rule to be obſerved in converſation, that a man ought to conſider, whether his companions ſhew a willingneſs to liſten to *his* diſcourſe, or would like better that he ſhould hear *them* ſpeak. And, ſimilar to *that*, is a maxim in politics, to which every wiſe Stateſman attends: To avoid, as much a poſſible, the making any innovations in the laws of a nation, but ſuch as the people are already prediſpoſed to receive. I think, therefore, that our Legiſlature might take into ſerious conſideration the hint I have offered above. The Ladies having already met us half way, Government would not find it difficult to enforce the obſervance of any law which the *omnipotence* of Parliament (a phraſe, however, which Heaven ſeems to reſent) ſhould think proper, for the wiſe purpoſes hereafter named, to enact, viz. to oblige the women in general to attend our grammar-ſchools and academies; and to finiſh their ſtudies at our two univerſities of Oxford and Cambridge. Thoſe intended for phyſic, ſhould have liberty to reſort to Edinburgh. I am certain that the Ladies would ſwallow ſuch a law more readily, than the Americans ever will do thoſe Acts and Reſolutions which we are endeavouring to cram down their throats. My reaſon for propoſing ſuch a law is evidently this: That men being ſo much wanted for our warlike operations abroad, they ought by no means to be encouraged in the occupations of a ſedentary life.—I cannot bear to think ſeriouſly of the

blood that has been ſhed; and I am extremely afraid that many more lives will be loſt before there is an end to this ſtrife. For ſuppoſing that General Howe ſhould force the lines at New-York, it is a doubt if he will be able to leave his ſhips, and march up the country, to meet the little army coming from the Lakes above. My private intelligence of 23d June, 1776, from Montreal, ſaid, that our troops in Canada had then no veſſels ready to carry them acroſs the Lakes. And, perhaps, it was lucky they had not; unleſs the Grand Army under General Howe could have marched up the country to meet them, they would probably have been cut off by a much ſuperior force. All which makes it appear to me that affairs will not, by the *ſword*, be ſettled this campaign; that more men will be wanted for recruits; and that four ſhillings in the pound Land-tax will be again requeſted of the landed Gentry, who have been ſo greedily ſtrangling their hen with her golden eggs. If I ſaw my brother in a quarrel, in which I thought him to blame, I would certainly not aſſiſt him in his injuſtice; yet I could not wiſh him to be beat. In no other ſentiments do I find myſelf with regard to this American diſpute.

WHATEVER happens in the affairs of this world, we muſt acknowledge to be permitted by the will of God. We cannot pretend to account for the expediency of every event we are witneſſes of. If, however, we examine the Records of Hiſtory, we ſhall find, that though many bloody battles have been fought, which, for unknown purpoſes, have ſwept whole millions off the face of the earth, Providence

vidence has ſeldom permitted the entire conqueſt of a nation, but for its puniſhment under vice and corruption, or for its civilization and improvement from a barbarous State. The Americans being equally virtuous, and equally civilized with us; I cannot perſuade myſelf that our coercive meaſures againſt them will ever ſucceed.

OUR paſſions and judgment being equally the gifts of God, I cannot but think it borders on impiety to treat the impetuoſity of Man's paſſions, or the defect of his judgment, with ridicule or contempt:—it is ſneering at God's Providence for the unequal diſtribution he has made. Yet, when a man is at no pains to controul his paſſions, or to improve his underſtanding, ridicule may be permitted, when it is employed with the well-meaning intent of ſhaming a perſon into a reformation of life. I hope never to uſe it in any other thought. Perfectly ſenſible of my own defects, I ſhall never ſpeak contemptuouſly of other's faults, nor arrogantly attempt to write a ſatire on the human race. The humiliating idiotiſm of the once-humourous Dean Swift ſhould ſerve as an awful example, to deter all preſumers to wit from wantonly ridiculing the wonderful works of that Deity, whoſe deſigns are unaccountable to us.

I HAVE met with ſome lines in the Whitehall Evening-poſt, addreſſed to a Gentleman who happened always to vote on the *Miniſterial* ſide in Parliament, and which finiſhed with this ſtanza:

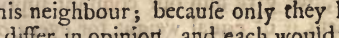
"Yet

" Yet *paſſing wiſe* the men may be,
" With whom you ever did agree,
" With whom you e'er did vote;
" Or elſe this inference I draw:
" You neither *heard*, nor ever *ſaw*,
" But held by *Cooper*'s coat."

I hope there are not many *ſuch* in the Houſe of Commons, who ſuffer themſelves to be led by the Treaſurer, or his Secretary, like blind beggars following their Dogs: yet, (if ſuch there are) I think an apology might be penned for them, which few of them would be bold enough to make: " You, Gentlemen, who ſtyle yourſelves Patriots, you obſtruct the wheels of Government by oppoſing the Miniſter in *every* thing; and you juſtify this oppoſition by ſaying, you are perſuaded he is an enemy to the conſtitution, and that our ancient rights are in danger, till you have turned him out of place.—Now, We of the Majority, having a confidence in the integrity and abilities of this ſame Miniſter, think it incumbent upon us to keep him *in;* for which reaſon, and to counteract *your* ſcheme, we give him our conſtant ſupport."—The argument is of equal weight for every one who chooſes to go through the *dirty* work of either ſide. The man, however, who ſupports the *Premier* in every thing, will oftener be in the right, than he who thwarts every meaſure of government, merely to turn a bad Miniſter out.

OF all the ſuperſtitious tenets of the Church of Rome, the Belief of the Infallibility of the Pope is one of the moſt ridiculous; yet, from the King to the Cobler,

Cobler, there is not a Proteſtant among us, who does not, at times, believe himſelf to be infallible. This conceit of our own infallibility is, perhaps a greater cauſe of ſtrife among mankind, than any thing elſe we can imagine; for, rather than we will allow, in ſome favourite opinions, the poſſibility of our judgment being erroneous, we poſitively pronounce our opponents to be ignorant; or, guided by ſelf-intereſt, to be utterly inſincere in their profeſſions.——Hence it is, that we ſo often conceive a hatred or diſlike of them who differ from us in ſentiment. The King's ſervants brand, with the opprobrious name of a ſeditious and *deteſtable* oppoſition, every party of men who diſſent from their opinions; whilſt, on the other hand, the Gentlemen in oppoſition imagine, that no man can be honeſt in his principles who can give his ſupport to certain meaſures of Government, which unfortunately incur their diſpleaſure.—In like manner, we may ſee our Counties, Towns, and Villages torn with diſſentions, or divided by party and faction, where almoſt every man expects that you ſhall ſide with him, and quarrel with his neighbour; becauſe only they have happened to differ in opinion, and each would have you believe him to be a man of an infallible judgment.



THERE are two things in life, which I frequently meet with, and which, as often as they happen to me, give me inexpreſſible pain. The firſt is, when I ſee a poor drudge of a waiter made the ſport of a company at a tavern, and obliged to ſubmit to the arrogance of every haughty or unthinking fellow, who aſſumes the authority to abuſe him on any little, trifling

trifling concern. The next is, when Gentlemen take upon them to ſcold and reprimand their ſervants before any company of viſitors whom they entertain. In both theſe caſes, I bring the condition of the waiter and the ſervant home to myſelf, and, by my feelings, I find, I could never be able to endure the ill-uſage they muſt ſo often ſuſtain. To the proud and haughty, whatever I could ſay on the ſubject would be of little avail. But I muſt beg leave to remind the giddy part of men, (who, from wantonneſs or thoughtleſſneſs, ſometimes act againſt the known humanity of their own minds) that nothing is ſo mean as to give ill language to any man, whoſe condition in life renders it unſafe for him to return the abuſe; and that nothing can be more ill-mannered to a company, than to addreſs one's wit to a waiter, when there are gentlemen to converſe with in the room. Nor, at one's own table, can any thing be more ill-mannered to gueſts, than to give vent to one's anger or ill-humour before them; becauſe it muſt proportionably ſpoil their entertainment, as they partake of their Envitor's concern.

MUCH has been written for and againſt the incloſing the open fields in England; but one plain obſervation muſt ſtrike any man of reflection, in the county where I reſide:—That if the fields, which lie fallow for a whole ſummer, were incloſed, they would certainly produce ſomething more profitable than the ſcanty pittance of food which the ſheep that browſe on them at preſent receive.—When, from an eminence, one beholds the third part of the land covered, in the midſt of the ſummer, with the winter's ruſſet

ruſſet brown, it immediately occurs to his mind, that a very ſmall portion of that ſame land, if laid down in graſs, would ſerve as paſture for its uſual ſtock of ſheep; and that the reſt of the produce of theſe fallow fields, when cultivated every year, would be ſo much of public advantage gained. A large crop, indeed, may be expected from a field that has lain fallow for a whole ſummer; but the farmer, by changing every year the ſeed that is ſown in the ſame ſoil, or by manuring it well, makes the incloſed land yield an additional produce, for which he is ever ready to give an advanced rent. Whenever a country can be brought to yield an additional produce, the inhabitants muſt, in general, be benefited by it. It is not, therefore, by the *act* of incloſing, but by the *manner* of it, that we ſee ſo many individuals ſuffer in the caſe. If the ſmall tenants were not turned a-drift on the world by ſome of their avaricious landlords; if the value and extent of a farm were to be fixed by Act of Parliament; and if an adequate compenſation were always given to the poor, who have a right of common on the open fields—then would the vallies ſmile, and every one would rejoice at the daily improvements that are made. But as matters now ſtand, though the Public reap advantage by an increaſe of produce, individuals are frequently oppreſſed, and muſt too often curſe that power that deprived them of their bread.——One national benefit, however, ariſing from large farms, muſt be candidly confeſſed. They ſerve the purpoſes of public granaries; for when a year of ſcarcity arrives, the great farmer has generally a ſtore in reſerve, which ſupplies the deficiency of a bad crop; and though the hoarding of his corn may ſometimes make

it high priced, we ſhall not, as formerly, experience thoſe ſad times of famine and general diſtreſs.

THERE is a well-known ſtory of a ſailor, who, coming off a cruize with his pocket full of prize-money, admired the Admiral's velvet waiſtcoat ſo much, that nothing could ſatisfy him, till he had one made for himſelf of the very ſame ſtuff. He accordingly inquired for the Admiral's taylor, of whom he went to beſpeak his veſt. The taylor, after having taken his meaſure, aſked him what he ſhould make the back of. "Why, of the ſame ſtuff, to be ſure!" quoth Jack. "Tis not uſual, ſaid the taylor, to make the back of thoſe rich waiſtcoats of the ſame ſtuff with the front; the Admiral had the back of *his* made of common cloth."——"No matter for that, quoth Jack; make *mine* ALL velvet; I'll have no ſham about me, by G—!" Soon after, when Jack had got his waiſtcoat on, he met the Admiral in the ſtreet; but inſtead of taking off his hat (for which he felt himſelf too great), he held his coat-lappets up with one hand, and with the other he clapped his back—"No ſham *here*, Admiral! no ſham about *me*; 'tis *all* velvet, by G—!"——No leſs abſurd is the modern taſte of ſome of our Nobility and Gentry in the building of their country-ſeats. It ſeems to be a prevailing faſhion among them, to build the front of a houſe towards a place whence it cannot be ſeen, unleſs one is at the pains to ride ſome miles round it; which is juſt as troubleſome a manœuvre as that of Jack's pulling up the lappets of his coat to ſhew us his velvet back. A man may furniſh the

the *inside* of his house to please himself and his friends who visit him, and he may place the windows of the principal rooms towards the most beautiful prospect; but, surely, if I were to bestow any money on the ornamenting the *outside* of my house, I would choose to have it as conspicuous as possible; otherwise the expence of the fine front might as well have been saved to my purse. I have often seen an honest, plain Citizen with a gold-laced waistcoat, which he endeavoured, by buttoning his coat, to keep carefully hid; yet, by a bit of the binding peeping out, I could discover the finery he was ashamed of. I should have made this comparison at the first; but I had many doubts whether I could lay to the account of a bashful modesty in our great folks, their late custom of concealing their ornamented fronts. I need not bar a pun here, for my Readers will perceive there is not affinity enough.—This custom, I take it, has arisen from an observation on the proximity of Citizens' boxes to the dust and noise of a London road; and so, to avoid the inconveniences attending such a situation, or the indignity of having a noble mansion compared to a Citizen's box, our gentry have run into the other extreme, and will not have their houses seen at all, unless it be at the distance of a mile and a half.——I leave it to any architect to judge, what a grand figure his works will cut, when viewed in the diminutive scale which such a prospect would make. There is a certain point of view, beyond which all grandeur, as well as richness, is lost: as the minute ornaments will not be *seen* at too great a distance, so the building itself will be *diminished* too much.—If a house be so near a road that passengers may look into it, I would certainly shut it up on that quarter, and turn my front to some other place. But if it be

far enough not to be overlooked, nor to be incommoded by the noiſe and duſt of a high-road, I would prefer to run my front parallel with the principal road, from whence it will oftenest be viewed.—A houſe ought alſo to humour the ground on which it is placed. It ought to ſquare with the ſlope of the lawn, and not diagonally to run it acroſs.

I LATELY remarked on the ſulky cuſtom among our Gentry of concealing their houſes from the notice of travellers; but I muſt here animadvert a little on their ſullen manner of keeping *themſelves* too cloſely ſhut up from the knowledge of ſtrangers.——I am confident that no mortal would ſuffer leſs by having a window in his breaſt, than an Engliſhman; and yet a ſtranger would ſeldom be able to prevail on him to ſit with his blinds open. His window-ſhutters would be eternally barred and bolted againſt every unknown comer that approached him, as if he muſt certainly be a thief or a pickpocket. Such a cautious conduct in *buſineſs* is prudent and commendable; for the ſureſt method of preventing all conſequent miſunderſtanding, is, to tranſact every affair of intereſt, even with one's own brother, as if one was guarding againſt the tricks of a ſharper. But, in the common intercourſe of life, Chriſtian charity ſhould teach us to ſuppoſe every man honeſt, till we ſhall have received a contrary information. Inſtead of this charitable behaviour, nothing is more common than to ſee two well dreſſed people ſit the whole evening next each other, at the Opera or the Playhouſe, without ſo much as exchanging one civil word about the beauties or the defects of the performance. This

ſhyneſs,

ſhyneſs, I am perſuaded, proceeds from a certain inbred haughtineſs of ſpirit, that hinders each party from condeſcending to make the firſt advances. 'Tis partly from my own experience I ſay it;—for having ſpent ſeven years of my youth in a foreign country, I was, on my return to Britain, as totally unacquainted with its cuſtoms as if I had never ſeen it; I had no conception of any ſhyneſs between one genteel perſon and another; ſo that, wherever I ſeated myſelf at a public entertainment, I never failed to ſay ſome civil thing between the Acts, to my next neighbours, and to ſhew them my willingneſs to begin a converſation. As it is a compliment due to every company where one is not intimately acquainted, to put on a better dreſs than ordinary, in which to appear before them, and as I always made a point of complying with that rule of politeneſs, I never ventured into public (after the manner of ſome of our Engliſh Bucks) in a dreſs that would make a ſtranger aſhamed of my acquaintance. I have, accordingly never found, that either the Gentlemen or the Ladies were offended at my ſpeaking to them; but, on the contrary, my civility has frequently recommended me to the friendſhip of people, whom, unknown, I had ſociably accoſted, and to whom I had afterwards the opportunity of a formal introduction.

BESIDES the reſerved behaviour above mentioned, to ſtrangers, I have often heard my countrymen reproached for their ingratitude to foreigners. An Engliſhman, after receiving many civilities from a Gentleman abroad, will frequently ſhew but little attention to him in London. This I can account for

no

no otherwiſe, than from the multiplicity of engagements which people generally have who come to reſide only a few weeks in London; and from our Nobility and Gentry not looking upon themſelves as *at home* in Town, but rather as temporary reſidents, as well as the foreign travellers. This behaviour, which is ſometimes imputed to political diſſenſions, may paſs among ourſelves; and I can the more readily forgive it, as I have myſelf experienced the greateſt civilities in many parts of England, from Gentlemen, whoſe Parliamentary buſineſs, or family engagements, would ſcarcely allow them time to accept of the leaſt return from me in London. Yet I could wiſh my countrymen would ſacrifice a little more of their own convenience to the hoſpitable reception of foreigners; becauſe their ingratitude to them is really become a national reproach.

THERE is no greater obſtacle to the introduction into *good* company, than a non conformity with the cuſtom of card-playing. From what we can learn in the annals of the Polite World, this faſhion has prevailed in *London*, with little variation, for a whole century; but, within my own memory (and I am not a very old fellow), it has gained ſuch conſiderable ground in the *country*, that it has intirely baniſhed bowls, cricket, and other manly games, with which the Gentlemen uſed to amuſe themſelves in the ſummer-evenings. Nay, there is not ſo much as a butt to ſhoot an arrow at, in any of the gardens, in Scotland; and the *goff* club and ball are never uſed now, but in a tedious morning. From one end of the Iſland to the other you will find, that when neighbouring

neighbouring families are met together in the country, they will be ſitting at cards during the moſt delightful hours of the day, totally unmindful of the rural beauties around them. 'Tis abſolutely murdering one's time thus to confine one's ſelf to the houſe, in a fine ſummer-evening; but to fill up converſation with cards, in a winter's night, may prevent a great deal of ill-natured diſcourſe, and a great deal of ſcandal.—Divines are too ſevere in their cenſure of this cuſtom. As the beſt things may be perverted in their uſe, ſo is the playing at cards attended with its evils. The trifling too much of our time away in *any* amuſement, is undoubtedly ſinful; and if a man who has any neceſſary vocation in life, ſhould dedicate too many hours of the day to cards, he is doubly cenſurable. But people of independent fortunes, who cannot all find employment in the ſervice of the State, may be allowed to entertain themſelves at cards (as we give toys to children), to keep them out of miſchief. Of neceſſary evils we muſt chooſe the leaſt; 'tis therefore better, that a man ſhould throw his time and money away at cards, than that he ſhould employ them in diſturbing the public peace, or in ruining his conſtitution in all kinds of exceſs. I appeal to Hiſtory for the truth of this: Since play has been in faſhion, civil broils, rapine, murder, and drunkenneſs, among our gentry, have viſibly decreaſed.—For ſeveral reaſons, I ſeldom play at cards myſelf: the games do not intereſt me ſufficiently to fix my attention for any length of time; I do not like to part with my money, where no pleaſure to myſelf, nor good to others, is purchaſed by it; and if I were to win any conſiderable ſum, it would give me no ſatisfaction, as I imagine that my friend, or neighbour, would chooſe to loſe as little

as

as I do.—But though I do not reliſh cards myſelf, I am far from being of the opinion of ſome of our moraliſts, who ſay, that the love of them proceeds from a principle of avarice, or an unbounded deſire of gain; for I am acquainted with ſo many people of moſt generous ſentiments, who are fond of play, that I am convinced they are inticed to cards by nothing but a certain keenneſs of temper, and reſtleſſneſs of ſpirit, which would take a more uſeful turn, if they had ſomething of more importance to work upon.—I once knew an extraordinary inſtance of this in two very ſenſible men of my acquaintance, who happened to be wind-bound at Helvoetſluys, in Holland. They fell in there with two other gentlemen, with whom they played at Whiſt from breakfaſt to dinner, from dinner to ſupper, and from ſupper to bed-time, for three days ſucceſſively, for nothing but *honour*. From my own feelings, I can readily conceive *another* more pleaſing temptation to play. I never won a game at cards without feeling a kind of complacency of mind, a ſort of flattering approbation of my own judgment; when, perhaps, I owed my ſucceſs intirely to chance, and nothing to my own ſkill or underſtanding. If I loſe, however, as I never play high, it gives me no manner of concern; and I would adviſe no man (for his own happineſs) to play at cards, who cannot meet his ill-luck with the ſame philoſophical temper.

"NOW, the Devil confound thoſe Ancients"—(ſaid an honeſt Iriſhman, as he was reading one of their Writings) "Now, the Devil confound thoſe Ancients, for they have ſtolen all my good thoughts from

from me!"—A man, who has read little and thought much, ought indeed to be very cautious how he lays claim to originality; for (excepting in the Arts and Sciences) it is difficult to ſtrike out a thought, but what one may find already expreſſed in ſome ancient Author, and with fewer words than it can be conveyed in by any Modern.—What brings the Iriſhman's ſpeech into my head at preſent, is the ſight of Sir John Hawkins's Advertiſement of a ſpeedy Publication of Five Quarto Volumes on the ſubject of Muſic. I have ſome thoughts of my own on the ſame ſubject, which I am reſolved to put ſoon into ſome kind of order; leſt, peradventure, they ſhould be too late in their publication, and I ſhould find that Sir John "had ſtolen ſome of my good Thoughts from me."

I HAVE ſeldom met with a native of any foreign country, I am acquainted with, who had never travelled till he had attained the age of manhood, but I could tell the nation he belonged to, by the cadence, or accent, in which he ſpoke the Engliſh language. Let his pronunciation be never ſo perfect, he will ſtill retain ſomething of the ſame cadence in which he was accuſtomed to ſpeak in his youth, and of which, in his riper years, it will be impoſſible for him, by any delicacy of ear, or pliability of tongue, to become totally diveſted.—The reaſon of it I take to be this:—The voice having been long exerted in ſpeaking in the ſame *national* cadence, ſome particular parts which form the voice, and whoſe function it immediately is to ſound that cadence, become thereby more ſtrengthened than others; and this may occaſion, for ever, a cadence in ſpeaking as involun-

tary, as are the various natural notes in the convulsion of laughter. Anatomists may give a better account of it; although to me it appears, that it is neither the *Larynx*, nor any one single part, that forms the voice, but the combined powers of *three;* and these are, the throat, the breast, and the lungs. The *last*, like the bellows of an organ, are the *sine qua non;* without which there would be no sound. The other *two* serve to *modify* the voice; that is, to give it the *manner* of its existence. The throat seems to preside over the function of modulation in singing; and to the breast is specially assigned the power of giving the emphasis in speaking. Accordingly, we find many accomplished singers, who have no command of their voice in speaking; and, on the other hand, many great orators and theatrical speakers, who can scarcely sound a note of music with their voice; though they may perhaps shew us their musical capacity, by whistling any tune that has been sung to them.

IT is by some maintained, that the music of each country bears an affinity to the cadence of its language. However that may be, this at least is certain,—that as, by custom, we can be brought to admire the rant of the Stage at Paris or at London (a rant, which, at first hearing, appears unnatural to us), so we become enamoured of any strain of music we have been long used to, and give it the preference to every other kind of composition. An untravelled, uninstructed Frenchman imagines, there is no music comparable to the Airs of his country. An untaught North-Briton will have a similar prepossession in favour

vour of the Scotch tunes. But any one, who has practiſed muſic from his youth, and who has not always reſided in his native country, will give the preference to the Italian muſic, on account of its variety; although he will, at the ſame time, learn to reliſh what is agreeable in the muſic of every nation. Thus will he increaſe his taſte and enjoyment of muſic, by an unprejudiced practice of every kind of compoſition, in the ſame manner as a man may get rid of all cadence in ſpeaking, by an *early* intercourſe with the natives of many different countries.—When I firſt learned the violin and violoncello, I played, for ſeveral years, nothing but Italian compoſition. I then met with ſome French Airs, and their words and tunes together gave me infinite pleaſure. I next heard Handel's Oratorios; ſome pieces of which, when I knew the words they meant to expreſs, charmed me beyond any thing of the Italian. Mr. Robert Bremner's Collection of Scotch Songs came laſt in my way; and though he has given me no directions how the tunes are to be played, I think I have gueſſed both the taſte and the time of the muſic, by the ſtrain of the words for which it is compoſed. ——The following is my manner of playing ſome of them; and if I have not hit on their true meaning, I hope Mr. Bremner, in the next impreſſion of his book, will be ſo obliging as to correct me.

Mournful and *tender*. *Adagio*.

Gilderoy.
An' thou wert my ain thing.
The Buſh aboon Traquair.
The Broom of Cowdenknows.
I'll never leave thee.
Peggie, I muſt love thee.
Woe's my heart that we ſhould ſunder.

Plaintive and *tender*. *Largo*.

Katherine Ogie.
The laſt time I came o'er the Moor.
She roſe and let me in.
For the lack of gold ſhe left me.
My Apron dearie.
Sae merry as we twa hae been.

Graceful and *tender*. *Andante*.

The Birks of Invermay.
The Laſs of Patie's Mill.
Low down in the Broom.
Nancy's to the Greenwood gane.
Tweed Side.
Corn Riggs are bonny.
The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

Chearful and *tender*. *Andantino*.

Beſſy Bell and Mary Grey.
Fee him, Father, fee him.
The Boatman.
There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Chearful. *Allegretto*.

The Blathric o't.
Hooly and fairly.

How expreſſive of rapture are the notes to the line, "Then I would claſp thee in my arms," in the Song of *An' thou wert my ain thing!*—How plaintive the notes to "A Laſs that was laden with care," in the Song of *Sae merry as we twa hae been!*—How mournful the notes to "Hear me, ye Nymphs, and every Swain!" in *the Buſh aboon Traquair!*—How mournful, too, the notes to "As from a rock, paſt all relief," with the whole firſt ſtanza in *Peggie, I muſt love thee!*—And how expreſſive the fall in "He's low down in the Broom!"——But my limits will not allow

allow me to quote every favourite paſſage in theſe ſongs, which, I think, equal in expreſſion the moſt admired compoſitions of the Italian maſters.

To Antiquarians I ſhall leave it to determine which particular Scotch tunes were compoſed by *David Rizzio*, or which are the productions of the country. Among thoſe above mentioned, I am willing to relinquiſh *Tweed Side*, and the *Yellow-hair'd Laddie*, which have much of the Italian Air in them. I would alſo give up the *Laſs of Patie's Mill*, unleſs it has the original words to it; for, in that caſe, it cannot be above a century and a half old; "*Hopetoun*'s high mountains," which the ſong mentions, having not been much longer in the poſſeſſion of that family; and *then* I ſuppoſe the poſſeſſor to be called by the name of his eſtate (after the Scotch manner), as the Peerage of that name is no older than from the beginning of this century.——I can ſcarcely pick out another tune in the book before me, but muſt either be originally Scotch, or purpoſely compoſed by *Rizzio* after the Scotch manner. They could not otherwiſe have been introduced among the vulgar, by whom they have been chiefly tranſmitted (as from them they have been generally collected); for, let the beſt modern ſinger, at this day, execute any favourite Italian Air to the common people in Scotland, it would be loſt upon them intirely; or they would ſtill give the preference to that ſtrain of muſic which they have ever been uſed to.—I cannot conclude without obſerving, that, as many of the Scotch tunes run the notes almoſt to two *Octaves*, it muſt require a greater compaſs of voice to ſing them, than we generally expect to find among the inhabitants of theſe northern countries.

AT

AT the battle of Lafelt, when the 37th regiment of foot had been thrice broken and rallied again, and when, at the fourth attack, they were totally defeated, *Dijan*, a French refugee Officer, who ſtood among the laſt in that regiment, found himſelf at the ſide of one Kerr, a bold, intrepid grenadier, whom rejoicing to meet, he inſtantly accoſted in theſe words, "Bee garre! me be very glad to ſee you, Kerr; I know you vill follow me." "That I will, ſaid Kerr, I will follow your honour to the bottom of Hell."—"Hold, hold, Kerr, not ſo far, eider; me vill only lead you to de gate, and dere me be obliged to leave you."—So, away they both went over a hedge and ditch, and continued the battle at the ſide of a Hanoverian regiment.———Though I would wiſh to baniſh, as much as poſſible, from the mind of the ſoldier, the recollection of his own danger, the want of reflection I would deſire in him, is not of that diſſolute, abandoned kind which the Grenadier above mentioned ſhewed in his anſwer. I would have no man, in a good cauſe, forget, that he fights in the preſence of his Creator; for Hiſtory ſhews us, that no armies have been more ſucceſsful than thoſe who fought under a religious inſpiration; nor have any men been poſſeſſed of greater bravery in combat than thoſe who had the fear of God conſtantly before them. We ſee, indeed, that a want of all Religion has often the ſame effect of rendering men fearleſs of danger; yet is the thoughtleſs, mechanical courage of the wicked not always to be relied on; for, if a temporary ray of reaſon ſhould ſtrike them, they will ſhudder at death, and the approach of a future retribution. A remarkable inſtance of this I can give, in another

another ſtory that at preſent occurs to me. An Engliſh gentleman-traveller happened to be dining at a *Table d'Hote*, at the Hague, in company with ſome others, who had been concerned in the laſt Rebellion. In his diſcourſe at table, he uſed great freedom with the Chriſtian Religion, and went ſo far as to utter blaſphemy againſt his Almighty God. He next attacked the character of the Pretender, and at laſt became ſo ſcurrilous on the ſubject, that one of the company, no longer able to contain himſelf, deſired him to walk into the garden.—"Now, Sir, ſaid the challenger, your blaſphemy againſt my God, I leave *him* to puniſh, for He was preſent, and did certainly hear you. But for your ſcurrilous abuſe of my Prince, who is abſent, and cannot reſent it, I demand inſtant ſatisfaction. Draw, Sir, or you ſhall aſk his pardon."—Theſe words were delivered in ſuch a determined manner, that the offending gentleman imagined he heard the voice of an avenging Angel, ſent from Heaven to puniſh him for all his wicked actions. Though as an officer in the army he had often diſtinguiſhed himſelf in battle; though he had as often proved his courage in ſingle combat; and though he now drew his ſword with apparent reſolution, yet his heart failed him on this occaſion; and, after a few thruſts, his antagoniſt diſarmed him, and obliged him to beg his pardon.

THERE is an expreſſion in General Howe's letter of 30th November, that would be very characteriſtic of the cool courage of the German ſoldiers, had we not been previouſly informed, that four Britiſh regiments had ſcrambled up the hill like cats, and effectually

tually cleared the way for them:——"The Heſſian grenadiers alſo coming up, and paſſing the Brunx, aſcended the height with the greateſt alacrity, and *in the beſt order.*"—I can, however, conceive all this to be very true, without derogating in the leaſt from the bravery of the Heſſians.—A German and a Dutchman are naturally ſlow in their motions; and, in the face of danger, within the reach of a cannon or a muſket, it would be unreaſonable to expect them to be uncommonly active in marching. Let us figure to ourſelves a man with head erect, ſhouiders forced back, cheſt puſhed out, his back ſtreight, and his knees ſtiff.—This man knows no other method of walking up a hill, and 'tis with difficulty he can perform it.—If, again, he attempts to go down the hill, 'tis ten to one but he will fall on his back; as may be tried any day on a ſlope, with our own ſoldiers in drilling. Commend me, then to the natural looſe walk, and the acquired agility of a South or North Briton; for, a man, to be an active ſoldier, ought to be able to walk on all-four when there is occaſion for it.

Reading, in an old Newſpaper, a paragraph about ſome depredations which Mr. Wildman's Bees had made in a Confectioner's Shop, it recalled to my mind an affair that happened ſome years ago at Enfield, and that was equitably ſettled by Mr. Smart, an honeſt Attorney of that place. In what manner it was ſettled by him, I ſhall leave it to my Readers to gueſs. But the ſubject occaſioning no little mirth in the neighbourhood, a club of friends, who ſat as judge and jury, deſired me to perſonate Mr.

Mr. Doubleface, and to plead before them on both sides of the case. The following, as far as I can recollect, were the chief points on which I enlarged.

COUNSEL *for the* PLAINTIFF.

My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury,

I AM Counsel, in this cause, for William Whitebread, the Plaintiff.——As my brief states the case, John Fenton, in the parish of Enfield, Middlesex county, is the proprietor of an orchard, lying and being in the foresaid parish of Enfield, the fruit of which orchard he let, for the term of one year, to Benjamin Blossom, the Defendant, and the pasture he reserved for his own use. The Plaintiff was the owner of a sow and nine pigs; which sow and nine pigs being one morning, as it was their natural custom, in quest of the acorns, crab-apples, hips, haws, and nuts, that are usually to be found under the trees and hedges of an inclosed country, arrived at the fence which inclosed the foresaid orchard, belonging to the foresaid John Fenton. In the said fence, which consisted of a quickset hedge, the foresaid nine pigs found a little hole, or aperture, through which, in search of food, they crept; and, notwithstanding the sage admonition of the old sow, their mother, who prudently remained on the public highway, they, thoughtless, strayed into the orchard. Far had the pigs not wandered, ere they beheld a windfall of tempting apples, which a late storm had scattered upon John Fenton's herbage. Of these apples, as it was natural for pigs to do, they did most plentifully eat; till the Defendant accidentally arriving, forthwith hurried them from off the orchard, and shut them up in the open pound. The Defendant demanding damages beyond all reason, and to

which he had no manner of right, the Plaintiff *replevied;* but on the redelivery of the pigs into the poſſeſſion of the Plaintiff, the ſaid pigs were found to be *dead;—ergo*, not in the ſame condition in which they were by the Defendant impounded. The Plaintiff demands the full value of his pigs to be paid to him, and that for ſundry good reaſons, which we mean to give. Firſt, My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury, it can no ways be proved that the Plaintiff's pigs were guilty of any treſpaſs on the Defendant's property. The cloſe or orchard was the property of Mr. John Fenton. The pigs made no unwarrantable entry on the defendant's ſoil, by "*breaking* HIS *Cloſe*," nor did they do him any damage by "treading down and bruiſing *his* Herbage". Both theſe are neceſſary to conſtitute a treſpaſs; and yet the fence and the herbage were neither of them the property of the Defendant. Nor can he ſay that the pigs "ſpoilt his trees", ſuppoſing them to be his property, which in reality they were not; he could not lawfully cut one twig of them; 'twas only the fruit of them which he could diſpoſe of for that ſeaſon. I will now aſk him one plain queſtion: Did the pigs *climb* the trees? or did they break the branches, or did they ſpoil the fruit?—No; the pigs found the apples ſcattered, by the wind, on Mr. Fenton's herbage; and whoever had been at the pains to have gathered them, would, by his labour, have acquired the property of them;——having dropt off the trees, they were no longer *fruit growing* on thoſe trees, and therefore no longer the property of the Defendant.—But ſuppoſing that the pigs had committed an act which the law did deem unjuſtifiable, your Lordſhip and the Gentlemen of the Jury will be pleaſed to conſider, that theſe were pigs but of eight weeks old;

they

they were not Hogs, my Lord,—they were not arrived at the age of poſſible diſcretion, and could not diſcern between good and evil. Their *ætas infantiæ*, or, at the moſt, their *ætas infantiæ proxima*, exempted them from puniſhment for any crime or miſdemeanor.—Had the old ſow, their mother, entered the orchard, Mr. John Fenton (for *he* was the man againſt whom the treſpaſs, if any, was committed) might, with greater plea of juſtice, have impounded *her;*—but no;—ſhe ſtood on the outſide of the fence, and grunted warning to the pigs to keep on the uncontrovertible highway.

My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury, I will be bold to ſay, there has been infinite malice in this affair. The Defendant, Benjamin Bloſſom, is ſuſpected to be no believer of the Holy Catholic Faith; he was never known to have attended Divine Service at any *Chriſtian* Church. Excepting, now and then, an Alderman of London, how ſeldom do we find a *Benjamin* that is not a *Jew! &c.* and the Defendant is known to have a mortal averſion to pork; accordingly he ſhut up theſe nine poor pigs in an open pound, and that in a cold, bleak night of the October month, when, by the inclemency of the weather, they came to a miſerable and untimely end! ——We therefore hope that you will, as in your judgments ſhall ſeem meet, decree us the value of our foreſaid nine pigs, and our full coſts of ſuit.

* * * * * * * * *

COUNSEL *for the* DEFENDANT.

My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury,

I AM Counſel, in this cauſe, for Benjamin Bloſſom, the Defendant. The Plaintiff's Counſel having

admitted, that the nine pigs, lately belonging to William Whitebread, were detected in the fact of eating the Defendant's fruit, it only remains with us to prove, that the said Defendant was justified in distraining the said pigs *damage feasant* on his property, as hath already been stated in the brief.—We admit that the *herbage* of the orchard belonged to John Fenton, but the trees, and the fruit of them, constituted part of the *vesture*, and were, for that year, the property of the Defendant. *Cujus est solum ejus est usque ad cœlum*, is a maxim of the law with regard to the *soil;* and so it is, I will venture to affirm, with regard to its *produce*, which the proprietor may have let to any other man. The apples, therefore, belonged to Benjamin Blossom, though the trees had reached the clouds, or their roots shot down to Hell. The Defendant not having relinquished his property in the apples when they lay upon the ground, the pigs had no manner of right to convert them to their own use, and to devour them as they did. John Fenton, indeed, might have gathered the apples; because, by damaging his herbage, they became a nuisance to him; or, if they had dropt over the wall, or fence, upon another man's ground, the proprietor thereof might have lawfully done the same. But the pigs could never have acquired a property in the apples, even though they had found them on the public highway; unless the owner of them had for ever remained unknown.—The Plaintiff seems to lay a great stress on the *infancy* of his pigs; but with how much reason, I shall leave it to your Lordship, and the Gentlemen of the Jury, to judge. It being held that the capacity of doing ill, or contracting guilt, is not so much measured by years and days, as by the Delinquent's understanding. (for,

Malitia

Malitia supplet Ætatem,) we can prove that the foresaid pigs manifested a consciousness of guilt, by precipitately running away, and endeavouring to hide themselves, immediately upon the Defendant's appearance in the close.—As for the old sow standing on the watch without, there was a very evident reason for that. There are *holes* of various sorts and sizes, as your Lordship and the Gentlemen of the Jury well know; and one hole might give an easy admission to a pig, that would be found, upon trial, to be too small to let in a beastly hog.—Now, the hole, or aperture, in the fence which inclosed the Defendant's fruit-trees, being but a small one, the great sow (however willing) could not possibly follow her diminutive pigs.—In regard to *malice* in this affair, I believe, my Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury, we can prove a good deal of that on the Plaintiff's side. The said Plaintiff, William Whitebread, is by trade a Baker, and as apples are generally used in puddings and pies, which diminish considerably the consumption of bread, it was therefore undoubtedly for the Plaintiff's interest to let loose his pigs on the Defendant's apples, and to destroy as many of them as he possibly could.——The Plaintiff lastly says, that his pigs died by the inclemency of the weather. We shall leave it to the Gentlemen of the Jury to determine whether a pig could die by cold in a mild October night. No; the truth of the case is this: The apples were blown off the trees before they were ripe; the apples were a *sour* fruit; the pigs did eat most immoderately thereof; the pigs consequently died of the *gripes*.

MUCH

MUCH has been related of the ſagacity of the brutes of antiquity, and eſpecially of that Lion which uſed to be ſeen in the ſtreets of Rome, accompanying the pardoned runaway ſlave. I have been witneſs to equal gratitude, in a Lion of modern date.—One day that I had the honour of dining with the Ducheſs of Hamilton, at the ſo-named palace of Hamilton in Scotland, her Grace aſked the company, after dinner, if they had any curioſity to ſee her Lion; ſhe would attend us, and order the keeper to feed him?—We gladly accepted the offer, and went down to the court, to ſee the Lion get his dinner.—While we ſtood at the cage, admiring the fierceneſs of his looks, and his terrible roar, each time we provoked him, with ſticks, to fly at us, and abandon his prey, the porter came, and told the Ducheſs, that a ſerjeant, with ſome recruits, at the gate, begged leave to be admitted to ſee the Lion. Her Grace, with great condeſcenſion and good-nature, aſked permiſſion of the company to let the travellers come in, as they would then have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing the animal fed.——They were accordingly admitted, at the moment the Lion was growling over his prey. The ſerjeant advancing to the cage, called out, "Nero, Nero, poor Nero, don't you know me?" The animal inſtantly turned his head, and looked at him; then roſe up, left his prey, and came, wagging his tail, to the ſide of the cage. The ſerjeant then put his hand upon him, and patted him; telling us, at the ſame time, that it was three years ſince they had ſeen each other; but that he had had the care of the Lion on his paſſage from Gibraltar, and he was happy to ſee the poor beaſt ſhew ſo much gratitude for his attention. The Lion, indeed, ſeemed to be perfectly pleaſed;

pleaſed; he went to and fro, rubbing himſelf againſt the place where his benefactor ſtood, and licked his hand as the ſerjeant held it to him, and ſometimes put it in his mouth. The ſerjeant, on his part, was ſo confident of the honour and integrity of his friend, that he offered to go into the cage to him; but he was prudently with-held; the company not being ſo thoroughly convinced of the ſincerity or generoſity of the brute creation. And herein my next ſtory might juſtify their ſcruples; for we ſhall learn, that brutes have alſo their vices, as well as their extraordinary virtues.

Mr. M. of Whitmore in Staffordſhire, uſed to come twice a-year to town, on ſome family buſineſs; and being a gentleman fond of exerciſe, he commonly made the journey on horſeback, accompanied moſt part of the way by a faithful little terrier-dog, which, for fear of loſing in town, he always left to the care of my kind, good-natured landlady, Mrs. Langford, at St. Alban's; and, on his return to the country, he was ſure to find his little companion well taken care of, and perfectly recovered from the fatigues of his journey.—But Mr. M. calling for the dog one time as uſual, good Mrs. Langford appeared with a woeful countenance before him:—"Alas! Sir, your little Terrier is loſt, and I have been fretting my heart out about him. Our great houſe-dog and he had a quarrel together, and the poor Terrier was ſo worried and bit before we could part them, that I verily believed he would never have got the better of it. He made a ſhift, however, to crawl out of the yard, and no mortal here ſet eyes upon him for almoſt a week after. He then returned, and (will you believe it, Sir?) he brought along with him another dog, bigger by far than our's, and they two

fell

fell upon our great houſe-dog, and bit him ſo unmercifully, that he has ſcarcely ſince been able to go about the yard, or eat his meat.——After that your little dog and his companion diſappeared, and they have never ſince been ſeen at St. Alban's."——Mr. M. heard the old lady's ſtory with no ſmall aſtoniſhment; but he bore his loſs with perfect reſignation. Heaven ſent a ſpeedy reward to his philoſophy.—On his arrival at Whitmore, he found his little Terrier was got ſafe home before him; and, on inquiring into circumſtances, he alſo found, that the Terrier had been down at Whitmore, and coaxed his great houſe-dog to follow him back to St. Alban's, where he was ſure of being revenged on his enemy.—Theſe facts have been well authenticated to me; and one of the parties concerned I have often ſeen—I mean the little, ſagacious, revengeful animal. But in what manner Brutes are endowed with ſo much reaſon, as in the inſtances related, and the power of combining their ideas, I ſhall not take upon me to determine.

THE

THE

LEVELLER. N°. I.

MOST of our Writers of Periodical Eſſays have been particularly careful to chooſe for themſelves ſuch names only, as were, in their interpretation, inoffenſive, or were likely to prepoſſeſs their Readers in their favour. There are, 'tis true, over-curious and impertinent *Spectators*, wicked *Guardians*, idle *Ramblers*, gambling *Adventurers*, and trifling *Connoiſſeurs;* but, 'till we experience the contrary, we are ſtill inclined to believe the Gentlemen, under theſe denominations, to be *honeſt* and worthy *Spectators*, *Guardians*, *Ramblers*, *Adventurers*, and *Connoiſſeurs*. The *Tatlers*, indeed, are rather equivocal, and ſo is the *World:* it requires ſome acquaintance with the *firſt*, before we can entirely diveſt ourſelves of our prejudice againſt them; and, as for the *World*, it is either a very good World, or a curſed bad one, accordingly as one is diſpoſed to judge of it. Now, I am ſenſible that the name I have aſſumed is of the number of the laſt equivocal kind, and therefore requires ſome little explanation. The Word *Leveller* ſeems to convey the meaning of pul-

ling down, rather than of raising up; although the levelling any thing may be performed by elevating or erecting, as well as by debasing or pulling down.

I would not be understood to be of levelling principles in my Political Creed. I have, on the contrary, the greatest veneration for our happy constitution,—the limited monarchy of Great Britain. My attempts shall only be to level and lay low the stubborn excrescences of the Mind: Pride, Vanity, and towering Ambition, I shall endeavour to humble in the dust. I shall remind the so-named *Gentleman* or *Man of Honour*, that, in the eye of God, he is on a Level with the very *Scum of the Earth:* if the *One* merit distinction, 'tis but by his virtue and honourable deeds; in the *Other* exists no vileness, but thro' his Debauchery and Vice. It is my wish, therefore, to bring Mankind on a Level or equality of *Mind*, by persuading the *Great* to Tenderness, Humanity, and Meekness, qualities the most rare in the Man of High Life; and by inspiring the *Poor* with those virtues, (most chearing to the Common Man) Fortitude, Resignation to the Divine Will, and a becoming Consciousness of the Dignity of the Human Race.

There are three things which gain the possessors of them the consideration of the World: Honour, Riches, and Parts. I have placed them according to their established and accustomed rank; but in my own mind I should reverse their order, or should esteem them in proportion to their connection with Virtue and Worth.

To give an example of the first rank: The Emperor of Germany, for a Speech he made, was once very high in my esteem. A Friend of mine, who had been introduced to him at Florence, and to whom he shewed a particular regard, met with him

again

again at Naples, ſome months after their firſt acquaintance. "Well, Sir, ſaid the Emperor, how do you like Italy? Has the country anſwered your expectations?" O, perfectly, Sir; no Country more agreeable; no journey more delightfully entertaining. "As for me, continued the Emperor, you ſee how I travel; with very few attendants; three or four Gentlemen, my intimate Friends. In the day-time we ſeparate, to make our rounds of the Town, and at night we meet to communicate our intelligence and obſervations to each other. In this manner I have travelled through Italy; and, I may ſay, I have made a glorious campaign, without its having coſt one drop of human blood." There was a Speech worthy of an Emperor indeed! But, mark his falling off:—he has joined in the plunder and partition of a Free State.

Having thus given an inſtance how a Perſon of the higheſt Elevation may, in my opinion, debaſe himſelf, I ſhall next relate in what manner two miſerable Beings, of the loweſt State, raiſed themſelves to a Level with his Majeſty King George the Third and his Royal Mate. One day, as I was coming home to dinner, I perceived a poor Man and Woman ſtanding near my door, in earneſt diſcourſe together. They did not obſerve me; and while I was ſcraping the dirt off my ſhoes, I overheard the Man uttering theſe affectionate words: "Do eat it, my Dear" (ſhe was preſſing him to accept of a piece of bread, that ſhe held out to him with both her hands).—"Do eat it yourſelf—indeed I will not take it—it will do more good to you, for I can faſt."—Here my knocking at the door diſturbed them, and they withdrew a few paces from me. I put my hand into my pocket to relieve their diſtreſs. "There, good people,

said I, there is a shilling for you; you seem to be in want." They received it with blessings and thanks. When I went into the parlour, curiosity led me to the window, to see what was become of that miserable Pair. I then beheld the Man devouring the morsel of bread like a Wolf; like a Wolf, driven by cold and hunger from his forests. to prey on the flocks of the plain. No conjugal affection restrained him; no feelings for the distress of his Mate; she had now got wherewithal to purchase a dinner, and he could make his meal on the crust of bread. I called my Dear Friend (my *Wife*, I mean,) to the window; there, Mary, behold that sight. I told her the story, and the tears gushed from her eyes in a flood. The Scene being too affecting for her compassionate heart, I led her by the hand to the fireside.—"You see, My dear Mary, to what misery we mortals are at times reduced; you have been bred up in affluence and ease in your Father's house, and have seen nothing but plenty in the country around. The fields, at the worst, exhibited to you the Labourer, toiling to earn, with the sweat of his brow, his pittance of bread: but in the city you will behold *real* sorrow and distress. Were you, like me, to walk the streets of this metropolis at night, you would behold your fellow-creatures, Men, Women, and Children, formed by the same hand of God, destitute of every necessary of Life;—bereft of cloathing, wanting food, without a home in the cold and chilling frost. they are fain to take shelter under the porches of the Rich, and at the doors of their fellow-citizens to pass the bleakest nights—Who knows but such may be the the lot, this very night, of that miserable Pair? And yet, by their wickedness, they cannot have deserved it; they have shewn me such greatness of mind,

mind, ſuch nobleneſs of ſentiment, in that ſhort debate about their only Cruſt of Bread, that I am certain their lives have not been governed by vice.—Perhaps bred up in a virtuous and affluent ſtate, they are, for unknown purpoſes, by the hand of Heaven thus levelled with the Poor. But let us aſſiſt them as much as we can."——I ran to the door, to give them a guinea; but they were gone, and were loſt in a croud of paſſengers in the ſtreet.

The LEVELLER. N°. II.

On PRIDE.

EVERY one, who has travelled this country, muſt have perceived, that at moſt of the great Manſion-houſes he had viſited, he was firſt admitted into a ſpacious hall, large enough for the drawing of a public *Lottery*, and ſufficiently capacious to incarcerate therein the whole Commons of England; after which he was, perhaps, in due form, uſhered into an adjoining apartment.——In the days of old Engliſh Hoſpitality, theſe Halls were of material ſervice: they were intended to contain a numerous company, at any grand and extraordinary entertainment; to hold any neceſſary meeting of Vaſſals and Dependents; and to have in them hung up and diſplayed

played the whole ſhew of the Family Armour. But in theſe modern Times, when generous Hoſpitality, familiar Society, and free, convivial Good-humour, are giving place to a ſtiff ceremony, and a vain, yet parſimonious oſtentation, I can diſcover no other uſe a Hall is of in any Manſion, but to ſerve as a convenient *Ventilator* to the reſt of the building. It has, on the contrary, one great inconvenience, to which few people have paid any attention: the Hall is commonly ſo large and ſo lofty, that, compared to it, the grandeſt Rooms in the houſe appear like diminutive Cloſets. I ſhould therefore prefer to enter a houſe at a handſome, neat veſtibule, in order that, when I was ſhewn further into the building, I ſhould find the apartments improve in their appearance, and, in elegance and ſize, rather exceed my expectations.—Now, this taſte of mine with regard to the apartments of a Houſe, I thought it prudent to keep in remembrance at my beginning theſe periodical Eſſays which I have undertaken. Had I, peradventure, ſet off with a long, elaborate, ornamented diſſertation, I ſhould have raiſed my Readers hopes of me far above my intention, and beyond the power of my ordinary abilities to anſwer. He would, in that caſe, have ſerved my Compoſitions as many a Traveller does ſome of our Gothic Manſions; he thruſts his noſe into a room or two, with the doors half open; takes a haſty peep at them; then, ſuddenly wheeling round to his companion, he whiſpers in his ear,—"There is nothing worth ſeeing, but the Hall and the ruſty Armour."—My Readers will, in due time, diſcover whether this was a needleſs preamble.

Tho' the word *Pride* certainly conveys to us the idea of a *vicious* quality of the mind, yet there is a ſort of Pride, or greatneſs of ſpirit, which, in ſome inſtances,

inſtances, appears to be commendable. The Pride I mean, is that which deters a man from committing a mean or diſhonourable action, and prevents him from ſtooping unworthily, or unneceſſarily, to men of a ſuperior ſtation. It is eaſy for a tall, luſty fellow, in a croud, to make a conſiderable ſtoop without any danger of falling; but if a little, inſignificant figure of a man ſhould debaſe himſelf one inch of his ſtature, the elbow of the tall varlet will inſtantly be upon him; he will inevitably be borne down; he will be contemptuouſly trod under foot; and the whole ſcoffing croud will paſs over his belly *. Let every one, therefore, retain in his mind a juſt ſenſe of the importance of a Man to himſelf, and of the dignity of Human Nature; but let him baniſh from his thoughts an ungovernable ſelf-conceit, which would prompt him to *arrogate* the ſubmiſſion and extraordinary reſpect of his neighbours. As Lord Mansfield once publicly declared with regard to *popularity*, ſo ought a man to be ſatisfied with the *reſpect* which *follows him*, and not preſumptuouſly to expect that which he *claims*, or with anxiety *runs after*. I venerate the Archbiſhop of York †, for his unaffected Piety, his Learning, his Judgment, his Affability, and Good-nature; but, with a mixture of pity and contempt, I liſten to an auſtere, proud pedant of a Parſon, who is ever ſtunning my ears with his cant, and his learned quotations. I reſpect and admire Mr. David Hume and Dr. Robertſon as much for their modeſty as for the excellency of their writings; while I cannot ſubmit to flatter the vanity of ſome other Authors, who, on the ſucceſs of a new Play, or

* Tho' this is a *foreign* Phraſe expreſſive of Contempt, I have ventured to uſe it in my own Language.

† Drummond.

or the Publication of ſome Pamphlet or Poem of their writing, will aſſume the airs and conſequence of the greateſt Wit that ever put pen to paper. In ſhort, that kind of pride and ſelf-conceit which prompts a man to claim reſpect, as it were a tribute, from his neighbours, will only procure him the outward ſhew of it from his dependents; the reſt of the World will yield him but their civility and ſecret contempt. A Man poſſeſſed of the pride of not ſtooping unworthily to thoſe above him, ought to be cautious to whom he lays himſelf under obligation; for he may happen to receive benefits of a perſon of whom he has been deceived in his opinion, and to whom he muſt afterwards pay deference and reſpect; or he muſt elſe appear, in the eyes of the world, to be unaccountably ungrateful and unfeeling.—Yet, to ſcorn receiving benefits from a perſon one eſteems, is to have a ſpirit too haughty for the Society of Man. For my own part, I think *Gratitude*, next to *Love*, (of which, in fact, it is the moſt durable compoſition) is the moſt agreeable Senſation of the Heart; and far from being aſhamed of the favours I have received from my friends, I feel a ſatisfaction in the thought, that, if I had not been in ſome degree worthy of eſteem, I ſhould never have received them. ——I do not know that the folly and ridiculouſneſs of Pride is any where ſhewn in a ſtronger light than in Gulliver's Travels to *Brobdingnag*. But, inſtead of the gigantic Natives of that Country, I can figure to myſelf "millions of ſpiritual creatures that walk the earth unſeen" millions of ſuperior beings, with which God has peopled other more glorious parts of the Univerſe: I can figure to myſelf one of Theſe talking of us inſignificant Mortals on earth, in the words of the King of *Brobdingnag*:—"What a contemptible

temptible thing is Human Grandeur! These diminutive insects! these short-sighted, mortal creatures, that have but a few hours to live! give themselves titles and distinctions of honour; they contrive little nests and burrows, which they call Houses and Cities; they make a figure in dress and equipage; they love; they fight; they dispute; they cheat; they betray!"——But of all the people in the World whose vanity and self-conceit deserve reprehension, the idle Drones of Society are, in their assumed airs of importance, the most ridiculous and contemptible: I mean those of our Nobility and Gentry, who giving themselves no concern about the welfare of the Community in which they live, waste their days in idleness and ease, or in a criminal and ruinous dissipation. Who but must smile, when he beholds these useless beings giving themselves the airs of men of real consequence and worth, when they are solely indebted to Chance (not to puzzle them with Providence) for their large possessions, or for their superiority in rank above their fellow-creatures? Who but must smile to see them behaving with superlative insolence and contempt to every honest, useful Member of Society, whose circumstances cannot afford an equal shew of of Dress and Equipage with them? With the sensible part of mankind, indeed, Virtue and a Liberal Education will gain a man esteem, and make him be reckoned fit company for a Duke; but as our Public Meetings of Fashionable People are not entirely composed of Men of Sense and Discretion, I must here beg leave to offer my Readers a few Rules and Directions, by which any virtuous honest man may soon rival the politest people of the *Ton;* and in consequence and importance raise himself to a level with the proudest and most conceited.

RULES, *by which One may eaſily gain the outward Reſpect and Conſideration of his Neighbours; or,* DIRECTIONS *to all* GENTLEMEN *and* LADIES *how to make themſelves moſt conſpicuous and remarkable at the various* PLACES *of public* AMUSEMENT.

I. IF you ſhould happen to be elected Maſter of the Ceremonies, at any Country Ball or Aſſembly, take no notice at all of Strangers, (not even of his Majeſty's Officers) for they are people that *nobody knows*. Notwithſtanding it is the cuſtom in the polite Countries of Europe, to inquire for the Strangers at a Ball, and to pay them the Compliment of taking them out to dance the firſt Minuets, you are not bound by *foreign* Laws. Strangers can have neither votes nor intereſt in your Country, and it would therefore be highly abſurd to give them the precedence of Gentlemen of Property in it.

II. If you are a Man of Quality, ſpend at leaſt two-thirds of the year, and the beſt part of the income of your eſtate, in London. Your reſidence in the Country muſt only be a kind of *Cantonment*, to recruit as much as you poſſibly can for your next Campaign at Court;—for which purpoſe you muſt live quite retired and ſecluded from the Society of the neighbouring Gentlemen of the County; or, if you chuſe to honour any of them with a ſight of you, keep two or three *public Days*, and ape his Majeſty at St. James's. You will by that means, (of ſeeing them all in a croud together) ſave yourſelf a world of trouble, and keep your neighbours in proper reſpect. They will know their due diſtance, when you never receive them but in form; and by not returning their viſits till you are juſt going to Town, you are ſure to ſee none of them above once at your Houſe, in a Seaſon.

III. If

III. If you happen to live near any large country-town, pay no attention to any of the inhabitants, leſt you ſhould have the whole town come ſwarming about your houſe. Yet, before you leave the neighbourhood of thoſe Cits, and return to your amuſements in London, it may not be amiſs, juſt to join them for once in a Ball or a Concert, in order to ſhew them your ſuperiority in Dreſs, and to have a laugh at the Country Putts before you ſet off for London.

N. B. The above Three Rules I particularly recommend, at this time, to all who wiſh to be popular at the next General Election.

IV. It will, however, be impoſſible for you, ſometimes to live entirely for *yourſelf*. Good-breeding requites you ſhould pay ſome attention to any of his Majeſty's Officers that are quartered in your neighbourhood, or to any Gentleman who has retired to the Country for the benefit of his health. You may, in that caſe, pay them one formal viſit, if you pleaſe, and give them a general invitation to your houſe; but I would adviſe you not to fix a day for them to wait on you, if you want them to keep their proper diſtance, and not to become too intimately acquainted; and if they have any good-manners themſelves, they will be ſure never to come near you at dinner-time, leſt you ſhould happen to have your houſe full of company, or leſt you ſhould have a particular deſire to be alone; in either of which caſes you would think them curſedly familiar, and wiſh them at the Devil for their pains.

V. On your arrival at any place of public entertainment, be ſure to make acquaintance with the beſt company only; ſuch as Peers, Peereſſes, Stars, Garters, and the like. This will certainly gain you

ſome conſideration and reſpect, whether you are intitled to any or not.

VI. If you are a Perſon of Quality, it behoves you of all things to make a Party at Cards; for to be at an Aſſembly without playing at Cards, would be to declare that you could amuſe yourſelf in rational converſation with any of the company; than which nothing can be accounted more impolite.

VII. When you have made your Party, you muſt obſerve to aſſemble together every night. The ſame perſons ſeated exactly in the ſame corner of the room every evening, cannot fail to make you conſpicuous; and after you have made yourſelf thus remarkable, you need give yourſelf no trouble to ſpeak to the reſt of the company. You will be ſufficiently known without it; and all one deſires, you ſee, is to be known; as little matters it whether for civility or incivility, as for virtue or vice.

VIII. Remember, on a Ball night, never to come to the rooms at the hour when the company uſually meet. Come in after the Minuets are begun, and buſtle thro' the company till you get at the top of the room. *That* cannot fail of attracting the eyes of every body upon you; eſpecially if the top of the room ſhould not be the place properly belonging to your rank. Obſerve the like Rule when you go to a Play. Never come into the Houſe till the ſecond or third Act is nearly over; and then the opening and ſhutting of the Box-doors, the flapping of the Benches, and the adjuſting yourſelves to the beſt advantage, cannot but draw the eyes of the Audience, and their moſt devout benedictions upon you.—You may alſo, in like manner, obtain the bleſſings of a whole pious congregation, if you take care never to go to Church till the Service is half over.

IX. If

IX. If you dance Country-dances, take care to push yourself in at the top of the Dance, whether you stood up in time or not; and when you have danced down the Dance, sit down with your Partner immediately, for nothing is so vulgar as to dance a Dance up again; few Gentlemen can submit to the druggery of it, and really when one has danced it down with spirit with an agreeable Partner, there is no standing conveniently after it.

X. At the time of Tea-drinking, you must, by all means, endeavour to make up a snug party in a corner by yourselves; for you will never be looked upon as *any-body*, if you drink Tea at the Long-table with the Mob.—The same rule observe on the public tea-drinking Nights; with this addition, however, that you must not appear in the Rooms till the main Body of the Company have drank Tea, and are arisen from table. Nothing is then so glorious, so delightfully entertaining, as to form a Circle of select Friends, to serenade the company with bawling for Coffee, Tea, Cakes, and Bread-and-Butter, and to keep half a dozen Waiters employed in running through the rooms with kettles of boiling water! It gives prodigious life to the company, if any of them should be accidentally scalded; and adds infinite spirit to the conversation, should any of the Ladies get their gowns spoiled by the unlucky encounter of some Bread-and-Butter.

XI. Soon after your appearance in public, (suppose at Brighthelmstone, Scarborough, or Margate) pay your respects to the handsomest Woman in the Polite Circle; and be sure to remain constantly at her elbow during the whole time of your stay in the Country. This will often gain you the reputation of having an Intrigue, though, from your disability

of

of intriguing, the Phyſicians may have ordered you to dip in the Salt-water.

XII. I addreſs myſelf particularly to the Ladies. You muſt be careful to encourage the attendance of the men who conſpicuouſly attach themſelves to you; not only for the above-mentioned reaſon, of making the World believe you have an Intrigue, (than which nothing can make you more notorious and remarkable) but alſo to awaken your Huſbands to a thorough ſenſe of your extraordinary Perfections. But the greateſt Purpoſe herein anſwered, is, to ſhew the World that you are above its cenſure.

The LEVELLER. N°. III.

On PATRIOTISM.

IN poring over the Records of *Antiquity*, nothing, among the *learned*, is more common, than to neglect the ſtudy of *Modern* Hiſtory, and to contemn the knowledge of recent events.

Through a profound veneration for their ancient Heroes, or through ignorance of actions of latter date, they will extol the magnanimous feats of a Greek or a Roman above all that a Briton could effect; and will celebrate the vain atchievements of a Heathen

Heathen Commander, as ſurpaſſing the courage, conſtancy, or virtue of any Chriſtian Chief.

But, eſteeming the merit of every action according to the motives which produced it, what, for the moſt part, were the *ancient heroiſms* of which we have read? What, the *diſintereſted Patriotiſm* ſo much boaſted of? *Decius* daſtardly drowned (or properly *ſuffocated*) himſelf in a marſh, to eſcape the ſhame and infamy of being taken by the enemy; whereas, after having to the utmoſt done his duty, he ought, with patient fortitude, to have ſubmitted to the will of God:—Mere pride and vanity were, therefore, the occaſion of his death. Pride and vanity, too, (the love of glory taught them in their youth) actuated *Fabius* and *Camillus* in *their* heroic deeds. Could we have read *Brutus*'s heart, implacable revenge againſt *Tarquin* animated him, perhaps, as much againſt the favourers of that Tyrant, as any real concern for the liberties of *Rome*,—any ardent zeal for the proſperity of the Commonwealth. The jealouſy of power, and the reſentment of a brutal, proud, imperious parent, may have provoked *Brutus* to put his ſons to death;—may have ſo much enraged the inhuman *Manlius* againſt a haughty and undutiful child, as to order *his* ſon to be decapitated. In ſhort, where ambition, the love of fame, an ungovernable thirſt after praiſe, or any other motive than a deſire to pleaſe his Creator, excites a man to action, he may gain his *earthly* reward; but it is not *patriotiſm*, it is not *virtue*. *He* may, indeed, be *literally called* a Patriot, who profeſſes, and even ſhews a regard for the intereſts of his country; but the conſtancy, ſincerity, and diſintereſtedneſs of that patriotiſm, can never be depended upon, which proceeds not from a motive of religious duty.

Nor,

Nor, in the days of the primitive Romans, was the merit of diſintereſted Patriotiſm ſo ſuperlatively great. What inducements had a *Quintius Cincinnatus*, a *Marcus Curius*, the *Elder Cato*, *Scipio Africanus*,—what inducements had they, I ſay, to plunder their country, or raiſe themſelves on the ruins of it, when they could happily amuſe themſelves in labouring in a turnip-field, and place their chief enjoyment in a country retreat? But as we proceed in our knowledge of the Ancients, and read of the growth of luxury among them, how few do we meet with, among the latter Romans, who would ſacrifice their lives, part with their properties, or relinquiſh their pleaſures, to ſecure the lives, liberties, and properties of their fellow citizens? After the age of *Auguſtus*, Patriotiſm fled to the Weſt; and I may venture to ſay, that in Britain it has diſplayed itſelf with far more luſtre than ever it did in Rome. Howmuchſoever ſome ſhewed themſelves, in the event, to be ruled by avarice, ambition, or pride, the Patriots of the laſt century were ſurely diſintereſted in their motives, when they hazarded their lives and eſtates to oppoſe the mandates of Government, and bring to reaſon an arbitrary King. But luxury has ſince increaſed, and, with it, the temptations to deviate from our duty to the State. By a baſe compliance with the dictates of ſelf-intereſt, we obtain the means of indulging every appetite or vice. If, then, Patriotiſm is more rare than it has been, we muſt allow it to be more meritorious where it actually exiſts. The beſt may err; the beſt may heedleſsly go aſtray, and by impetuous paſſions be hurried into guilt; but we muſt acknowledge *that* Patriot to be ſincere, who, in theſe times of luxury and diſſipation, will not *deliberately* ſin, and who can ſacrifice his own intereſt for what he is convinced

convinced would be for the public good. If, in such times, a man should be elected to represent a county in Parliament, by friends and relations who entertained an opinion of his worth; if, bred to a profession by which disinterestedness is a bar to success; if chiefly dependent on relations for his future advancement in life, he should nevertheless give a constitutional vote, by which he foresaw he should forfeit their friendship, and endanger his Seat; such a man must be a Patriot: he must be sincere in his Patriotism; for he could have acted with no selfish intent. Such a Patriot there has been; such a Patriot there still is; and such a Patriot, I trust, there will be, as long as e'er he lives.

The LEVELLER. N°. IV.

On HORSEMANSHIP.

OF all the Subjects treated of by our Writers of Essays, there is none left so open for discussion as that on *Taste*. The reason of it is plain: our greatest Authors have agreed, that there is no fixing the Principles of Taste; and that we may dispute about them to eternity, without being allowed to be in the right; for, after all the fine arguments we can produce on the subject, a stupid, unfeeling fellow

ſhall knock them on the head with ſaying—"But that is not *my* Taſte."—The learned, and otherwiſe elaborate Mr. HUME, declining, therefore, a minute examination of the principles of Taſte, abandoned a field where nothing was to be gained, but where every would-be Critic could oppoſe him. But it was, perhaps, more a want of Taſte in that great Author himſelf, than any *real* difficulty in the ſubject, that made him abridge it. No man likes to ſit down to make a meal of a diſh for which he has no reliſh; and far leſs is he capable of dreſſing it for another, if he is ignorant of the proper ingredients of which it ought to be compoſed. Moſt people, however, pretend to ſome ſhare of Taſte; and I am of the number of thoſe Pretenders. It ſhall, in due time, be judged whether my Pretenſions are well grounded. I will ſubmit to the Public a periodical Eſſay of my Taſte, with the beſt reaſons I can give to ſupport it; and tho' I may ſometimes go out of the common high-road, I truſt to their merciful candour not to convict me of a *Treſpaſs*.

But not to treſpaſs on my Reader's time with farther Preface, let me ſeat him on horſeback, and we will proceed on our periodical journey.

Now that you are mounted, my Friend, let us, in good humour, jog on together. Sit perfectly at your eaſe; be not afraid of having the eyes of a Man of Taſte upon you. I would rather ſee you ſit at your eaſe, in all the negligence of an old woman travelling to market, than I would ſee you ſit according to the Rules of Horſemanſhip, if thoſe Rules ſtiffen and conſtrain you. The attempt you juſt now made at a graceful ſeat, was exactly what I ſaw practiſed by ſome Light Dragoons, when they paſſed before the King, laſt ſummer, at Northaw Common. They

were,

were, moſt of them, riding eaſy and graceful enough, till they came within a few paces of his Majeſty; they then forced back their heads, cock'd up their chins, and thruſt out their cheſts, ſo that each of them appeared, as he paſſed along, like a Cock drinking at a pond, or a roaſted Lobſter held up on a ſpit, and ready for diſhing.—Obſerve that man riding with his long ſtirrups, his ſtiffened knees; and his legs ſtuck out nine inches at leaſt from the horſe's belly! Look at him behind—what a figure he makes! He is, for all the world, like a pair of ruſty tongs hung upon our kitchen-poker!—But he had his inſtructions at the Riding-ſchool. So had that other Fellow, with his legs in the poſition of the wings of an Oſtrich when he is running; his knees a little bent; his feet ſtuck out behind; and his heels pointing to the horſe's buttocks.—The Firſt attempts at Grace alone, the Second aims both at Grace and Conveniency in riding; for, by having the ſpur ſo much nearer the horſe's ſide, he thinks he has ſo much the leſs neceſſity to move his leg, when he has occaſion to work him. Behold that other ride by with his arms pinioned to his ſides, like the wings of a truſſed Turkey! That man was told at the Manège to keep his arms cloſe to his ſides, and now he dares not uſe them.—Since thoſe riders offend me ſo much, you will forgive me for ſeating you after my own manner:—Keep yourſelf erect by the ſole movement of pulling up your neck, as if you would make yourſelf taller. Try this when you are naked, and you will perceive it anſwers both the purpoſe of puſhing out the cheſt, and keeping back the ſhoulders; and it leaves your head, at the ſame time, at perfect liberty to turn to every object. You may give yourſelf a little more grace by drawing back the Joints of the Shoulders.

—If you attempt to keep yourself ſtraight by holding back the head, and forcing out the cheſt, you will find that you will ſtiffen your neck and your back-bone, and put yourſelf into a very uneaſy poſture. From the formation of the human body, it is impoſſible, without conſtraint, to keep your Arms ſo cloſe to your Sides, as that one cannot ſee through them. The *upper* Ribs naturally prevent the Arms from touching the *lower*; and, when viewed behind, place them in a direction correſpondent with that of the Thighs below them. The only care then with your Arms is to keep your Elbows down, and prevent them from ſhaking; and this is chiefly done by drawing back the Joints of the Shoulders.

Now, as to your Seat in the Saddle.——But you may trot on as you are, till we get to Charing-croſs. Obſerve the Leg of that Rider! his Knee is quite ſtiff, and his Heel is forced down in a moſt conſtrained, ungraceful manner.—Do not follow that faſhion, for it is both uneaſy and unnatural: it is alſo unſafe; for the ſtraightening your Knee ſtiffens the muſcles of the inſide of your Thighs, and makes them the more liable to ſlip off the ſaddle.—The forcing down the Heel adds to the action of raiſing you from your Seat in a hard trot, or when your Horſe unexpectedly flings out or capers.——We'll proceed, if you pleaſe, to Leiceſter-fields.—There, now, is the Seat I would recommend to you! That Rider appears not to ſit upon his Bottom, but to hang upon his Thighs! His knee is gently bent, ſo as to allow his Legs to hang perpendicularly, and the Stirrup-leathers to continue the Line of Direction of his Thigh-bones! His Stirrups ſupport his Legs only, and bear nothing of the Weight of his Body.——That ſeat is the moſt graceful and proper for Journey-riding; but,

but, when you follow the Hounds, I would adviſe you to take up your Stirrups a few Holes, ſo as to make your Stirrup-leathers, when you walk your horſe, hang perpendicularly; by which means, you can give yourſelf a ſpring into the Newmarket-trot, or aid yourſelf in leaping.—You muſt not, however, truſt to your Stirrups in hunting; truſt entirely to your Thighs, and the balance of your body.—The Riding-maſter and Jockey generally run into the extremes of two oppoſite cuſtoms: the firſt, on horſe-back, confides entirely to the balance of his body; the laſt truſts chiefly to his ſtirrups.—Balance your body by all means; but let it alſo have the ſupport of the Thighs.—With long ſtirrups, your Thighs being almoſt perpendicular, and nearly on a line with your body downward, prevent you from falling off ſideways, when your horſe unexpectedly ſtarts aſide. With ſhorter ſtirrups you are, on the contrary, better guarded againſt a fall over the horſes neck, if he ſhould kick up behind, or take a ſudden leap; for the thighs being advanced a little before the body, will ſupport it when in danger of loſing its balance by a violent jerk. I muſt not omit mentioning the common rule to you, that the body to the Haunch-bone, and the Legs from the Knees, ought to be perfectly free and eaſy, and as much at your command as if you were on foot. To attain this eaſe or freedom, the Gallop is more uſeful than the Trot; for the *firſt* motion gives play to all the muſcles of the body, but the *laſt* acts chiefly on the joints.—You muſt, however, be careful, by drawing up your neck, to keep yourſelf ſtraight; for, if you allow yourſelf to lean forward over the horſe's neck in galloping, it will in time draw your ſhoulders together, and give you a natural ſtoop. The figures of moſt of

your

our Jockies, contrasted with those of our Light Dragoons, prove the justness of this remark; and observe the aukward stiffness of most of our heavy Dragoons and Coachmen when they are on foot, and you must acknowledge, that the Trot of a Horse, and the similar motion of a Coach-box, though they settle the joints of a man's back and shoulders, must, by constant practice, render his back-bone stiff. I am the more particular on this head, because the intention of riding ought not only to be for your pleasure, and for the health and exercise of your body, but should also be conducive in giving you an easy and graceful carriage in walking.

The LEVELLER. N°. V.

On PAINTING.

Addressed to the PRESIDENT of the ROYAL ACADEMY of ARTS.

SIR,

THE very learned and facetious Dean Swift hath, (in the Introduction to that admirable Work of his, called a Tale of a Tub) enumerated to us *three* wooden machines, originally constructed for the use and convenience of those Orators, who are allowed the

the privilege of talking much without interruption; and these are, the *Pulpit*, the *Ladder*, and the *Mountebank Stage*. But there is a *fourth* oratorial machine, the invention of which the good Dean could not possibly foresee, and which is left for *me*, a feeble yet observing critic, to record.——This *fourth* machine, Sir, is your right worshipful, presidential Chair;—the *Chair of the President of the Royal Academy of Arts;* from which you have, for several years past, been indulged with the liberty of delivering an annual speech, without any one hitherto presuming to interrupt you, or make thereto the least reply.—The same indulgence, however, is not due to you from the Public, as is shewn you by your hearers in the Royal Academy; your orations are *printed* as well as spoken, and no law or custom has prohibited your Readers from printing their remarks and observations in reply to them.—Yet, I mean not to criticise on any of your orations; my intention is only, in return, to give you some occasional thoughts of mine, which may prove of academical use. To *you* I shall leave the honour of expatiating on *ancient* Painters and Painting; *my* observations shall be confined to the works of *modern* Painters which *you* could not so well comment upon, without breach of friendship with your brothers of the Brush.

The perfection of Painting consists in deceiving the sight; in making an object on canvas appear to the eye as a reality and a substance, instead of being discerned to be nothing but the image of a thing described.——The nearer a resemblance of any thing in Painting approaches to that perfection, the more excellent, in my opinion, is the Painter's art.

I can conceive a face with a bad complexion; a robe that does not hang perfectly loose; an unbecoming

ming dreſs; a long noſe; a wry mouth; hands and fingers out of all proportion, and other members equally out of ſize; for *ſuch* Nature herſelf preſents every day to my ſight;—but I can never conceive an object on canvas to be natural, that is flat; it can never deceive my ſight if it wants *Relief*.——Without *That*, though the colours of a Painting may be uncommonly beautiful, and it's Drawing moſt elegant and correct, it will not, in my eſtimation, be a *Picture*, but a *coloured Plan*.——In this art of giving a Relief, many of the modern Painters are very defective; and among Theſe, I am ſorry to ſay, Mr. —— is the chief. His portraits are, in general, unexceptionable, immediately as they come from his hand; they are elegantly drawn, great fancy is diſplayed in them, and the reſemblances are ſtrikingly like;—but their colours ſoon fade, and leave the Painting, to my eyes, as if I beheld it through a veil or a miſt. As his defect, then, does not proceed from want of judgment, but from an imperfection in his colours, I hope he will not think it beneath him to learn the art of mixing them from Mr. Wright of Derby, Mr. Weſt, Mr. Dance, Mr. Romney, or ſome of thoſe maſters who ſeem to have made it their particular ſtudy.——By experience I know, that he has ſufficient good-ſenſe and good-nature, not to take amiſs any friendly advice that is given him. It is not many years ago, ſince I uſed the freedom to obſerve to him, that his portraits would receive additional beauty, if he would be at the trouble of ſhewing the eyes, and finiſhing them, inſtead of throwing a ſhade over them; which ſaved him, indeed, a great deal of Painting, but which rendered his Portraits dead and unintereſting. He accordingly took the hint; his Eyes have, ever ſince, been more in the light, which has

has certainly given more life to his Painting. The reasons for my advising this alteration, you must allow, were well grounded. If the Eyes of a Portrait are painted as if looking at me, and if they are natural, finished in the light and highly executed, I overlook many defects in the rest of the figure, and almost forget that it is but an inanimate Picture; more especially so, if it should be the Portrait of a handsome woman; for, let my eyes wander ever so much over the rest of her beauties, they will ever return to meet her looks. In this particular, many of Vandyke's Portraits are peculiarly flattering and satisfactory; insomuch, that were I to sit alone for a whole day in Lord Pembroke's great room at Wilton, with his beautiful *family-piece* in front of me, I should never fancy myself without company.

I acknowledge that this rule of Painting the eyes of a Portrait looking on the spectators, cramps the genius of the Painter, and confines him to a small variety of attitudes. But for the sake of preserving the likeness of a friend, which can never be very striking without displaying the eye, I would willingly exempt the Painter from exerting the powers of his imagination, and adding to the Portrait the graces of an Historical Piece.

I believe you will agree with me, Sir, that nothing teaches the force of Light and Shade, and the Art of giving a Relief, so much as drawing in black and white. I would therefore recommend to the students of the Academy to make themselves perfect in *drawing* before they attempt to *paint*. I have, in Flanders and Holland, seen imitations of sculpture that would deceive the keenest sight; and Mr. Berens, of Southgate, has a piece of that kind, by a master of Antwerp, which might be exhibited as a model of

the Relief. If, then, such an extraordinary effect can be produced by plain *black* and *white*, it would surely be more easy to effect the deception when the artist has the powers of *all* the colours to his aid.

There is a custom of some of the great masters of antiquity, which is adopted by many of our modern Painters, and which is often very unnatural and absurd; that is, of painting a dark back-ground, in order to give their figures a Relief. This may be very proper, if the back ground be a dead wall, a curtain, a hanging canopy, or the wainscot of a room; but when it happens to be the sky, as frequently is the case, nothing so much offends my sight.——I do not remember to have seen such a remarkable instance of a blunder of this kind, as in a picture painted by Mr. D. when he was at Rome. I mention it because the piece is in other respects unexceptionably good. Mr. D. will doubtless recollect to have painted a young nobleman who was then on his travels*, who was in a deep consumption at the time, and whose features were strongly expressive of his disease. He is drawn leaning with his back against a tree, his gun in his hand and rested on the ground, his dog couched panting at his feet, his waistcoat entirely unbuttoned to give him air, and the whole of his countenance and figure most inimitably expressive of excessive fatigue from the sport of the day. So far the judgment of the artist was great, But the sportsman and his dog are both painted in glaring daylight, while the objects around them, and the sky above their heads, represent the darkness of night. I must confess I was much at a loss to guess what could possibly have thrown light on the figures in the picture, till I recollected an old diversion I enjoyed

* The late Lord Hope.

joyed at school, called *Bat-fowling;* which I imagined my young travelling friend in Italy had improved upon, and had gone out a-shooting by the light of a lanthorn or a lamp.

We are told, that to a person severely attacked with the jaundice, every object appears as if it were tinctured with yellow. From what cause his sight is so affected, I have never heard it determined; but I am led to imagine, that, from a similar law in optics, some particular colours predominate in the sight of many of our painters.

Who, for instance, views a painting of Mr. G.'s, but must acknowledge, that he throws a dash of the purple into every colour from his pencil:——which must proceed either from his not cleaning it sufficiently, or from a reflection of the purple colour from his eye. I remember having seen a portrait by him, of a certain nobleman, remarkable for the sobriety of his life, and who was never known to have been drunk; but his Lordship having naturally a very florid complexion, the addition of Mr. G.'s purple to the colour of his nose and his cheeks, will probably make him pass with posterity, as the damnedest drunken dog that ever lived. Mr. G. will recollect the portrait I mean, when I tell him, that the Lady he has painted for its companion, is drawn working a net; and that particular pains have been taken in polishing the mahogany table at which she sits. I cannot say that Mr. C.'s painting is entirely free from this tinge of the purple tinct.

There are other painters again, whose sight, and (of course) their pencil give every thing a cast of the *brown.* Among these our so-much-admired historical painter, Mr. H. at Rome, is one of the first; every one must acknowledge it, who remembers those pic-

tures of his which have been exhibited in this town. —And here, by the bye, I cannot help remarking, how defective he is in that moſt eſſential art of a painter, towards producing a deception —the giving a *relief*. Let Mr. H.'s drawing be ever ſo gracefully elegant and correct, unleſs he ſtudy more the giving a *relief*, his paintings (as I have before obſerved) will ever be but *coloured plans*. But, from the laſt performance of his, the Death of *Lucretia*, which I have ſeen, I have great expectations that his taſte will improve.

Mr. K. is another, who always paints in a *brown ſtudy*, if I may ſay ſo, and be forgiven the pun.

There are others who incline to the *blue*, the *grey*, or the *green*. I will inſtance but one. Mr. H.'s painting can be diſtinguiſhed by the colouring from among a thouſand pictures. But what of that (I ſhall be told)? Is not the painting of almoſt all the great maſters in the Italian or Flemiſh ſchools, equally known by ſome peculiar tints in which they took delight? So much the worſe for them, Sir. Like French dramatic writers, they laid themſelves down rules of the Graceful and Beautiful in compoſition, but forgot to ſtudy nature and to copy it, as our immortal *Shakeſpear* did.

For my part, if I were a Brother of the Bruſh, I ſhould think it no compliment at all to my art, were any body to tell me, "That piece is inimitably well painted; the colouring is *beautiful* indeed! one needs no other mark to know by whoſe pencil it is."

In oppoſition to theſe painters in *purple*, *brown*, *blue*, *grey*, and *green*, I ſhall only place forward Mr. *Wright* of Derby, who, of all our moderns, has *ſhewn* the moſt exact obſervance of the propriety of tints, becauſe none other has exhibited paintings in

ſuch

ſuch a variety of lights: but though others had attempted that variety, perhaps he would ſtill have remained unequalled in the juſtneſs with which he imitates the natural colours of every object which he repreſents. Take his famous Blackſmith's Shop, one of his candle-light pieces, and one of his landſkips; place them together in one room, and I defy any man to ſay, that, by the colouring, he could diſcern them to be the productions of the ſame hand. Of how many of your ancient maſters can you ſay as much? place three capital pieces of any great painter promiſcuouſly, in a collection of pictures, and it is a hundred to one but you will diſcover them to be painted by the ſame hand. And even at the exhibitions of our Moderns, cannot every little connoiſſeur tell, without a catalogue, the paintings that belong to their reſpective painters, and the name of the maſter that painted any capital piece? I therefore venture to pronounce it a great defect in the art of any painter, to have his painting known to be *his*, by any peculiarity of manner or colouring, and not by the perfection of his drawing, and his ſuperior excellence in imitating the natural tints.

Some others of our modern painters, who have exhibited hiſtorical pieces, ſhew a wonderful attachment to a particular ſet of features, and give ſuch a family-likeneſs to all the faces in the ſame picture, that one could, without much heſitation, pronounce them to be the offspring of the ſame line. I am ſorry to bring in Mr. H. again; but I promiſed to animadvert on the productions of no man who could be any ways hurt by my remarks. Every one muſt be ſenſible that he is ſurpriſingly fond of *round* features; in almoſt every face of his painting, there are the ſame arched eye-brows, the ſame open, round eyes, the

the same rounded termination of the nose, the same round chin, and the whole of every countenance exactly shaped in the same round mold. In contrast with his faces are those of Mr. P.——You may see prints from his historical pieces in almost every street; you will perceive that he has shaped the features of his faces in a kind of *square* form; the same straight line runs along the eyebrows of every face; an exact parallel one to that runs across the eyes; another at the nostrils; and a fourth at the mouth. Mr. P. has, however, great merit; his colours are very good; they are natural; and they will stand the test of time.

Mr. W. shews too great a fondness for a *Grecian* face, in his historical painting. All his young women appear to be related to the same family.

I cannot help taking notice of a fashion which some late portraits have helped to introduce, called the *Vandyke* manner of wearing the hair. It certainly saves the trouble of painting the likeness of the forehead of a child, to bring down the hair almost to the eyes; but I maintain it to be a most barbarous taste, to conceal the finest feature of the face, and make every boy and girl look like a wild bull. If to give to the face the look of surly pride be your aim, continue combing down the hair. If you want to express innocence and simplicity, part the hair at the top of the forehead, and let it gradually separate as it falls down to the ear. But if you desire to behold an open, noble countenance, that detests all guile, shew the forehead in all its glory, and let not the neighbouring nations of Europe continue to our children the character of ferocity and pride, under the ridiculous, figurative appellation of a *John Bull.*

Nor can I conclude without recommending to the amusement of the ladies, two manners of *drawing*, which

which are far preferable to their ſoiling their fair hands with painting in colours in oil. The *firſt* is, Mr. *Hamilton* in *Pall-mall*'s manner of taking likeneſſes with crayons, which ſtand the weather perfectly well. The *ſecond* is for drawing landſkips, by firſt ſhading them lightly with Indian ink, and then painting them over with thin water-colours; in the manner I have ſeen ſome drawings at Lord *Bateman*'s, remarkably well executed by a young Lady whoſe merit deſerves this applauſe from a diſintereſted anonymous writer, though ſhe may reap more honour from the judgment of a ſounder critic, or a wiſer man.

The LEVELLER. N°. VI.

On ARCHITECTURE.

ARCHITECTS, like Portrait-painters, are often, by the bad taſte of their employers, circumſcribed in their operations. I ſhould, therefore, firſt chuſe to be informed, whether the plan or deſign of any building had been left to the free choice of the Architect, before I would venture to call his Taſte in queſtion. Some Gentlemen are fond of a houſe as ſquat as a barn, others of a dwelling as elevated as a church-ſteeple; ſome prefer windows from the

the floors to the ceilings, and, following the Taſte of France and Holland, make of their dwellings the likeneſſes of green-houſes or lanthorns. Others, again, chuſe to have their windows appear like the holes of a pigeon-houſe, or the port-holes of an armed veſſel: In ſhort, there is no pleaſing theſe people with any thing in true taſte or proportion. Yet the eye of a perſon of Taſte cannot be pleaſed, without an obſervance of due proportion in building. Who views from the fields the North front of Bedford-houſe, without wiſhing for the ſake of grandeur, that another ſtory had been added to its elevation? And would not the neighbouring houſe of the late Lord Baltimore have appeared in better proportion, if, in raiſing it, the bricklayers had been ſpared a little of their labour?—As, therefore, a certain proportion is required to be obſerved between the height and length of the front of any building, ſo is there a requiſite proportion between the elevation and extent of that front, and the number and ſize of the windows which it ſhould contain. That proportion I have ſeen nowhere more juſtly obſerved than in the front of the Queen's Palace. I could quote too Hopetoun-houſe in Scotland: but few of my Readers will have ſeen it. In both buildings, however, there is ſuch an agreement between their fronts and the windows which they contain, that each, at the proper point of view, diminiſh the magnitude of the other, without leſſening in the mind of the Beholder the idea of grandeur. In like manner, we may have ſometimes ſeen a very tall man ſo exactly well-proportioned, that, at a few yards diſtance, he appeared nothing beyond the common ſize; but, as we drew nearer, and examined him limb by limb, we were ſurpriſed at his prodigious ſtature.

From

From the Queen's Palace, it is but a ſhort walk to that row of houſes which overlook her gardens, and where the Duke of Athol's houſe ſtands. You will there ſee ſome of thoſe lanthorn-houſes I have before mentioned, and by them you may judge, if my remarks on French windows are agreeable to reaſon. Many of the hoſpitals in and about London, will give you an idea of the pigeon-houſe faſhion, which was in general followed in the private buildings of twenty or thirty years ſtanding. I do not know any ſtreet in London where the windows are better proportioned than they are in Cumberland-ſtreet, near Tyburn. Whoever was the Architect or Builder of ſome of the houſes in that ſtreet, deſerves my acknowledgement of ſo much as I have ſeen of his good Taſte in building.

A former publication of Critical Obſervations on the Buildings and Improvements of London, has left me little to add on the ſubject of their *Outſides;* but I will beg leave to take a look at them *within*. Here the firſt great innovation of our modern Taſte that ſtrikes me, is the gaudy painted cieling; and yet it was but by accident that I firſt diſcovered it, as I was one day leaning back in my chair, to have a bone taken out of my throat at dinner: it happened to be at a certain *Great Houſe*, where I had ſomething elſe to mind, than, like a country-booby, to be gazing at the cieling.—A couch, indeed, is the only place from whence one can get a convenient view of thoſe gaudy cielings. I have ſeveral times attempted to admire the cielings at the Pantheon, but have always been ſo unlucky as to make ſomebody ſuffer by my attempts. One time I trode upon the toes of a tall fellow of a Horſe Officer, who was near making me ſwallow the hilt of his ſword; another time I ran my

chin, plump, into the eye (fortunately for me his only one) of a Captain of a Man of War, who damned me moſt bitterly for *taking my obſervation* to the prejudice of his ſight; and a third time, I ran foul of a big-bellied lady, who mildly reproved me, by aſking me if I came there to play at *blindman's-buff?* The loading a cieling with a profuſion of expenſive decorations, is like ſquandering ſo many ornaments on a certain ſtool, which is commonly placed in that part of a room the leaſt conſpicuous to the ſight; with this difference, however, that to examine a fine cieling is often attended with much pain or inconvenience to one's neck; whereas the ſtooping to admire the ornamented ſhrine of Cloacina, would contribute very conſiderably to the eaſe of the body, as well as to the temporary amuſement of the mind.

I have juſt now bethought myſelf, however, of one good reaſon for painted cielings being in faſhion in the houſes of the Great: That as it is reckoned extremely vulgar to take notice of any thing *beneath* one, it certainly muſt be the ſummit of politeneſs to fix one's attention on thoſe objects which occupy the *higheſt places* in the room.—But the greateſt objection that occurs to me againſt theſe painted cielings, is this: They are generally ornamented with ſuch beautiful colours, that they make the ſides of a room look comparatively dirty and mean; ſo much ſo, that on ſeeing a plain dull room with a painted cieling to it, I could not but compare it to a chimney-ſweeper dreſt out on the firſt of May, with his face bedaubed with flour, his wig ſtuck full of ribbons, and his hat bound round with gilt leather by way of coſtly lace. In this chimney-ſweeper's Taſte is the library at Woburn-abbey; the ſides of the room are all covered with books, in appearance as dirty as a chimney-ſweeper's

ſweeper's coat, and its cieling is loaded with a profuſion of gilding and paint. Yet the Architect in this may have had a very judicious deſign: reflecting that few people, now-a-days, go into a library to look *into* the books, and conſidering, that to look *at* their muſty covers is, at the beſt, but a diſmal ſight; he perhaps imagined it was highly becoming the dignity of his Grace the Duke of Bedford, to ſuffer no viſitor to enter his library without ſome *elevation of thought*, without feeling his ideas ennobled and raiſed to *things above*. If Sir William Chambers gave the deſign for this cieling, as I have been informed he did, it is but juſtice to his Taſte in Architecture (however I might differ with him in *Oriental Gardening*) to add, that the Muſic-room in the ſame houſe, which, I was alſo aſſured, was finiſhed from his deſigns, is really beautiful and elegant, and is far ſuperior in taſte to the tawdry French cabinet-work in that other room, where hangs the portrait of the French King. —I cannot conclude without making one more obſervation on many of the painted cielings which I have ſeen: The painters or deſigners of them frequently forget the diſtance from whence they are to be viewed. What is very beautiful and ſtriking at the diſtance of a yard, may be nothing but confuſion or intricacy of deſign, when beheld at the diſtance of twenty feet. The ſame remark might be made on other modern ornaments about our houſes, which ſeem to approach too near to the diminutive minuteneſs of the Gothic ſcale. They are like the finiſhing of a Dutch picture, which commands our admiration of the curious induſtry of its painter, but which leaves no impreſſion on the mind of the Sublime.—Thoſe artiſts who work at the cielings by the help of a ſcaffold, would do well to follow Sir Joſhua

Reynolds's method of painting, who, after every few ſtrokes of his pencil, retires ſome paces from the canvas, to ſee what effect his painting has at that diſtance. The exerciſe of running up and down a ladder, from the cieling to the floor; and from the floor to the cieling, would certainly retard their operations; but then it would contribute greatly to the health of their bodies, and (it is to be hoped) to the improvement of their minds. This, at leaſt, I am certain of; Dr. Cadogan himſelf could not preſcribe a better preventive for the gout, to which painters in general are very tributary ſubjects; and their Taſte could not but be corrected by their placing themſelves ſometimes in the ſituation of thoſe for whoſe amuſement their minutely ornamented cielings are deſigned. I would neither make choice of a wife nor a ſnuff-box from the oppoſite ſide of a ſtreet, becauſe they are, in their uſe, intended for a *nearer* inſpection; but a pair of buckles that are not deſigned to be examined in the hand, I would try in my ſhoes before I bought them; and I would keep my noſe from offence by chuſing the external ornaments of a certain temple at the full extent of my garden walk.

The

The LEVELLER. N°. VII.

On the SAME.

I CONSIDER these cursory Observations of mine as practical Essays on Taste, in contradistinction to the theory or systematical writings of others. I have, therefore, avoided entering into any examination of the nature or principles of Taste, already so fully considered by more ingenious Authors, and have been satisfied with laying before my Readers some few examples, which sufficiently prove that there is no defining, to any kind of purpose, the principles of a thing, of which every man, by his senses, his imagination, or his judgment, may have a different notion. What does it signify to say, that we all agree in our Taste of things that are sour, bitter, or sweet, when there are a thousand dishes, which to as many thousand people will have a different relish? What better purpose can it serve, to advance, that the principle of pleasure derived from sight is the same in all? that what appears light to one eye is light to another? and that light is more pleasing than darkness? It will not convince another man that my mistress is handsome, though I should admire her above all other women.—But I will split the matter with those systematical writers. I will allow there are things in which we all agree in Taste, and the definition of which is certain:—I will allow that sour, bitter, and sweet, are sour, bitter, and sweet to every

every natural palate; and that light is more agreeable to every eye than darkneſs; if they, on their parts, will be ſo obliging as not to ſkrew their mouths up at any plain diſh that may be agreeable to my palate; nor to ſtop their noſes at any ſcent that may pleaſe *me*, however uncommon or offenſive to *their* ſmell; nor to ſhut their eyes to the many ſtrange objects which are every-where to be ſeen around them, and which, but from the *uncertainty* of Taſte, would never have been ſeen at all.—They muſt alſo allow me, that as habit or cuſtom has a principal ſhare in forming our Taſte for almoſt every thing in this world, I may be permitted, without imputation of ſelf-conceit, to give my own reaſons for not reliſhing any ſuch particular cuſtoms, however highly reliſhed, or enthuſiaſtically followed by others.

Having ſaid thus much by way of apology for any *ſingularity* in theſe my obſervations, I muſt now beg leave to make ſome remarks on our houſes in the country. By what I have obſerved in the courſe of my travels in England, it ſeems to have been the faſhion, among the Gentry, ſome centuries ago, to build their houſes in the bottom of the vallies. Whether for the convenience of fiſh-ponds and potable water, or to be hid from the diſtant view of an enemy, they choſe this ſituation, I will not pretend to determine; but, in general, the old houſes ſo ſituated have a dull and melancholy appearance; and from being placed in a ſtagnated air muſt be very unwholeſome. In oppoſition to this Taſte is the ſituation of many of our *modern*-built houſes in the country, which are generally placed on the ſummit of ſome hill, to command an extenſive proſpect. I would avoid *that* extreme as much as the other; for when I can behold, from my windows, the whole beauties

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of the country around me, I have nothing new to entertain me; no new proſpects, in my walks, to give me pleaſure;—and I view, with indifference, thoſe fields which my eye has already ſo often travelled over. I would therefore place my houſe on ſome ſmall eminence, with a brook or river a few hundred paces below it: on the oppoſite ſide of the water ſhould be a hanging field, at ſuch a diſtance from me, that every object in it ſhould be perfectly diſtinguiſhable. This ſituation, however, ſhould be in the neighbourhood of high lands, from whence, when I choſe it, I could enjoy a grand and extenſive proſpect, which from its rarity would afford me double pleaſure. If conſtantly beheld from my windows, it would, as I have before obſerved, ſoon loſe its novelty, and would appear as dead as if the landſkip was in miniature painting. A *near* proſpect, on the contrary, is occaſionally enlivened with cattle grazing, ploughs going, carts driving, corn-reapers, hay-makers, and a variety of other moving objects. A houſe, placed aloft on an open lawn, has a very diminutive appearance, when contraſted with the wide ſky, and ſpacious bare field around it: I would therefore confine the eye, as I approached the building, within a ſhort, broad avenue of trees, and have the top of a grove to be ſeen towering at a proper diſtance behind it. People of Taſte all agree, that a building ſhould be concealed from the ſight till one has approached it to the proper ſituation, where the view of it will ſtrike the beholder with admiration. The approach to Hopetoun-houſe (mentioned in my laſt Eſſay) is in this reſpect admirably well directed. At the diſtance of two miles you have a view of the houſe, from whence, indeed, it appears nothing extraordinary, and ſeemingly ſo near, that you

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expect to be at it immediately: you then lose sight of it intirely, and see nothing of the building again till you are within a quarter of a mile of it, where the ground rises with an easy ascent, and is levelled in such a manner, that the horizon before you, and the top of the building, run exactly in two parallel lines; so that, as you approach the house, it seems gradually to rise out of the ground, and presents to you a front far exceeding your expectation.

A house placed at the very bottom of a hill may be *beautiful* but it can never be *magnificent*. The view of such a vast natural object beside it, must make it appear comparatively small and insignificant. I will give but one instance of such an injudicious choice of a situation; 'tis that of the house at Woburn-abbey. Immediately behind the building rises a hill covered with lofty trees; and opposite to each angle of its front, within pistol-shot of the windows, are two eminences, one of which overtops the house by many feet; by which means it resembles a cistern, or reservoir, intended to collect the water from all the heights and woods that surround it:—To appear like any thing else the house should be at least a story higher.——The recollection of this house puts me in mind of the inattention of many Architects to conceal their chimneys. When they are shewn on the top of a building, they should certainly serve as much for ornament as possible, and not be left like so many nine-pins among which the bowl has made a devastation. The mention of chimneys, again, reminds me of a hint I have to offer to all Architects and Builders, to prevent a chimney from smoking; they shall have it *gratis*, though I well deserve a *Patent* for the discovery. I deserve, at least, the thanks of all sober housekeepers; for if I deliver them from a smoking

a ſmoking chimney, it was perhaps the *ſecond* plague in their houſe; againſt the *firſt* there is no remedy but patience.—My obſervation is this: That it has been the cuſtom with the Architects of almoſt all the modern-built houſes (at Bath, Liverpool, Lancaſter, and many other places where ſtone is uſed) to run up the chimneys in the gavel-ends, or outſide walls of a houſe; from which I have noticed this conſequence to follow: That as ſure as a cold, bleak wind beat upon the wall where the chimney was, ſo ſure did that chimney return the ſmoke of its fire into the dwelling. And I account for it in this manner: Moſt chimneys will ſmoke a little when a fire is firſt lighted, after any intermiſſion of the cuſtom; the wall, and the ſoot in the vent were become damp, which chilled and condenſed the air in the vent ſo as to reſiſt the ſmoke, till the air became gradually rarefied and heated, and then it dilated itſelf through the top of the chimney.—That this is not an *imaginary* but *natural* reſiſtance of the condenſed air, the atmoſphere of the city of London will demonſtrate any froſty morning.———Now, as this occaſionally happens to almoſt every chimney, much more is it likely to happen, when wind and rain beat on a chimney built of porous ſtone, or of ſtones not well cemented together; and it does ſo happen in many houſes within my knowledge, where the chimneys ſmoke at no time but when the wind beats on that ſide of the houſe where the chimneys are; and the ſmoking ceaſes as ſoon as the wind changes. This cuſtom of building the chimneys in the gavel-ends of the houſe, is very much followed in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. Many little country-boxes are lately run up there, *prefaced*, as Mr. Foote ſays, with white-painted rails, and *prologued* with a brass

knocker; but it is a pity that the hoſpitality of their owners ſhould be ſo often counteracted by a ſmoky chimney. My Readers will be pleaſed to obſerve, I do not hint this as the *ſole* cauſe of a chimney's ſmoking; but only as *one* evident cauſe, which might, at the firſt building of a houſe be eaſily prevented. The running up the vents in the partition-walls of a houſe will indeed alter the faſhion of the roof, and occaſion ſome additional expence in the building. But who would not be at *ſome* expence to get rid of a ſcolding wife, or a ſmoky chimney?

The LEVELLER. N°. VIII.

On LOVE.

THE great materials with which Mr. Locke compoſed his Eſſay on the Human Underſtanding, he confeſſes to have been produced from a candid examination of the riſe and progreſs of the ideas in his own mind; and from thence the various operations of the *judgment* were moſt minutely aſcertained. The various degrees and effects of our *paſſions* might, in like manner, be as accurately traced, were every one, with equal candour, to confeſs the feelings of his own breaſt. But ſome there are, whoſe pride will not allow them to acknowledge one ſenſation beyond

beyond the dictates of Prudence and sober Sense; and from such (with their own free-will) there is no making any acquisition to our knowledge of the human heart. Nor for them do I pretend to write. I address myself chiefly to those, who, young and unexperienced in the ways of Love, may persuade themselves they feel that soft and tender passion, when perhaps gratitude, compassion, or ambition, is the latent spring that moves them to bless a Lover, and pronounce consent. In these days, then, of infidelity to the marriage-bed, when the husband, the imagined Lover, is frequently supplanted by some gallant really and sincerely beloved, a few of my Observations on Love may be attended with some public good.—

Love is, by most authors, defined to be a compound of friendship or esteem, and of a desire of possessing or enjoying the person beloved. The ingenious author of the Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful gives to that passion no greater sublimity of appellation, (nay, he even makes use of the grosser word of Lust) though *my* sensations have taught me a more accurate definition; a definition more refined, equally pure and sublime. *My* feelings have informed me, that the passion of Love, between two persons of a different Sex, consists in a *constant* mutual friendship and esteem, and in a *temporary* or *occasional* desire of an embrace. Love has ever, in this progressive manner, affected *my* heart:—With the greatest purity of mind, and without the most distant thoughts of the pleasures of the Bed, I feel a constant desire to be in the presence of the object beloved, for the sole delight of her company and conversation. When I am in her company, I as constantly feel a desire to draw near to her; and when placed at her side, I cannot help as constantly wish-

ing to take her in my arms, and preſs her to my breaſt. Without forming ſuch a wiſh at the ſight of his Miſtreſs, I really think a young man, in perfect good health of body and mind, cannot be ſaid to be ſufficiently in love with her as to make her his Bride. If, on the contrary, that wiſh ſhould be uppermoſt in his thoughts when abſent from the object of his deſire, it is much to be apprehended he is not truly affected by Love; it is perhaps but a brutal paſſion, that, after its gratification, would turn from its object with loathing and diſguſt; whereas Love, as above defined, would ſhew itſelf, even after enjoyment, in the ſame fervent deſire of union of Soul with Soul, and Heart with Heart.—Thus we ſee it becomes equally hazardous for a man, without friendſhip or without deſire, to unite himſelf to a woman for life. In either caſe, there is a danger that his happineſs will not be of long duration in the change of his ſtate: he may ſoon feel a deſire for ſome other woman, or he may loſe the deſire which alone attached him to his wife; when he would become miſerable, in the poſſeſſion of the very object he once thought would complete his bliſs.—The firſt part of my definition of Love is eaſily underſtood: Virtue, good-ſenſe, good-nature, great and numerous accompliſhments, and a ſimilarity of diſpoſitions, may command my eſteem; but how it happens, that I ſhall behold ſome beautiful faces with the ſame indifference as I ſhould view ſo many inanimate blocks of marble, while a ſmile from certain ordinary features ſhall inſtantly inflame my breaſt, is a little incomprehenſible indeed. A Philoſophical Friend of mine has, however, attempted to account for this phænomenon, by ſaying, that the ſoul or ſpirit of Man was originally of the ſame eſſence in

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our first Parents, and would be so found transmitted to *us*, did it not vary in its operations and effects, according to the different organs or constitution of the human body, through the medium of which the spirit acts; and that when now two bodies, of a corresponding organization, happen to approach each other, however different in outward form they may appear, they feel a secret impulse of attraction, which, producing a desire of union and adhesion, my Friend pronounced to be the Passion of Love. But I objected to his hypothesis, by observing to him, that a Lady will, with the warmest affection, press to her bosom a dog, a monkey, or a cat, none of which I could suppose were endued with the organs or intellects of a man.——Others, again, will account for the operations of Love, from the force of a certain sympathy, which they allow to be as inexplicable itself.——As for me, ever since I read Mr. Brydone's Tour through Sicily and Malta, I have laid all the blessings and miseries of Love to the account of *Electrical Fire*. I only intend to give it a new name; let others *explain* it who can. Yet I cannot help thinking, that most of our Poets and love-sick Swains have had a glimmering of this reason of mine, when they so often exclaim—"You have set my Soul on "fire:"—"The Flame you've kindled in my "Breast:"—"The Fire which darts from your bright "eyes;"—with many other fine phrases, which were certainly intended to convey *some* meaning, tho' perhaps not understood in the Electrical sense I comprehend.—I am confirmed in this my opinion by the general observation, that the older we grow, the less effect this *Electrical Fire* has upon our mortal frames, whilst we daily behold younger bodies affected by it to the highest extreme. I have also remarked, that

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it is the power of the Electrical Fire, in the perſon beloved, which attracts us as much as we are impelled by the flame in our own breaſt: we cannot but feel for thoſe who feel for us; and thoſe, on the contrary, who ſhew themſelves cold and indifferent to us, attract us in no violent degree. For my own part, I could never ſigh long for any Woman who was inſenſible of affection for me. And in this I am not very ſingular, though perhaps pride and vanity may be at the bottom of it; for, *L'Amour ne ſe paye que par Amour reciproque*, is a proverb among the vaineſt of all earthly people. Nay, moſt of your Lovers of other Nations have been of the ſame feeling:— *Eſto mihi, ero tibi;—ut ameris, amabilis eſto*, ſay the Latins, *Ama a chi t'ama, riſpond a chi ti chiama*, is an Italian ſaying,; which the Dutchmen have very literally and ingeniouſly tranſlated, *Antwoord die je vraegt, Min die je Liefde draegt:* to which we may add another of their Proverbs, *Vriendſchap van eener zyde en duert niet lang;* and ſomething in the ſame Senſe is the German Proverb, *Gleich und Gleich geſelt ſich Gern;* which the Spaniards again tranſlate, *Cada oveia con ſu pareia;* or, in other words, *Toma tu ygual* (which is to be underſtood, *equal* in *electrical Love*) *y vete mendigar.*—— Many other authorities I could produce in ſupport of my argument; but as I hold it to be impertinent, and pedantic, and inconſiſtent with the character of a Man of Taſte, to deal out quotations in any language but that in which he is actually writing, I hope thoſe I have already given will be thought ſufficient, to prove the truth of my Remarks and the amazing profundity and univerſality of my Learning.—Thoſe being granted me, I promiſe never to offend againſt my own given rule of politeneſs in future.

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My Readers will be pleaſed to obſerve, I only pretend, from my own feelings, to account for the cauſe and effects of Love in the *Male* Sex; the ſenſations of the *female* heart I ſhall leave to be deſcribed by ſome *female* pen.——It is, however, not difficult for a Man to gueſs when a Woman has but little affection for him:—If after the fulleſt declaration on his part, and the moſt convincing proofs of his love, the Object of his affections continues ſecret and reſerved; if by frequent little tokens of friendſhip, and particular attention, ſhe ſeems to inſinuate what, in words, ſhe is careful ſhall neither be expreſſed nor underſtood; if ſhe encourages him to attend her, and ſeems pleaſed with his attachment to her in public, whilſt in private ſhe refuſes him the moſt innocent favour, or the ſmalleſt mark of her eſteem;—that Woman is either inſenſible of Love for her admirer, or ſhe is a Coquette or a Prude; one whoſe vanity prompts her to encourage a number of followers, or whoſe pride will not allow her to acknowledge one feeling beneath the character of a Saint.

An inſtance of Prudery, and another of Coquetry, occur to my mind, which, to teach young people not to be precipitate in their determinations, it may not be improper to relate.—A Friend of mine had held a correſpondence with a young lady for upwards of two years, under the name of Friendſhip and Eſteem, although *Love* was certainly underſtood; but on her ſide never properly expreſſed. An offer being made by another Gentleman of much ſuperior rank and fortune, ſhe conſulted with her Friend by letter, whether ſhe ſhould accept of it. He made her no anſwer; but packing up all her letters in his poſſeſſion, he returned them to her in a blank cover, by way of a gentle reproof. This packet expreſſed his indigna-

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tion more fully than any thing he could have wrote; and the Lady was candid enough immediately to confess her affection for him, and to acknowledge that, by her conduct, she had merited his contempt. The other instance was far less justifiable, and deserved the severest rebuke. I learnt it from another Friend of mine, who made no scruple of telling it me, as the Lady it concerned had long since been dead. He was, he said, once connected with a Lady, who had given him a most solemn Promise of Marriage, but who suddenly broke off their correspondence, without vouchsafing to give a reason for her inconstancy, even to the hour of her death. Such a behaviour in a *Man*, after possessing himself of a Woman's affections, would be pronounced to be infamous, base, or dishonourably inconstant and unjust:—in a Woman we only give it the gentle appellation of Coquetry or Flirtation, thro' complaisance to the fickleness of her sex.—My Friend had, however, a better opinion of the Lady, than at first to imagine she could be seriously forsaking him; he flattered himself, for some time, that she only intended to try his temper; but on her afterwards repeatedly refusing to account for her change, he gave up his pursuit, he pocketed the affront, and quietly submitted to his fate. It was, in fact, of small importance to him, whether she had jilted him for another, or whether she had deserted him from the mean opinion she had conceived of his honour, and the sincerity of his regard. Be that as it may, the Lady, by her precipitation alone, would have lost the heart of a Man of any pride; at least, the opinion *I* have of the fulsomeness of professions of Love from a person beheld with contempt, would have prevented *me* from renewing my addresses to the Lady, and I should have been

been loſt for ever, unleſs ſhe could have ſubmitted to have given me ſuch encouragement as I could not have miſunderſtood. I doubt if ever I ſhould have thought her ſerious again, till the Parſon had joined our hands in holy wedlock, and the old-faſhioned ſtocking was on our bed.

I have known ſome Women make, of their filial duty, a cloak to their own inconſtancy; and to one of them, if ſhe were ſincere, I would beg leave to declare, that until ſhe could transfer her love from her Parents to the Man whom ſhe choſe for the partner of her fortunes, ſhe was not fit to enter into the married ſtate. I have known too fatal effects of divided affections, to counſel any Woman to leave Father and Mother and cleave to her Huſband, (as the Scripture ſaith) unleſs ſhe can diveſt herſelf intirely of her infantine attachments. Yet I would not be underſtood to adviſe a Child to commit an action that would render a tender and worthy Parent unhappy; a Parent endeared to her by the treatment and behaviour of the friend, and to whom gratitude is due, not for being merely the inſtrument of her earthly exiſtence, but for an education calculated or intended to promote her ſubſtantial happineſs;—I only mean to ſay, that a baſe compliance with the will of a proud or ambitious parent, in marrying contrary to one's own inclinations, is an action offenſive to the laws of God and Nature, and can be called by no ſofter name than *Proſtitution;* for a marriage contracted to gratify Pride, Vanity, or Ambition, is ſurely as culpable in the eye of the Almighty, as the forced proſtitution of the Wretch whom misfortunes have reduced to want.—If theſe ſentiments ſhould prove diſagreeable to any friends to arbitrary and deſpotic meaſures of Family Government, I have but

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this apology to make them: That my Father never taught me to look on myself as his property, to be disposed of like an African Slave; and that I at present regard him as the best friend and companion I have upon earth. I have also the pleasure to observe, that my own Son seems to think he has found no harsh Monitor in me; nor do I think that either of us is more wicked or less happy than many of our neighbours, whom their Parents have taught to tremble at their nod.

But 'tis not on *Platonic* Love I am writing; 'tis on a tenderer *Sensation*, and I have not yet finished my task.—Young Women sometimes persuade themselves they are really in love with a Man, when perhaps Gratitude only for favours received is mistaken for the softer passion: I have also known a heart melting with pity and compassion for the misfortunes of a friend, which felt not one spark of its celestial fire. Yet the Ladies cannot so easily deceive themselves, as they can impose upon us, poor credulous Men. I will not awaken jealousy by quoting examples of deceit; for, as it is a pleasing deception, the sincerity of a Woman's attachment ought not readily to be suspected; excepting indeed, when, in licentious amours, it is evidently for her interest and advantage to profess the most ardent affection.—I cannot omit this farther advice to my young Readers: A Man who has any value for his own happiness, ought to be cautious how he attaches himself to a young Woman, who, in the less consequential pursuits of life, appears to be volatile or inconstant, and is not mistress of her resolutions for any long duration; and far less ought he to form a connection with that woman, if she has seen but little of the world; for he either may be deserted before his wishes are accomplished,

pliſhed, or ſhe may afterwards repent of her choice, when, alas! it is too late. And yet one might, without much vanity, venture to unite himſelf to ſuch a Lady for life, if, from his former connections with other women, he had experienced that, by intimacy and long acquaintance, he had gained on their love.

Since it is *ſcientifically* I write, and not in a religious ſenſe, any thing ſeemingly indelicate, in this Eſſay, muſt be charitably underſtood. As an Anatomiſt is permitted to call every part of the Human Body by its proper name, why may not a Moraliſt be allowed the ſame freedom in deſcribing the feelings of the Human Heart? Our Pride alone forbids it. Should therefore that Pride, from my definitions above given, revolt at the name of Love, I beg my fair countrywomen will, in future, give it the ſublimer appellation of *Electrical Fire.* I ſhall then make no manner of doubt, it will in time become as faſhionable to ſay,—"My dear friend, you have quite electrified me;"—as it is now thought indelicate by ſome Women to avow their Love, or indecent in a Man to aſk a Lady to undreſs.

Having now ſpun out my Eſſay to a tolerable length, in a kind of incoherent, unconnected ſtyle, perfectly correſpondent with the ſubject on which I wrote; I muſt beg leave to conclude with an Epitaph, which I formerly compoſed for a young Lady, and which, if not ſufficiently expreſſive, or poetically good, has at leaſt the recommendatory merit of being ſhort:—

Here, ſunk in Earth, O juſtly ſunk in dirt!
Lies taſteleſs, fickle, cold, unfeeling *Flirt*;
Each Youth admir'd her, but admir'd in vain;
Her ſole delight—to aggrandize her Train;
She ſmil'd on All, to All denied her charms,
Till Death, indignant, dragg'd her to his arms.

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The LEVELLER. N°. IX.

On the SAME.

I Intend this Eſſay to be a comment on my laſt. The ſubject was tolerably liked, and I had alſo the pleaſure to find that my manner of treating it had given very little offence.—But I have a longer preamble to make ere I renew the ſubject.

In moſt of our Grammar Schools, an old Monkiſh cuſtom at this day prevails, of obliging the Scholars, of a certain ſtanding, to compoſe verſes in Latin; when perhaps not one-tenth of thoſe Boys have the leaſt ſpark of poetical genius in them, and when ſpeaking or writing that language is in this country almoſt totally in diſuſe. The Orations delivered at the Univerſities, the Compoſitions of their learned Students, or the crabbed Preſcriptions of our Medical Gentry, cannot be termed of much conſequence to the bulk of mankind. This Monkiſh cuſtom I once ventured to throw in the teeth of a late learned Maſter of Weſtminſter School; and had even the preſumption to debate the matter with him, notwithſtanding he had been uſed to claim and obtain aſſent by his ſole dictatorial and magiſterial nod. "It is the readieſt manner, ſaid he, of teaching the Boys to read and pronounce the language with its proper accents." "Any Lad, ſaid I, in return, that has the perfect uſe of his ears, will, in a very ſhort time, learn the proper accents, by reading the Poets aloud; and then,

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as for your pronunciation, with your *a*'s and your *i*'s, your Latin is underſtood nowhere without the boundaries of England."—"Then, refumed he, it whets the Invention amazingly, and brightens the Imagination." "True, replied I; but, Doctor, do not you think that the *Judgment* is a little neglected, which would be better improved by giving your Scholars longer Themes in their own Language?" Here our debate was interrupted; and the Judgment was left by the Doctor to ſhift for itſelf. Not ſo did *my* old Maſter, however little I may have benefited by his inſtructions. The ſame antient cuſtom, however, exiſted in his ſchool. A boy, more remarkable for his invention than for his induſtry or application, brought him, one morning, a couplet of very good Latin verſes, which the maſter could not but recollect. "Why, Dicky, ſaid he, you are prodigiouſly improved, or elſe theſe two pretty lines are ſtolen from Ovid's Metamorphoſis." "Indeed, Sir, quoth Dick, they are my own; it is very poſſible that Ovid may have had the ſame thought before me."—"Well ſaid, Dicky! Then, ſince you are ſo clever, my Boy, I deſire you will bring me a dozen ſuch to-morrow morning;—but remember, Dicky, if they are not more original than theſe, you and I ſhall talk together in that corner."—Thus, if any of my Readers have found, or ſhall have found, that I have repeated, or ſhall have repeated, any thing in my laſt Eſſay, or in this, which they have long ſince read in Ovid's Art of Love, I humbly beg leave to make uſe of my old friend Dicky's Apology; That it is very poſſible for me to have hit on the ſame thoughts with *Ovid* who has gone before me. But I can, in regard to his *Art of Love*, ſay, (with more truth than Dicky of the Metamorphoſis,) that I never looked into it

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in my life; and that even the Latin quotation in my laſt (if it was Ovid's) I wrote entirely from hear-ſay. The *Art of Love* was not read at my School; and ſince my Schooling-days were over, I have had ſufficient to do in the *practical* part of it, ever to deſire to ſtudy its theory. Yet I ſhall look into it out of mere curioſity, however little I may expect inſtruction from the peruſal of it. *Nature* muſt have been the ſame in Ovid's days as in the preſent; but *Art* is always varying; and that part of it which may have been inſtructive in his time, may be of very little uſe to us of this Age and Nation. To be more ſerious; what I juſt now ſaid is mere evaſion. Where *Art* is to be uſed in Love, I diſclaim all knowledge of it; excepting what I may have learnt in my obſervations on the conduct of others; and even *That* is not very eaſily obtained. I can tell what paſſes in my own breaſt; but to aſcertain, from words and expreſſions only, what paſſes in the breaſts of others, would be poſſeſſing a knowledge altogether divine. Whoever expects it of me is as unreaſonable as a certain Fox-hunter I have heard of, in Northamptonſhire, who inſiſted on his Apothecary's telling him, on hearing him halloa, what complaint he had in his lungs.—The 'Squire was, by nature, endued with a remarkable ſtrong voice, which, one day that he was out a hunting, he imagined was ſuddenly fail'd. On his return from the chace, he ſent immediately for his Apothecary. The Apothecary happening not to be at home, his apprentice came. "Here, my lad, ſaid the 'Squire, can you tell me what's the matter with me? I feel myſelf, ſome-how, in the inſide, not perfectly well." The young man, as uſual, took hold of the 'Squire's wriſt, and began to feel his pulſe. The 'Squire withdrew his hand with ſovereign contempt.

tempt. " Poh! boy, who can tell, from feeling the pulſe, what ails a man's lungs?—I tell you my complaint is here—within. Now, hear me holloa, my lad;—*yoix! yoix! holloa!*—can't you hear how my voice is fail'd?"—" Upon my word, Sir, I can perceive nothing the matter with your lungs; I wiſh to God, mine were as ſound. But my Maſter will be at home preſently; I ſhall ſend him, and he may poſſibly be able to tell." The Apothecary himſelf came in the evening, prepoſſeſſed, as you may imagine, from the report of his apprentice, that it was the 'Squire's *Brain* that was affected, and neither his Liver nor his Lungs. On his entering the room, the 'Squire immediately addreſſed him in the former ſtrain. " That was a modeſt well-behaved lad you ſent me, Sir; but he ſeemed not to underſtand my caſe very well: I told him my inſide was wrong, and he went to feel for my complaint at my arm. Now, come here, and tell me if my voice is not prodigiouſly fail'd. Only hear me holloa:—*yoix! yoix! holloa! holloa!*—don't you think there is ſomething decay'd within?"——Now, was any kind-hearted Damſel, with the greateſt vehemence of *words* and *expreſſions*, to proteſt ſhe had a moſt affectionate regard for me, ſhe would puzzle me, as much as the 'Squire did his Apothecary, to tell what ſhe felt within; unleſs, by her *actions*, ſhe gave me ſome ſymptoms of her flame. I am not, however, in any danger of having my ſkill, in ſuch a caſe, put to the trial; for my Readers will eaſily perceive, from the ſtories I have given them, that I am verging towards narrative old age, when people are ſeldom conſulted in affairs where the *Feelings* alone are concerned. Yet, from paſt experience, my opinion ought to have ſome weight; and, let me add, too, from my apparently

rently profound erudition. A very antient Author has written, that, to the age of twenty, Man is ruled by Love; from twenty to forty he is governed by a mixture of Love and Ambition; from forty to sixty he is guided by Ambition and Avarice; and from sixty upwards, Avarice entirely engrosses the Heart. Though these stages may vary, sooner or later, in proportion to the different constitutions of men, I believe it will be found that our ruling passions in general succeed each other, according to the order above described. And I therefore lay it down as a maxim, That if a young man of twenty can subdue a noble and generous passion for a woman, on account only of the imprudence of his attachment with regard to pecuniary affairs, he will never after have a *disinterested* affection for any Woman; for his Prudence will but encrease with his years. If a Woman, too, under the age of twenty, can, from the motives of Prudence, refuse the Man whom her heart has approved, I would advise him not to build his hopes of happiness on such a sandy foundation; they will too readily be swept away by some Rival's more prosperous and resistless gale. When Inconstancy happens from such a cause, I call it *premeditated*, in contra-distinction to that kind of Inconstancy which may proceed from the discovery of Vices and Imperfections in an object, which the Imagination had at first painted of unblemished Form. This last Inconstancy I really think one ought most charitably to forgive; for the Feelings may be *surprized* into an *Engagement*, but no force can *command* them to *Action*.

The LEVELLER. N°. X.

His DEFENCE of LAUGHTER, againſt Lord CHESTERFIELD's unwarrantable Attack.

HOWEVER ſerious and grave ſome of my *Levellers* have been, and however incapable I may be of entertaining my Readers with ſallies of Wit and Humour, no one can laugh more heartily than I can, at the witty ſayings of other people.

This diſpoſition for Laughter in me may proceed from pride; it may proceed from a certain turn in the imagination to the burleſque; it may proceed from lively ſpirits, a gay fancy, or any other cauſe hereafter to be ſought for;—but I am very unwilling to believe it to be, as *Lord Cheſterfield* terms it, "the characteriſtic of Folly and Ill-manners." Since no man, then, likes to be thought a greater fool than he is in reality, and ſince I cannot always confine the expreſſing the joy of my heart to the mere grin of a monkey, I muſt, for my own ſake, write ſomething in defence of frank, open Mirth and Laughter.

"Having mentioned Laughter," (ſays Lord Cheſterfield, in his faſhionable Letters to his Son) "I "muſt particularly warn you againſt it; and I could "heartily wiſh, that you may be often ſeen to ſmile, "but never heard to laugh while you live. Fre- "quent and loud Laughter is the characteriſtic of "Folly and Ill manners; it is the manner in which "the mob expreſs their ſilly joy at ſilly things; and

" they call it being merry. In my mind, there is " nothing so illiberal and so ill-bred as audible " Laughter. True Wit, or Sense, never yet made " any-body laugh; they are above it: they please " the mind, and give chearfulness to the countenance. " But it is low buffoonery, or silly accidents, that " always excite Laughter; and that is what people " of sense and breeding should shew themselves above. " A man's going to sit down, in the supposition that " he has a chair behind him, and falling down upon " his breech for want of one, sets a whole company " a-laughing, when all the wit in the world would " not do it; a plain proof, in my mind, how low " and unbecoming a thing laughter is—Not to men- " tion the disagreeable noise that it makes, and the " shocking distortions of the face that it occasions. " Laughter is easily restrained by a very little reflec- " tion; but, as it is generally connected with the " idea of gaiety, people do not enough attend to its " absurdity. I am neither of a melancholy nor a " Cynical disposition; and am as willing and as apt " to be pleased as any-body; but I am sure that, " since I have had the full use of my reason, nobody " has ever heard me laugh."

Writing to a young Man, that was likely to be employed in the affairs of a Court, his Lordship certainly gave him very proper advice:—to acquire, if possible, a perfect command of his countenance. One needs not shew all that one thinks, tho' there is no occasion either (as his Lordship in other parts advises) to put in practice seduction or deceit. Sir William Temple disclaimed them both; and though he could laugh, too, was esteemed a *wise* Politician.

In Private Life, *Gravity* is undoubtedly becoming in a Divine, in a Judge, in a Physician, a Surgeon,

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an Apothecary, a Schoolmaſter, an Undertaker, a a Midwife, a Ratcatcher, or a Thief, during the time they are employed in the exerciſe or function of their reſpective offices, profeſſions, or trades. It is alſo prudent and becoming in all Ladies, at all places of public reſort; and it is equally proper to be obſerved by all perſons in all companies that are to be treated with decency, decorum, or reſpect. Due regard ought, likewiſe, to be paid to the difference of cuſtoms and manners in the different places at which one reſides: —The frolics of a youth in *London* would be treated as the actions of a madman at *Amſterdam*, (where, indeed, an Engliſhman and a madman are ſynonimous terms;) and the ſmiles of a frank, open-hearted girl, educated at *Paris*, or at *London*, would be regarded by the formal prudes of ſome country-towns, as indications of the moſt wanton mind.—— But I can ſee no reaſon why the ſame ſerious, ſtupid face ſhould be continued in a private company of friends; *Prudence* requires it no longer, among thoſe to whom the rate of each other's underſtanding muſt be ſufficiently known.

Nor can I ſuppoſe that true *Wiſdom* and *Good-ſenſe* are incompatible with *Laughter* at any time. The Archbiſhop of York * can reliſh a piece of Wit and Humour as well as any man; and no people can laugh more heartily at a good joke, than the preſent Lord Chief Juſtice of England, and another learned Judge, the Lord Preſident of the Court of Seſſion in Scotland. From theſe three eminent examples it may be fairly preſumed, that Laughter is not, as Lord Cheſterfield alledges, the characteriſtic of Folly;—nor yet of *Ill-manners*, tho' the Mob thereby expreſs their ſilly joy at ſilly things. His Lordſhip,

* Drummond.

by parity of reaſoning, might as well have ſaid, it was vulgar and ill-mannered to eat, drink, and ſleep, becauſe the Mob with great enjoyment do the ſame.

His Lordſhip is the firſt perſon I ever heard give to Laughter the name of a *diſagreeable noiſe;* or, to its expreſſions on the countenance, the epithet of *ſhocking diſtortions of the face.* The very ſound of of a Laugh, and the ſight of people laughing, have frequently the effect to make us join in the mirth of others, of which we know not the cauſe. It gives ſuch a comical caſt to ſome features, that there is no reſiſting the ſympathetic force of them without being uncommonly dull. I remember an inſtance of a whole company of ſenſible people being diverted for a quarter of an hour by a facetious friend of mine, who, inſtead of returning thanks after dinner, aroſe with great ſolemnity, and ſaid, "Come, let us have "a Laugh;" then, putting both his hands on his ſides, he forced a Laugh in ſuch a variety of notes, and with ſuch a drollery of countenance, that he ſet the whole table in a roar. Some people will tell me, the joke was as ſilly as the pulling of a chair from behind a man, to make him get a fall; nor will I pretend to ſay, there was any wit to bring out a Laugh upon us, inſtead of the expected Thankſgiving Prayer: all I mean to affirm by it, is, that the ſympathetic power of a Laugh is ſometimes ſo ſtrong, that whoever ſhould have ſeen my friend's very comical face, and heard the merry ſound of his voice, would have had but little mirth in him, to have kept himſelf grave.

I leave to Anatomiſts to account for it, why one man is more readily convulſed than another; but certain it is, that when I hear any thing very laughable, let it be in the Church, the Senate, or the Court, I can no more refrain from grinning, than I

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can from weeping at any affecting misery or distress of a fellow-creature. Every one must recollect some, among his acquaintance, whose risible faculties are as little under command as mine, and who stand as little in awe, as I do, of the censure of a superior. For my own part, without being guilty of self-approbation, I never liked a person the better for his not shewing the passions on his countenance. I hate a *masked* face; and whenever I discover one, I always guard myself against the possessor of it, as I would against a thief or a pick-pocket. Can the sincerity of that man be depended on, who can look grave when he is inclined to laugh, or who will put on a smile when he wishes me perhaps at the Devil?—I know I shall be taxed here with writing against *Good-manners;* for to the vanity of mankind *Bluntness* is displeasing; but I recommend it not; I mean only to say, that as Dissimulation is ever to be suspected, there is a manner of being *sincere* without being *blunt*: There is a wide difference between a suppression of the truth, and saying nothing but the truth. I would not, therefore, have a man laugh in another's face, if it were to give him any offence; and so far a command of countenance is desirable. But to smile on a person towards whom at the time you bear neither friendship nor love, is saying *more* than the truth;—'tis dissimulation; 'tis deceit; 'tis wearing a counterfeit face.

I intimated at the beginning of this Essay, that I hated to be thought a greater fool than Nature had made me; and I therefore must strenuously maintain, that neither the *Wise* nor the *Silly* are more to be distinguished by Laughter, than by any of the natural functions of the human body, which are common to both of them. And if it should still be objected to me, that fools are apt to laugh at many silly con-

ceits

ceits which affect not the man of wisdom, I am ready to answer, that full as many fools will be grave at a witticism, through stupidity or a want of sense to comprehend it. There certainly are grave, stupid, dull fools, as well as merry-ones; and there are merry wise-men, as well as wise-men who have not the least relish for Wit and Humour.

Granting me, then, that Gravity and Laughter are not the signs either of Wisdom or Folly, I will proceed to account for the different causes of Laughter, after my own manner; that is, agreeable to what I have perceived to pass within myself on laughable occasions: and if I am not a very extraordinary creature, some of my Readers, from the experience of their own feelings, must surely assent to the truth of my observations.

In the first place, then, I will honestly allow, that Self-sufficiency and Pride often provoke us to laugh at the follies or absurdities of others, when we should look confoundedly grave, if the like follies and absurdities of our own were maliciously and satirically told us.

Secondly, a natural livelineſs and sprightlineſs of spirits make some people more prone to Laughter than others, in the same degree as a Frenchman (without being the greater fool for it) will be more chearful than a Native of Britain, or as a Boy is generally more merry than a Man. Both the Frenchman and the Boy will become the more sedate, as they grow older; but it is not always found that their Wisdom encreases in proportion to the gravity of their deportment. Their lack of Laughter is, therefore, occasioned by the loss of youth, and the approach of old age.

Laughter is also the effect of a fertile imagination, which, on some story being told, or some event happening,

pening, will ſtart many things in addition to the circumſtances, which a perſon of a dull genius could never imagine.——This too we find in youth much ſtronger than in men advanced in years; tho' ſome, in ſpite of chilling blood, retain it to the oldeſt age.

To this ſprightlineſs of ſpirits, and fertility of imagination, we may add a turn to the buffoonery or burleſque. A look of *Ned Shuter's* on the Stage has frequently ſaid as much to me as a ſpeech of many words; to another, it would not have ſaid ſo much; on a third, it would have been entirely loſt.—On ſuch an occaſion, however, I am not certain whether inſtinct or ſympathy does not provoke us, without thought or reflection, to join in the laugh at the ſight of a droll look, as naturally as we gape when others gape, commiſerate when we ſee others grieve, and tremble at any ſudden expreſſion of fear. I have laughed as heartily at the ſight of Hogarth's print of the *Laughing Pit*, as ever I did at any witty ſpeech in my life.

Some men are apt to laugh when others will be ſerious, from an intimate correſpondence between the countenance and the heart; which is equally the cauſe of our expreſſing, without reſerve, our mirth, our grief, our anger, our fear, our ſcorn, our horror, our pleaſure, or our pain.—Others, again, give looſe to their mirth, from a want of that kind of prudence, or circumſpection, which teaches the Selfiſh to keep a conſtant guard over their words, looks, and actions, leſt, by their genuine expreſſion or interpretation, they ſhould prejudice their worldly intereſt.——That kind of prudence is no where more fully exemplified than in the Circle at St. James's, or at the Levee of Lord North. A man may be able to laugh very heartily, whom neither the King nor his Miniſter, at either of theſe places, ever perceived

to

to alter a muſcle in his face. It is certainly one of his Majeſty's prerogatives to laugh when and where his Royal pleaſure is; but, otherwiſe, I agree with Lord Cheſterfield, that Laughter is the characteriſtic of Folly *at Court*.

Laſt of all, (though I ought to have placed it in front, becauſe it is one of the firſt things by which a human creature is pre-eminently diſtinguiſhed from a brute) there is an involuntary convulſion in Laughter, to which ſome people are more ſubject than others, which children even ſhew before they come to the uſe of reaſon; and the power of which, from infancy to manhood, gradually declines till it is almoſt loſt in the infirmities of old age. This involuntary convulſion may be tried by titillation:—tickle only a few people's ſides, and its various effects you will inſtantly perceive.

To a pronenes to this convulſion, in me, to a turn for the burleſque, and to an imagination not incapable of improving on events, I chiefly attribute the cauſe of my laughing at the recital or appearance of many things, which give not half ſo much entertainment to another perſon. Tell me a comical ſtory, and it is ten to one but I ſtart many incidents which never ſtruck *your* fancy. Give me a droll one to read, and my imagination is ever ready to paint it *droller*. I muſt, no doubt, on theſe occaſions appear a fool to many; but I think it unfair to pronounce me intirely guilty of folly, till it be known what paſſes within me.

I remember the firſt time I read *Triſtram Shandy*, it was in the company of two very ſenſible men, who were each entertaining himſelf with his own reading. —I happened to come to the unfortunate rencounter of Dr. Slop and Obadiah, at the ſhort turn of the garden-

garden-wall; and the whole ſcene preſented itſelf ſo lively to my imagination, that I laughed, as Lord Cheſterfield would ſay, like a moſt egregious fool. I thought I ſaw before me the little, fat Doctor, mounted on his diminutive poney, that was waddling through the narrow, dirty lane, at every ſtep ſinking to the knees in mire; I thought I ſaw the haſty Obadiah, mounted on a great, unruly brute of a coach-horſe, galloping at his full ſpeed; I thought I ſaw him, with this tremendous velocity, bounce upon the unſuſpecting Doctor, at the ſudden turn of the garden-wall; I painted to myſelf the terror and conſternation of the Doctor's face; the vain attempts he would make, in the dirt, to turn his poney out of the way of Obadiah's horſe; his croſſing himſelf, like a good Roman-Catholic, on the apprehenſion of inevitable death, his dropping his whip, through hurry and confuſion, in croſſing himſelf; his catching moſt naturally, and as if by inſtinct, to recover his falling whip; his loſing his ſtirrups in conſequence thereof; his falling, like a windmill, with legs and arms extended; and then ſticking, when he reached the earth, like a pack of wool in the mud;—then the trepidation of Obadiah at the ſight of the Doctor's dirty and dangerous ſtate; the trouble he was at to ſtop his great, hard-mouthed, ſtiff-necked brute, which he could by no other means effect, than by pulling him round and round the proſtrate Doctor, and beſpattering him all with mud; the rueful face of Obadiah, and the aukward apologies he would make;—All theſe, I ſay, with many other additional circumſtances, painted themſelves ſo ſtrongly on my imagination, that I laughed moſt immoderately loud. My friends, with ſurprize, aſked the reaſon of my mirth; and I made them no other anſwer than by

reading them the paſſage forthwith. It tickled the fancy of one of them as much as it had mine, and he joined very heartily in the laugh: but it did not touch my other friend ſo much. He could not ſee, he ſaid, any thing ſo very witty in the misfortune of a poor, harmleſs, inoffenſive, man-midwife, who was travelling the road on a viſit of civility and complaiſance; it was cruel and inſulting to laugh at his diſtreſs; and as for the unlucky rencounter of the poney and coach-horſe, the thing was natural and common enough; it might happen in the neighbourhood of London any day of one's life. In ſhort, he was quite out of humour with us, and peeviſhly pronounced us to be a couple of idiots for being diverted with ſuch ſilly conceits.—I need not tell my readers, that my grave friend, though a man of a good ſolid underſtanding, had neither a ſprightly imagination, any taſte for humour, nor the leaſt turn for the burleſque.

From what has been written, I think it is ſufficiently plain, that *Laughter* is no more the characteriſtic of *Folly*, than *Gravity* is of *Wiſdom;* and my Lord Cheſterfield might, with greater propriety of reaſon, have ſaid, "Laugh if you are wiſe:" for it is the greateſt folly on earth to grieve at any loſs or misfortune, not immediately cauſed by our own miſconduct, but, for purpoſes unknown to us, permitted by the Will of *God*.

The

The LEVELLER. N°. XI.

An ESSAY on the NATURE and MUTABILITY of STILTS.

Projicit ampullas & ſeſquipedalia verba.
Decipimur ſpecie recti.———
Aut dum vitat humum, nubes & inania captat.
HORAT.

THE curious *Triſtram Shandy*, among the reſt of his ſingular opinions, hath given us a Diſſertation on *Hobby-Horſes*; but it is left to *The Leveller* to write an Eſſay on the Nature and *Mutability* of *Stilts*.

As a *Hobby Horſe* is defined to be a thing, in the poſſeſſion or purſuit of which a man places his chief delight; ſo are *Stilts* ſuch things, eſpecially, in the uſe of which he takes a particular pleaſure, becauſe they raiſe him, in his opinion, above the reſt of mankind, and eminently flatter his pride.

What principally brings this ſubject to my mind at preſent, is, the recent peruſal of a *Journey to the Weſtern Iſlands of Scotland*; in which I had not proceeded many pages, before it fully exhibited to me what I call an *Author upon Stilts*, ſtalking with moſt mighty and gigantic ſtrides. The Writer of that Journey is generally ſuppoſed to be Dr. S——l J———n; but I ſhould rather believe him to be ſome one employed by Dr. J———n's Bookſeller,

with a view to bring his Dictionary into greater repute. Be it as it may,—that Author, not contented with his own uncommon ſtature, (that ſtrength of reaſoning, ſolidity of judgment, juſtneſs of obſervation, and accuracy of remarks, which pre-eminently raiſe him above the ſcribbling tribe) muſt elevate himſelf on the Stilts of pompous diction, and endevour to ſtalk more conſpicuouſly towering in the croud. Yet one cannot help ſmiling to hear common events recorded in the phraſe of monumental inſcription or plain facts related, and familiar ſights deſcribed, in the language of Hiſtory, and the cadence of Blank Verſe. I not only ſmiled, but I moſt certainly laughed; and it was a conſiderable time before I could determine within myſelf, whether the Journey was really a *ſerious* performance, or whether it was written by the Author of *Lexiphanes*, as a ſecond compoſition of burleſque. Hear, only, how curiouſly the Writer of that Journey tranſpoſes ſome familiar phraſes into pompous words:—for, *the road takes a turn*, he gives it a new turn indeed!—"The way makes a *flexure*." (p. 69.) For, *taking a walk through the town*, he moſt elegantly writes—"We roſe to *perambulate* the City." (p. 6.) And *for giving his horſes their feed of corn*—"We fed the poor animals *liberally*." (p. 370.) But from the following extracts, my readers will judge for themſelves, if the author is on a level with them; or if, as I aſſerted, he is mounted conſpicuouſly on ſtilts.

"At an hour ſomewhat late, we came to St. Andrew's, a City once Archiepiſcopal, where that Univerſity ſtill ſubſiſts in which Philoſophy was formerly taught by *Buchanan*, whoſe name has as fair a claim to immortality as can be conferred by modern Latinity;

nity, and perhaps a fairer than the inſtability of vernacular languages admits.—And, in the whole of our ſtay, we were gratified by every mode of kindneſs, and entertained with all the elegance of lettered hoſpitality (p. 5. and 6.) Of the architecture, the poor remains can hardly exhibit, even to the artiſt, a ſufficient ſpecimen." (p. 7.)

A monumental inſcription, indeed!

"One of its ſtreets is now loſt; and in thoſe that remain, there is the ſilence and ſolitude of inactive indigence and gloomy depopulation.—The Chapel of the alienated College is ſtill ſtanding; a fabric not inelegant of external ſtructure! (p. 9.) The Library, which is of late erection, is not very ſpacious, but elegant and luminous. The Doctor, by whom it was ſhewn, hoped to irritate or ſubdue my Engliſh vanity by telling me, that we had no ſuch Repoſitory of Books in England." (p. 10 and 11.)

"The road beyond Aberdeen grew more ſtony, and continued equally naked of all vegetable decoration." (p. 35.)

If there were neither trees, buſhes, nor graſs upon the *fields*, the Author was very unreaſonable to expect that any ſhould grow upon the *high-road*.

"Lough Neſs, though not twelve miles broad, is a remarkable diffuſion of water. (p. 62.)

"The Country, at the bridge, ſtrikes the eye with all the gloom and grandeur of Siberian ſolitude. (p. 69.) The country is totally denuded of its wood. (p. 73.) They pollute the tea-table with large ſlices of Cheſhire Cheeſe, which mingles its leſs grateful odours with the fragrance of the tea. (p. 124.) We had

had, from this time, our intelligence facilitated, and our converſation enlarged by the company of Mr. Macqueen. (p. 129.) I honoured his orthodoxy, and did not much cenſure his aſperity. (p. 280.) I, though leſs eager, did not oppoſe him." (p. 323.)

No Theatrical Prince could talk in a more important ſtrain than this.

" There is yet another cauſe of errour not eaſily ſurmounted, though more dangerous to the veracity of itinerary narratives, than imperfect menſuration. An obſerver, deeply impreſſed with any remarkable ſpectacle, &c.—how many particular features and diſcriminations will be compreſſed and conglobulated into one groſs and general idea." (p. 342. and 343.)

Sure the Author cannot expect, that the La dies will ſuffer their tea-tables chat to be *polluted* with this incorporation and tranſubſtantiation of thoughts.

" To this dilatory notion muſt be imputed the falſe relation of Travellers, &c. (p. 343.) The walls were always too ſtrong to be ſhaken by ſuch deſultory hoſtilities. (p. 362.) At laſt we came to an inn, not only commodious but magnificent. The difficulties of peregrination were now at an end. After two days ſtay at Inverary, we proceeded ſouthward over Glencroe, a black and dreary region, now eaſily paſſable by a military road, which riſes from either end of the *Glen*, by an acclivity not dangerouſly ſteep, but ſufficiently laborious. In the middle, at the top of the hill, is a ſeat with this inſcription—*Reſt, and be thankful.*"

And

And my readers, I think, will not be *unthankful* for giving *them* a reſt. I have produced an extract ſufficient for them to judge, if this kind of writing is really, what the pedants call, *enriching* our language. —As for my own part, where words are multiplied without adding to the idea; or whene'er a polyſyllable is uſed for what a monoſyllable could equally expreſs, I deem it an unneceſſary circumlocution, that ought ever to be diſcountenanced. We ſee no ſuch art or falſe taſte in the compoſitions of Mr. Pope: ſome of his moſt beautiful lines conſiſt of the plaineſt and ſhorteſt words.

Hark! a glad voice the lonely deſart chears;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears:
Lo, earth receives him from the bending ſkies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and ye vallies, riſe!
With heads declin'd, ye cedars! homage pay;
Be ſmooth, ye rocks! ye rapid floods! give way;
The Saviour comes! by ancient Bards foretold;
Hear him, ye deaf! and, all ye blind! behold.

The MESSIAH.

'Tis not enough no harſhneſs gives offence;
The ſound muſt ſeem an echo to the ſenſe:
Soft is the ſtrain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the ſmooth ſtream in ſmoother numbers flows;
But when loud ſurges laſh the ſounding ſhore,
The hoarſe, rough verſe ſhould like the torrent roar.
When *Ajax* ſtrives ſome rock's vaſt weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move ſlow;
Not ſo, when ſwift Camilla ſcours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and ſkims along the main.

ESSAY on CRITICISM.

Next

Next hear, in ſofter ſtrain, a few of *Eloiſa*'s lines to *Abelard*.

Yet write, oh write me all! that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo ſighs to thine.
Tears ſtill are mine, and thoſe I need not ſpare;
Love but demands what elſe were ſhed in pray'r;
No happier taſk theſe faded eyes purſue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then ſhare thy pain, allow that ſad relief:
Ah! more than ſhare it, give me all thy grief.
—Thou know'ſt how guiltleſs firſt I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendſhip's name.
—Guiltleſs I gaz'd; Heav'n liſten'd while you ſung;
And Truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like thoſe what precept fail'd to move;
Too ſoon they taught me, 'twas no ſin to love:
Back thro' the paths of pleaſing ſenſe I ran,
Nor wiſh'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man——
—Come, with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe!
Thoſe ſtill, at leaſt, are left thee to beſtow——
—No; fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole;
Riſe, Alps! between us, and whole Oceans roll!
Ah! come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor ſhare one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory reſign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks! (which yet I view)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!———

I am afraid I have already tired the patience of ſome of my readers, unuſed to the melting mood; and yet I cannot forbear tranſcribing the pathetic deſcription that follows next.

See,

See, in her cell, ſad Eloïſa ſpread,
Propt on ſome tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind, methinks, a ſpirit calls;
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder ſhrine I heard a hollow ſound:
Come, Sifter, come! (it ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay)
Thy place is here; ſad Sifter, come away!
Once, like thyſelf, I trembled, wept, and pray'd;
Love's victim then, tho' now a ſainted maid:
But all is calm in this eternal ſleep;
Here Grief forgets to groan, and Love to weep;
Ev'n Superſtition loſes ev'ry fear;
For God, not Man, abſolves our frailties here.

I could dwell for ever on ſome of Pope's Poetry, where the ſmoothneſs, force, and dignity of our language is occaſionally ſhewn, without having recourſe to words a foot and a half long. Yet, ſome may be of opinion they could make richer language of thoſe lines above quoted, by writing, "Hark, a loud acclaim the ſolitary deſart exhilarates," and ſo forth; but I ſhould anſwer them in the words of *Boileau;* which, as every common reader, now-a days, underſtands a little French, I hope I may venture to quote, without ſtalking upon ſtilts myſelf.

J'aimerois mieux qu'il déclinât ſon nom,
Et dit, Je ſuis Oreſte, ou bien Agamemnon;
Que d'aller, par un tas de confuſes merveilles,
Sans rien dire à l'Eſprit, étourdir les oreilles.
Le ſujet n'eſt jamais aſſes tôt expliqué.

L'ART POETIQUE.

I ſhall now diſmiſs our Author upon Stilts with a card I lately wrote to an admirer of his Journey, in anſwer to a common invitation to play at cards and ſpend the evening. It will ſerve as a further ſpecimen of the true manner of writing on a familiar ſubject in pompous diction; and will prove that nothing is more eaſy than to adopt the *ſtiltic* ſtile, if one will but take a little time to employ his memory or recollection.

" At an hour ſomewhat late, your moſt benevolent " invitation I received. As I deteſt indeciſion, ab- " hor irreſolution, and abominate a declaration in- " explicit, reſerved, or incomplete, rather than re- " ply to you, that I will attend you *if I poſſibly can*, " I muſt inform you, I will not come at all. My " head, now tortured with rheumatic pain, is as un- " fit for the intricacies of whiſt, the required atten- " tion to the game, or the expected ſolicitude about " your betts, as it is incapable of enduring the tur- " bulent vociferation of convivial mirth."

After your *Writers upon Stilts*, of which I have touched but upon one claſs, the next, who take a pride in elevating themſelves above the common level of mankind, are your *Speakers upon Stilts*; and theſe are a very numerous race. Since it is impoſſible to ſpeak of them in this paper as diſtinctly as I could wiſh, I ſhall only mention a few of them as a ſample of the reſt.—A man who is continually ſtunning my ears with citations from the books he has read, I readily allow to have ſtudied hard; but then his ſtudy is oſtentatiouſly ſupported by Stilts. A man, who, in diſcourſe, takes every opportunity of throwing in a ſcrap of Latin or Greek, (of which your *ſtiltic Authors* are equally guilty) may be both

an

an orator and a ſcholar; but he talks from a roſtrum, which his vanity has mounted on ſtilts. A man who is eternally tormenting me with his baſtard Italian, or broken French, I allow to have travelled; but I willingly ſtop him from making a *ſecond Grand Tour* upon ſtilts. My method of *levelling* theſe Gentry is by rumbling out a bit of German or Dutch; by which, as theſe are languages in this country but ſeldom underſtood, they inſtantly perceive I have travelled, for their comprehenſion, a little too *far North*.—In ſhort, affectation of *every* kind is walking upon ſtilts. The uſing terms of art, for inſtance, which ſerve not to diſtinguiſh or explain, or technical words which contribute nothing towards making yourſelf underſtood, are only ſo many elevating ſtilts.

From the frequent mention of the Bagpipes, in the Journey above quoted, Muſic, of all things, comes firſt into my head at preſent. The words made uſe of here, to ſignify the length of time in the notes of muſic, as ſemibreves, minums, crotchets, quavers, and ſemiquavers, are, in other countries, as properly deſcribed by a whole note, half a note, a fourth, an eighth, and a ſixteenth. And, applicable to that, a ſtory occurs to me, with which I ſhall conclude; warmly recommending it to the Author of the late Journey to inſert it in the next edition of his book.

A Highland Piper, having a ſcholar to teach, diſdained, with the ſtilts of ſemibreves, minums, crotchets, and quavers, to break his head.—Here, Donald, quoth he, tak yere pipes, mon, and gie us a blaſt. (But as I cannot make him, in character, ſpeak *Erſe*, he may as well talk Engliſh, and his leſſon will be the better underſtood.)——Here, Donald, ſaid he, take your pipes, my lad, and give us a blaſt.—So, very well blown, indeed! But what is ſound, Donald,

without ſenſe?—You may blow on to all eternity, without making a tune of it, If I do not tell you how the queer things on that paper muſt help:—you ſee that fellow with the white, round, open face (pointing to a *ſemibreve* between the two lines of a bar); he moves ſlowly from that line to this, while you beat one with your foot, and take a long blaſt:—if, now, you put a leg to him, you make two of him, and he'll move twice as faſt.—If you blacken his face, thus, he'll run four times faſter than the firſt fellow with the white face. But if, after blackening his face, you bend his knee, or tie his legs, he will hop you ſtill eight times faſter than the white-faced fellow I ſhewed you firſt.—Now, whene'er you blow your pipes, Donald, remember this—the tighter thoſe fellows' legs are tied, the faſter they will run, and the quicker they are ſure to dance.

The LEVELLER. N°. XII.

Another ESSAY on the SAME.

Medio tutiſſimus ibis OVID. Metam. Lib. II.

THOUGH the *Journey to the Weſtern Iſlands of Scotland* led me into the immediate conſideration of the elevating powers of Affectation; Pride, Vanity,

Vanity, and Ambition, are the *grand Stilts* which invite men to mount above the level of their fellow-creatures. Inſtances of theſe are too numerous to be particularly mentioned. I will not therefore pretend to enumerate them; nor will I range the few, which readieſt ſtrike me, into any kind of order. Let them ſtalk about in the ſame irregular manner in which my imagination ſtarts them.

Half the Nation, at this moment,* are mounted on the Stilts of Pride and Ambition, and are, in idea, wading the Great Atlantic, to kick down the antient and accuſtomed Liberties of America. But they will poſſibly exchange them before the expiration of the enſuing ſummer, for thoſe of Vanity and Affectation. Upon theſe we may ſoon expect to ſee them mounted; for, ever ſince the laſt Treaty of Peace, when the neglect of a grand fire-work occaſioned ſo much national diſſatisfaction, it has been the conſtant practice of the *Cabinet* to contrive ſomething to amuſe the people, and to give them and their repreſentatives a harmleſs ſubject of converſation at their reſpective retreats during the ſummer ſeaſon: "I have nothing to recommend to you, but that you will carry into your reſpective counties the ſame affectionate attachment to *Luxury* and *Diſſipation*, and the ſame *unconcern* for the public welfare, which have diſtinguiſhed all your proceedings:"—And ſo they are diſmiſſed with a farce or an entertainment, immediately defrayed or powerfully patronized by a Great Perſon:—a *Coronation*, real and repreſented;—a *Jubilee* at Stratford, conducted by Mr. Garrick, Maſter of the Revels, and acted again at his Theatre;—an *Inſtallation* at Windſor, and another at Weſtminſter; beſides the ſecond Exhibition of the Knights on the Theatre;

—*Cox's*

* April, 1775.

—*Cox's Muſeum*, which terminating ſoon, will be a *Raree-ſhew* no longer; a *Royal Expedition* to Portſmouth; a Miniſterial *Encœnia* at Oxford; and, laſtly, a *Fete Champetre;* which, however, was ſo far premature as to ſtop for a day the more weighty proceedings of the Houſe of Commons.—Beſides theſe, there are every Spring Maſquerades and *Bals-pares* without number; which help to keep the Nation *elevated* and in good-humour the whole Summer; for *ſtiltic* amuſements are the more perfect, as we enjoy them under a preternatural or improper figure.—As I do not recollect that any of our modern writers have made mention of theſe Political Stilts of Vanity, I muſt here claim the honour of detecting them, whoever has the merit of their invention.

But of all *Stilt-walkers*, none cut a more ridiculous figure than your *Lovers* upon Stilts; thoſe, I mean, who heartily wiſh to come together, but whoſe pride and dignity will not allow the Gentleman to make the leaſt conceſſion; nor the Lady, (without the moſt abject demeanour and the moſt earneſt ſupplication of her Lover,) the ſmalleſt ſurrender. *Honorius*'s Love for *Gloriana* was founded on reaſon, and not on a doating fondneſs, which diſgraces a man of prudence. He conſidered her perſon as an object he ſhould be ſoon tired of in the poſſeſſion, were ſhe not endowed with good-nature, and an underſtanding which rendered her a moſt deſirable companion. But *Honorius* would never ſtoop to fawn and flatter, and uſed the freedom to tell her of her failings. This proceeding diſguſted *Gloriana*, who naturally imagined that the man who could talk in that undiſguiſed ſtrain to her when ſhe was free, would be an abſolute tyrant to her if he had her in his power. Nor would ſhe ever acknowledge that ſhe felt the leaſt inclination for

for him, or for any of his sex. Though she would on every occasion shew her affection for *Honorius*, 'twas mere *Platonic* Love; her dignity was hurt, if he presumed to construe it into any other. And that her behaviour towards him might not be understood to proceed from any tenderer sensation, she always took care that her words should be delivered like the words of an Oracle, which none but a *Priest* should ever interpret into a declaration fixed and certain. In short, their courtship was like the courtship of cats; an eternal scratching and caterwauling: the more pressing *Honorius* was, the more squalling noise *she* made about her *friendship*, and the more averring screams that she could never *love*. As *Honorius* would not submit to supplicate, he was on the point of giving the pursuit entirely up. He began to consider, however qualified *Gloriana* was for a friend, that she who would think it humiliating to allow a husband any freedoms, would, in his arms, be found to be but a cold and indifferent wife. But happily, one evening that he had the charge of her at Ranelagh, instead of conducting her into her own coach, he handed her into *his*. With a special Licence in his pocket, he then hurried her away to his friend Parson *Tiefast*; and this was the last *force* which *he* ever used; the last *resistance she* ever made.

How very different the character of *Gloriana* from that of *Constance*, in the Comedy of *Le Fils Naturel* of *Monsieur Diderot!* The Lady, there, reasons with her Lover on the procreation of their species (not with the calmness indeed, but) with all the chaste confidence of a Philosopher. And she pushes her arguments so closely to the Gentleman, (who rather wants to shun an engagement) that he is at last obliged in plain terms to tell her, that he shudders at the very

very thoughts of having children: " Dorval, says he, *oseroit-il se charger d' une femme? Il seroit pere! il auroit des enfants!—Des enfants! Quand je pense que nous somme jettes, tout en naissant, dans un cahos de prejuges, d' extravagances, de vices, & de misere, l' idee m' en fait fremir.*" To which *Constance* very readily answers: " Dorval, *vos enfants ne sont point destines a tomber dans le cahos que vous redoutez.—Vos filles seront honnetes & decentes. Vos fils seront nobles & fiers.*"—And her imagination firing as she proceeds, "*Tous vous enfants seront charmans!*"—At this, as might naturally be expected, " Dorval *prend la main de* Constance, *la presse entre les deux siennes, lui sourit d' un air touche, et lui dit.* " *Si, par malheur,* Constance *se trompoit; si j' avois des enfants, comme j' en vois tant d' autres, malheurex & mechants, (je me connois) j' en mourrois de douleur.*"—To cut short the conversation, after reasoning the matter with him through a dozen pages, *Constance* modestly concludes with assuring him—" *Je ne crains pas qu' une ame cruelle soit jamais formee dans* mon sein *et de* votre sang."—That is *French* sentimental Comedy for you; at which perfection, praise the Vestals! *our*'s is not yet arrived. But our Play-wrights would do well, from this little sample, to remember, that there is as thin a partition between Sentiment and Sensuality, in a friendship of the two sexes, as there is said to be between superior wisdom and downright folly.—The world, at least, seem to be of that opinion, in the case of the inconsiderate *Fulvia.*

Mounted on the Stilts of Vanity, *Fulvia* is never happy unless she has some young Officer, or some man of distinction in the Polite Circle, to attend her as her friend and sentimental companion. It is to her the highest delight in imagining the World will suppose,

poſe, the young man is actually dying for her; while, ignorant of the uncharitable conſtruction put upon their intimacy, ſhe irretrievably loſes her reputation. *Fulvia* is married, and were I her huſband, I ſhould certainly tell her—"The care of your *Virtue*, Madam, as I mean not to be tied to your apron-ſtrings, I leave to your own diſcretion; but, as your huſband, I muſt ever conſider myſelf to be the Guardian of your *Reputation*. When a man pays a conſtant attention, and, by a continued attendance, ſhews himſelf particularly attached, to a married woman, you may depend upon it, it can be for no diſintereſted purpoſe; and though he ſhould not have gained his ends, the the world will not fail to ſuppoſe it. I inſiſt upon it, therefore, you will drop that friendſhip. Chooſe *friends* among your own ſex, and *acquaintances* among mine; for no *man* but your huſband ought to ſhare your confidence." *

Celia is attacked with the ſame rage or unbounded deſire for admiration. No ſooner does ſhe deſcry a man whoſe addreſſes ſhe thinks will do her honour, than ſhe employs every art to attach him to her perſon. Though bleſſed with a beautiful face and an elegant figure, ſhe uſes the mean deceit of painting her cheeks, and blackening her eyebrows, to render herſelf more certain of her conqueſts. As ſhe is endowed with a good underſtanding herſelf, ſhe will never marry a fool; and men of ſenſe, in time, will deſpiſe her. When they diſcover the *rouge* and fictitious eyebrows, they will be apt to doubt whether every ſeeming beauty about her is not an impoſition. When they perceive her capriciouſly flying from one

* Some caſes excepted, where the Lady cannot do without her Man-Midwife.

man to another, they will dread being united to her, leſt, after marriage ſhe ſhould prove unfaithful.

A handſome woman ought to be particularly careful how ſhe exalts herſelf above the common level; for, the eyes of every-body attending her motions, if ſhe does not manage her Stilts dexterouſly, ſhe runs innumerable hazards of tumbles and ſhameful expoſures. And, indeed, what with the lowneſs of their Stays (which exceed, now, all bounds of decorum), and their occaſional lapſes in foxhunting, there are ſome Ladies whoſe ſhape I can exactly tell, from three inches (I dare venture to ſay it) above and below the apron-ſtring.

But when once a woman gets upon Stilts, and proclaims that ſhe does not care what the World ſays of her, I pronounce her to be utterly incorrigible; ſhe is then in a fair way of breaking her neck, and going headlong to the Devil.—Yet her actions partly belye her very declaration; for ſhe courts, in fact, the praiſe and admiration of mankind, in her every attempt at being ſingular. Thus, in endeavouring to become conſpicuous for a moment among the beholders in general, ſhe may render herſelf ridiculous and contemptible among her friends and companions for ever.—So much for Vanity and Affectation.

As for the ſubject of Pride, I have formerly made the diſtinction between not ſtooping unworthily to thoſe above us, and the haughtily attempting to raiſe ourſelves out of the reach of thoſe below us. To me (who am happy if, at the ſmall expence of a hat, I can oblige the meaneſt of my fellow-creatures it always gives particular ſatisfaction to ſee a Stilt-walker of the laſt claſs ridiculouſly diſmounted.

My Readers cannot but obſerve, that I have dwelt leſs on the Stilts of Pride and Ambition, than on thoſe

thoſe of Vanity and Affectation. The reaſon of it is plain:—Theſe *laſt* are more the failings of the Moderns; and as the Ancients were more given to the *former*, ſufficient is already ſaid about them in ancient writ.—But we no where read that the Ancients had ſuch a place as a *Ranelagh*, where they occaſionally met and ſtalked about, for the mere empty ſatisfaction of interchanging looks; of ſeeing a number of ſtrange people, and being ſeen by them. A *Pantheon*, indeed, they had; but their piety raiſed That in honour of their Gods. It was not erected by Vanity, nor was it ſupported by the gratification of Self-conceit. Their Writers therefore chiefly attacked them on the ſcore of their Ambition and Pride. As long ſince as the building of the Tower of Babel, we find an account of the diſperſion of the ancient walkers on the Stilts of Pride and Ambition through every kingdom of the known Globe. They muſt have been no leſs numerous in the time of the Roman Empire; for *Ovid* has a ſevere cut at them in his Fable of Phaeton and the Chariot of the Sun, from which I have taken my Motto for this Eſſay. But, between theſe two mentioned æras, *Homer*, in his immortal Poems, has particularly pointed them out. Nay, a friend of mine is actually in poſſeſſion of an ancient Manuſcript in *Erſe*, which, in commenting upon *Homer*, ſays, that the true cauſe of Achilles's confining himſelf to his tent, the great Bard (for the honour of his Hero) hath thought proper to ſuppreſs; for this, continues our Commentator, was the real fact:—Prior to the ſtory of the Armour, an incident had happened which I am going to relate, and which, indeed, was the principal cauſe of the Armour's being made. *Vulcan*, whoſe lameneſs, at times, obliged him to uſe crutches, was requeſted to lend them to *Achilles*, and to work them up for him into a ſtu-

pendous pair of Stilts. *Vulcan* was a good-natured, eaſy, *cuckoldable** kind of a fellow, as may be gathered from the ſtory of his catching *Venus* with *Mars*; for inſtead of knocking both their brains out with his great hammer (as ſome *modern* Cuckolds would do in their wrath), he only threw a thin veil of an iron net over them, and diverted himſelf with expoſing them to the deriſion of his Brother-Gods. He accordingly complied with the requeſt. *Achilles*, with the counſel and advice of all the Grecian Chiefs, mounted his Stilts in the dead of night, and ſtalked towards the walls of Troy, with ſilent but gigantic ſtrides. The concerted plan of operations was, that he ſhould, by the help of theſe Stilts, ſcale the enemy's walls, put the Trojans at one of the gates to inſtant death (for he alone was reckoned a match for the whole guard), and then admit the Grecian army at that ſurprized gate. But *Hector*, who, as Captain of the Guard that night, was vigilantly going his rounds, (except butchering their fellow-citizens, no duty was deemed beneath the Heroes and Generals of thoſe times) happened to eſpy *Achilles* juſt as he had made his laſt ſtride, and got againſt the parapet with his breaſt.——Upon this, without knowing who he was, *Hector* brandiſhed his mighty ſword, and levelled a furious blow at his head. Down dropt the ſon of *Thetis*; and thanks to his truſty helmet! or that blow would have finiſhed his life. It had, however, a ſufficient effect; for, in the very ſcientific words of the original account, *Achilles*, in his tumble, fractured his noſe againſt the wall, excoriated his ſhins with the Stilts, and diſlocated his ſhoulder in the *foſſe*.——No wonder, then, he ſhould have kept to his tent ſo long, or ſhould even have been

* *Cuckoldable* is heartily at Dr. Johnſon's ſervice, for the next edition of his Dictionary of Engliſh Words.

been confined to his bed! The truth of it was, that after this diſaſter, by which he had ſo piteouſly bruiſed and disfigured himſelf, *Achilles* was for ſome time aſhamed to ſhew his face. The cauſe of his confinement, therefore, (adds our learned Commentator) ought by no means to be laid to *Briſeis*'s account; ſince, Heaven knows, the poor women have miſchief enough to anſwer for, without our charging them with *fictitious* events.

As many learned Critics and Antiquarians may be curious to ſee this *ancient Manuſcript*, I will inform them where it is to be found. It is in a Collection of *Original Papers*, *yet unpubliſhed*, and which are now depoſited, for the inſpection of the Curious, at Mr. B.'s houſe, in the Strand.—A *late* Tranſlator of Homer, who collected theſe papers in the Highlands of Scotland, gives of them this true and genuine account:—That a Highland Chief, being taken priſoner in the memorable battle between Agricola and his Romans and Galgacus and the Scots, was ſoon after conveyed to Rome, where he won ſo much on the good graces of the Emperor, that he obtained leave to examine the imperial *State-papers;* among which he found one containing many *ſecret Anecdotes* of the Siege of Troy, written in *Æneas*'s own hand, and which that unfortunate Hero carried off with him in his flight; the papers in his pocket, and old Father Anchiſes on his back. The moſt remarkable of theſe papers the Highland Chief tranſlated into *Erſe*, and after his ranſom brought them home with him to his Caledonian cot. From *theſe* he wrote the Comment upon Homer, of which we have made this honourable mention; and from *theſe* he would alſo make it appear, that the nobleſt and moſt valiant of the Trojan Chiefs were not poſſeſſed of one drop of Patriotic blood;

blood; for, at the very time the Greeks ſurpriſed the town, thoſe illuſtrious Heroes were plotting to deliver it up.—Hence the *Engliſh* Tranſlator, exploding at once all Patriotiſm among *us*, drew this conſequence in private to me, which I think myſelf at liberty to impart:—"Since, ſaid he, the ſincerity and diſintereſtedneſs of thoſe antient Heroes were not to be depended on, who can rely on a *Temple*, a *Chatham*, or a *Wilkes*?"

The LEVELLER. N°. XIII.

A Short DISSERTATION on MASKS.

"To cover the Maſk afreſh, was more than the Maſk
"was worth; and to wear a Maſk which was bald,
"or which could be half ſeen through, was as bad
"as having no Maſk at all.—This is the Reaſon,
"may it pleaſe your Reverences, that in all our
"numerous Family, for theſe four Generations,
"we count no more than one Archbiſhop, a Welch
"Judge, ſome three or four Aldermen, and a ſin-
"gle Mountebank."

TRISTRAM SHANDY, Vol. VIII. Chap. iii.

SINCE perfection is not to be expected in this world, I am glad to chooſe my companions according

cording as their virtues preponderate, and their failings are found light, in my eſteem. Agreeable to this maxim, I ſhould alſo regulate myſelf in the choice of the Fair-one I would marry, or in the preference of the book I would peruſe; provided always the *firſt* had good-nature, and the *laſt* had common-ſenſe, without which my happineſs or entertainment could never be compleated.—*Sterne* being one of thoſe Authors whoſe excellencies greatly over-balance their their defects, I frequently amuſe myſelf with him. Yet I cannot but confeſs, he is ſometimes above my comprehenſion; for, in his Life and Opinions of Triſtram Shandy, he has ſingly undertaken what *Pope*, *Swift*, and *Arbuthnot*, in the Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus, jointly began—a Satire on the Abuſes of Human Learning. One muſt therefore have a ſmattering of every thing, thoroughly to underſtand him. —He is, moreover, in his endeavours on all occaſions to be witty, not a little guilty of playing upon words; but, when he does lay earneſt hold of a ſubject, it muſt be acknowledged he treats it in a manner inimitable by any body elſe. I wiſh, for that reaſon, he had left leſs to the imagination of his reader concerning the ſubject which I have now taken in hand; my friends would then have been better entertained with *his* obſervations, than they can poſſibly be pleaſed with *mine*.

Not excepting the Savage of the Woods, which of us, almoſt from his cradle to his grave, wears not the *Maſk* at times? We all wiſh to appear better than we are; and our very endeavours ſo to appear have often, in example, the effects of *real* Virtue. I would not, therefore, unmaſk the whole human ſpecies. It is, beſides, an invidious taſk to attempt pulling the maſk off thoſe who wiſh to be concealed; and though the

the Author of the Fable of the Bees had only expatiated on this text of Scripture—"If we say we have *no* sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us;"—though he had allowed us *some* virtue, he would still have acquired a character of ill-nature, which I should be sorry to get by my Writings.

I am no enemy to a *Mask*, as long as it is put on with a good intention. A Clergyman is, by his profession, entitled to wear one; for, with the appearance of an extraordinary sanctity of manners, he is to enforce his precepts by a good example. When he is to say grace at table, he is not to mutter a few hasty words, as if he were ashamed of the office; nor is he to rise up, in the middle of his story, to return thanks, and, instead of the Amen, to conclude his thanksgiving with, "This is by way of parenthesis." Nor is he, in reading prayers at church, to smell at his nosegay, to push back his wig, and wipe his sweaty brow with his handkerchief; to loll lazily with both elbows on the desk; to recline with his cheek on one hand; nor to be continually scratching his head. He is to address his God with solemn voice and serious demeanour, that he may not, by his careless manner, strengthen the incredulity of unbelievers.

A Judge is another that ought undoubtedly to be masked during the time he is executing the duties of his office; for he is to impress the minds of his beholders with the highest notions of the austerity of the Law against its offenders, and of its due administration with the aid and interpretation of his own superior wisdom. When he pronounces sentence of death on a criminal, he ought to deliver himself with the most awful dignity, with the most composed and serious countenance. A Judge on the Bench ought not suddenly to interrupt his jocular discourse with the

the ladies who ſit near him, to put on his cap ſmiling; and pronounce ſentence of death as a thing of the leaſt importance.—An Alderman, for the reaſons aſſigned above, is alſo entitled to wear the Maſk; and ſo is every Country Juſtice.

As for a Phyſician, I am not quite ſo certain if a grave wiſe face is always of as much ſervice to his patients, as it is of uſe to himſelf, in procuring the public opinion of his experience and learning. If he be to wear a Maſk, then, let it rather be of the *comic* kind; for the cheerful, good-natured looks of ſome Doctors are an antidote to low ſpirits; whereas the ſad ſolemn features of others may (in hypochondriacal caſes) be as bad as the Undertaker's.

It is generally allowed, that the Members of the Houſe of Commons would receive conſiderable addition to the dignity of their appearance, were they to attend the Houſe in *ſerious* Maſks and Dominos; I mean, that if they were never to ſit there but in robes and graver faces, more reſpect would be ſhewn to the Repreſentatives of a great people, and leſs trifling would be ſome of their Speakers, than when ſo many of them attend in boots and leather breeches.

But no one has certainly greater occaſion to wear a Maſk, than the Sovereign of a mighty Empire. Yet our good and gracious King wears the Maſk but ſeldom; and I verily believe it proceeds from his utter diſlike to one, or the being obliged to put a reſtraint upon his features, that he paſſes his life in that recluſe, domeſtic manner. Were I, however, of his Majeſty's *favourite* Council, I ſhould adviſe him to put on the Maſk much oftener; and, being ſo maſked, I ſhould alſo adviſe him to invite the principal men of the kingdom, now and then, to partake of a family dinner. Were his Majeſty in that familiar way to have,

in rotation, at his table, the chief of the Clergy, the Army, the Navy, and the Law, he would in time be acquainted with every man's character, from his own experience and observation, instead of having it upon trust from the partial report of the *so-named King's friends* who immediately surround him.

Self-defence justifies the use of a Mask at any time. When I perceive a man speaking to me with a seeming sincerity and candour, at the same time that he is only tempting me to lay myself open to him, that he may ridicule me in my absence, or take some private advantage of what I disclose to him; I immediately mask myself too, and let him see no more of me than I desire should be seen by the whole world.

As my two last Essays were levelled at those who from pride, affectation, vantiy, or ambition, are restlessly endeavouring to render themselves conspicuous in the world; I would, in this, willingly expose those selfish or mean-spirited wretches who live in an eternal dread of what men might say of them, or in a continued hypocritical disguise, with the sole purpose of serving their own private interest.—'Tis certainly a most laudable desire to wish to stand well in the esteem of our fellow-creatures; and, in trifling concerns or amusements, I would cheerfully give up my own taste or opinions, rather than I would forfeit the good-will of my neighbours; but, in the great and important transactions of life, a man ought to be guided by the noble motive alone of pleasing his Creator; and the fear of offending *Him* should be the only restraint upon his actions. One had better be born to a mild servitude or slavery, than live under a constant apprehension of his neighbour's censure. —I have an ample fortune, which enables me to live in affluent and independent circumstances; shall I marry

marry Pamela, born of honeſt and worthy parents, and bleſſed with every virtue and accompliſhment to render our marriage happy? No; I muſt not think of it: ſhe is but a Farmer or a Tradeſman's daughter, and I ſhould be the ridicule of all my gay acquaintances.—I cannot join in every prayer of the Church ſervice, and I diſapprove of its forms and repetitions—but I muſt attend the Church; for if I diſſent, and go to the Meeting, I ſhall be laughed at by my epiſcopal neighbours. Or, perhaps, though educated a Preſbyterian, I ſhould wiſh to join in *ſome* form of prayer, rather than endure the abſurdity of my Miniſter, who will ſometimes, at pleaſure, (as it is left to him) invoke God for me in impertinent nonſenſe. Yet I muſt be maſked, and attend the Meeting, or I ſhall paſs for a graceleſs apoſtate, among a congregation of very religious people.—Nay, if I am born among Roman Catholics, I muſt be doubly maſked; (as Mr. B———e tells me in his Tour to Sicily and Malta) and I muſt kneel, however againſt my opinion, to the Hoſt and to all the ſaintly images; and I muſt pay adoration to the Virgin Mary. That conſiderate gentleman even blames a blunt Engliſhman for ſtanding up unmaſked, one day, when the Hoſt paſſed him; at the ſame time, he is ſo ill-mannered himſelf, as to publiſh to all the world a book ridiculing the Roman Catholic religion at almoſt every ſtage of his journey.—I cannot forbear making another remark on the maſked conduct recommended by the ſame Writer. If every good Chriſtian in the Proteſtant countries had formerly been of his opinion, we ſhould never have ſeen any religious reformation. To which I may add, that if the great and learned, (inſtead of being inſtrumental in opening their eyes) aſſiſt deſigning Prieſts in blinding the vulgar and il-

literate people, they will hereafter have to answer for every evil consequence attending such confirmed superstition.

This would naturally lead us into the consideration of forms and ceremonies of every denomination; but I must confine my observations within the limits of a periodical paper. Forms and ceremonies are oftentimes but Masks, which the crafty make use of to impose on the ignorance and credulity of mankind; and so far as they tend to maintain the peace and good order of society, they ought undoubtedly to be supported: but when they are employed, by the great and opulent, to keep the poor in the grossest ignorance, and in the most abject state of dependence, the Mask should be pulled off, the cheats detected, the ceremonies levelled, and the forms abolished.

Every man's observation must make him sensible how cautiously religious ceremonies ought to be put in practice. In the Roman Catholic Church, they have eminently the ascendant over the moral duties, and the true spirit of Christian adoration. *Baptism* the Papists look upon as essentially necessary to Salvation; and the *Holy Communion*, which commemorates the sufferings of our Saviour, they have actually deified by their belief in Transubstantiation. What profound veneration is even paid to the last by many of the Protestants! some of whom regard it as a sign by which they enter into a covenant never to commit a sin. Vain, presumptuous men, to pretend to promise they will never sin! But their resolution seldom continues for any long duration; for after much preaching and praying in weekly preparations, no sooner have many of them swallowed the Bread and Wine, than they return again to their old courses. Thus, in our own Church, some ceremonies remain, which

which the ſuperſtitious regard with the ſame reverence as the moſt eſſential parts of their Religion. As another inſtance:——How many good people imagine their friend would be damned to all eternity, were they to ſuffer his corpſe to be buried without the previous reading of the funeral ſervice? No time, ſurely, could be more proper to convey admonition to the Living, than at the burial of the Dead, when the minds of the mourners are ſadly affected at the loſs of a dear and valuable friend or acquaintance. The cuſtom, therefore, however miſtaken by Ignorance and Superſtition, had for its inſtitution a moſt laudable purpoſe. So had the cuſtom of congregations of people aſſembling once a-week in Church, to perform public worſhip to their Creator; yet many pious Chriſtians ſeem now to think, that in the mere frequenting the Church conſiſts the chief merit of their devotion. What numbers of devout old women do we ſee trotting, every day in the week, to the tinkling of the mattin-bell! as if the Almighty would not liſten to their prayers, unleſs they were ſpoken before witneſſes, or offered up for them by a man in a white ſurplice. I have no quarrel with thoſe acts of ſupererogation, if their incentives be pure and upright. But when I perceive no fruits produced by them, no acts of charity or benevolence, I then ſuſpect them to be but Maſks to cover the deſigns of ſelf-intereſt.

And, in fact, if we look round us in the world, we ſhall ſee that they are the prudent and ſelfiſh, who are, in general, reputed to be over righteous.—In attending regularly the Church, and ſcrupulouſly obſerving its ceremonies, they miſtake the *means* of becoming virtuous for *real* virtue. Some of them, indeed, may excel in the negative virtues:—they will

not

not drink, they will not whore, they will not ſwear, —all perfectly commendable. But what good have they done to their fellow-creatures? Their virtue, therefore, centers in ſelf: but the virtue of the noble and generous, like the light of the ſun, diffuſes itſelf on every one around them.

I would not be underſtood to diſcourage the attending Church on the Sunday. As that is the only day of the week in which the laborious part of mankind have opportunity to improve their underſtanding, the rich (were it only for example's ſake) ought to keep it holy. Nor would I be thought to caſt any reflections againſt frequent private prayer to the Almighty. On the contrary, the effuſions of a grateful heart heighten the enjoyment of every bleſſing in life: and a due reſignation to the Divine Will, with a firm confidence in the goodneſs of the All-wiſe Diſpoſer of events, are the beſt comforts under every misfortune that may befal us. Beſides, no ingenuous mind can be conſtantly humbling itſelf before God, without as conſtantly recollecting, and forming a reſolution to amend itſelf.

I once knew a Gentleman ſo well perſuaded of the truth of that remark, as even, in a dangerous ſickneſs, to be deterred by it from praying for the recovery of his health. Going one day to ſee him when he was ſeverely attacked, I aſked him how he found himſelf? "Oh! very ill, indeed! I never had ſuch an inclination to pray in my life." "And why don't you pray, then?" ſaid I.—"To ſay the truth, my friend," replied he, "I could not bring myſelf to promiſe never to ſin again; without which I thought my prayers would have little effect."

I knew another Gentleman as little given to implore the daily protection of God.—He belonged to the

the Army; and happened to be fishing with another Officer in one of the rivers which empty themselves into the St. Laurence, not a great distance from Quebec. They were in a little canoe, which they had suffered to float so long with the stream, that, without perceiving it, they were got into a strong current, and were precipitately driving to a cataract: there they must have been dashed against the rocks, sunk, and inevitably perished. They tugged and laboured at the oars, as soon as they saw their danger; but they were still approaching the fall, and could not get out of the current. One of them then, despairing, threw down his oar, and fell on his knees in devout invocation to God. The other stuck to his oar, perfectly ashamed, in his perilous situation, to implore the Omnipotent assistance. "I thought," said he to me, when he told me the story, "that as it had been a long time since I had prayed to God before, he would look down on me with utter contempt: I thought I heard his tremendous voice reproaching me in these words: 'Are not you a pitiful, cowardly 'rascal, to be praying to me now you are going to 'death?—You, who forgot me in the days of your 'prosperity, what expectation can you have that I 'should prolong your existence?'—So I took both the oars, added he, and while my companion prayed, I rowed with all my might; and I tugged so tight, that at last, with the blessing of God, I got the canoe safe into a creek."—These men had souls above dissembling virtue; and deplorable as their situations were, I leave it to Casuists to determine, whether their inward conviction of unworthiness would not lead as readily to salvation, as the feigned sanctity of some Methodists, or the useless marked life of a Monk.

The

The LEVELLER. N°. XIV.

Another DISSERTATION on MASKS.

——————— There's no art
To find the mind's conſtruction in the face.
MACBETH, Act I. Scene 6.

SHAKESPEARE is perfectly in the right, with regard to the faculties of the underſtanding. A man, with a moſt ſtupid, dull look, may nevertheleſs be a very clever fellow; while another, with a moſt ſprightly countenance, will be found to be exceedingly ſhallow. But, in the mind's conſtruction, as to the tyranny of the *Paſſions*, there is certainly an Art to find it, and I think it is attainable by any man of common obſervation. I have ſeldom found it fail, that the perſon whoſe features reſembled thoſe of a man perfectly known to me, was more or leſs governed by the like paſſions as ruled that well-known character. Let a continued habit of hypocriſy ever ſo much maſk the countenance, I ſhall diſcern its natural lineaments in ſome unguarded minute of anger, grief, or laughter. What face, for inſtance can be more thoroughly maſked than that of a Dutch Parſon? Yet, if he is at all capable of feeling, the diſcompoſure of his features muſt ſometimes diſcover to me his true character. Nothing has been more entertaining to me than the ſight of one of thoſe Hypocrites, when he has ſuddenly recollected

lected himself in his laughter, and with a sigh resumed his saintly look, as if he would have said, "God "forgive me! what a sinful mortal I am to laugh "in this manner!"—Next to a Dutch Clergyman's, the most settled countenance in the world is that of a Prudish Woman; and yet the very manner of her turning her eyes from an object (for *them* the mask cannot conceal) will often shew us the bent of her inclination. As, then, there are moments in which a good Physiognomist can, from the expression of the features, pronounce which of the passions bears the greatest sway in the bosom, and the mask of dissimulation is of little more use than to impose upon the ignorant or unobserving; it were to be wished we would give less attention to appearances in the world, and pay greater regard to the practice of real and intrinsic virtue. But, on the contrary, it does often seem as if a sin consisted not so much in the *commission*, as in the *discovery* of it.—I am led to make this remark by having lately seen a woman do penance in church for an occasional weakness. It is a common observation with historians, that no men are so fond of power as the clergy, and that no men are worse politicians. Can it otherwise be conceived that such a power should be continued in the Spiritual Court, as that of publishing a woman's shame to a whole congregation of people? It cannot, sure, by the Clergy be considered as a punishment, for they are in Scripture expressly prohibited from inflicting any: *He that is without sin amongst you, let him first cast a stone at her*, are the words of our Saviour; and, with an exhortation *to sin no more*, he dismissed the Adultéress.—But I shall be told that public penance is intended as an example *in terrorem* to other women. It might with as much plausibility be said, that the

cries of a woman in labour would terrify all maidens from venturing on matrimonial pleasures.—Few people, who yield to the tender impulses of a natural affection, can coolly reflect on the bad consequences that may follow; and the more cautious who are possessed of that cool deliberation, are but indebted for it to the phlegm of their constitution, or to a certain prudence and circumspection, which only render them the more guarded in their conduct—the more hypocritical in their character. The good proceeding from this custom is at the best but problematical; the evils resulting from it must be acknowledged by every considerate person. It has seldom been found, in the parishes where the custom has been mostly continued, that the women were more chaste than the rest of their country neighbours; but, on the contrary, it is a melancholy truth, that the murder of bastard children has, on that account, happened to be more frequent; and thus women, to conceal one sin, have inhumanly been guilty of a greater. The dread of punishment cannot *amend the heart* (which alone should be the province of the Clergy), nor prevent the commission of any one sin that can be safely committed in secret. Instead of amending an unfortunate girl, the publishing her shame but accelerates her ruin. A young woman, with no other fault in her composition than the having a too tender and susceptible heart, has yielded (I shall suppose) to the importunities of a man possessed of her esteem; her weakness is perhaps known but to one family, or to a few friends: some relentless Priest or Churchwarden shall drag her from her obscurity, present her to the Spiritual Court, and expose her character to a whole town.—From the hour she has done public penance she becomes desperate; she either flies the country,

country to ſhun the contempt of her neighbours, or, heedleſs of what farther can be ſaid of her, ſhe proſtitutes her perſon, becomes totally abandoned, and thoroughly practiſed in every Wickedneſs. But where we ought to expect the moſt tender indulgence, the greateſt rancour is frequently found: her own ſex have been the moſt inveterate againſt her; the *modeſt women* have turned their backs upon her; and the unfortunate girl, having found herſelf ſhut out from the ſociety of the virtuous, was it to have been expected, that in the company of the vicious, into which from ſolitude ſhe had fled, that in a repetition of her follies, ſhe ſhould ever have been reclaimed? *Bigots*, indeed, may imagine that ſuch a conduct, towards a young ſinner, will produce her reformation, and that they do a thing well pleaſing to the Almighty in making themſelves the inſtruments of his vengeance; but every one, the leaſt acquainted with the world, knows it to be a melancholy truth, that more women become proſtituted and abandoned, in conſequence of the contempt of their own ſex, than from the treachery or inconſtancy of our's.——But for *one* woman who, out of a falſe zeal for the intereſts of religion and virtue, ſhews her reſentment againſt the conduct of the frail-hearted, there are *twenty* who, from far different motives, affect to be equally ſincere in their deteſtation. Of theſe, the moſt violent in their expreſſions of contempt and abhorrence of the *filthy creatures*, are many of the poor, neglected *old maids*, who would willingly make us believe that a diſguſt of the joys of wedlock had been the occaſion of their celibacy, and not any defect or deformity of their own perſons. A ſecond ſet of *abhorrers* are your ladies of *ſuſpected virtue*, who induſtriouſly attempt to render leſs conſpicuous the ſtain on their

own characters, by blackening or painting hideously the conduct of their neighbours. And a third class of avowed enemies to sensual pleasures, are your prudes or devotees; women who have set up for a character of eminency in religion, who are ambitious of being esteemed in the world as the very patterns of piety, and who, by shewing any indulgence to a woman that had a flaw in her reputation, would dread any diminution of their fame, any exposure of their own masked virtue.——But as these, by their conduct, shew themselves only apprehensive lest the mask of sanctity should be disfigured which they had so carefully put on, so will they, who are virtuous for Virtue's sake—they, whose actions are governed by motives alone of pleasing their Creator, and not by the censure or applause of men—they will ever, with Christian charity, compassionate their neighbour's failings, and be ready to forgive and amend. They will reflect, that there are stages or degrees of vice; that no one becomes instantly abandoned; that the loss of chastity implies not the want of every virtue; and, instead of driving a weak woman to despair, they will humanely use every method to reclaim.

The want of fellow-feeling is not, however, peculiar to the Women;—by those who wear the mask, imprudence of conduct is as little forgiven among the Men. How many promising young fellows set out in the world, befriended and protected by their relations for no other reason than because they wish to make them rich or eminent! As their aggrandisement would reflect honour on their family, their friends strive emulously to push them on. Some, perhaps, depending more on expectancies than on the fortune which they actually possessed, have lived beyond their income, and in a few years have been

totally

totally undone. Their friends, thus diſappointed in their views, regard their want of œconomy as the greateſt of ſins, believe them for ever void of induſtry, and incapable to act in buſineſs again; then drop them and forſake them as the moſt vicious and moſt profligate of men.——Not ſo fared it with the gallant, gay Lothario, related to Lord Maynard, who is lately dead and gone. Lothario, in ſome difficulties, applied to his relation for his aſſiſtance and advice. His ſituation he diſcloſed to his Lordſhip by a letter, to which he received the following anſwer by the return of the poſt:

" Dear ———,

" AS my eyes are very weak *, and can bear but " little writing, and as the correſpondence between " us, at this time, is of a private and ſecret nature, " I think it moſt adviſeable for you to haſten down " hither, even at the time fixed for your journey to " ———, whereby we may be able to talk over your " affairs privately between ourſelves.

" I am very faithfully your's,

Eaſton Lodge,
April 7th, 1775. } MAYNARD."

The ſame cover tranſmitted a bank note to defray Lothario's travelling expences, and pay his little debts in town.—He repaired immediately to Eaſton Lodge, where Lord Maynard received him as the Father did his Prodigal Son. Waving all reproaches on the imprudence of his paſt conduct, which had been ſo oppoſite to his Lordſhip's plan, Lord Maynard invited Lothario to live with him, and ſettled on him for life a very handſome income.——Lord Maynard

* His Lordſhip was then about ninety years old.

Maynard in this letter ſhews ſuch a delicacy of ſentiment, ſo much generoſity of mind, and ſuch charitable indulgence for the frailties of mankind, that few examples of the like will be found. One would imagine that the buſineſs of it concerned his Lordſhip alone; that ſome affair was depending in which he had a ſole intereſt, and not that he had a benefit to confer.—The ſight or recital of a noble action will often force tears of joy from my eyes, in exultation at the thought of ſo much goodneſs in a fellow-man! Thus, at the firſt reading of this letter, my heart overflowed with benevolence towards the generous Lord by whom it was penned. My mind was ſuddenly impreſſed with the higheſt veneration for his character.—I was reſolved to record this inſtance of his beneficence (his *many*† noble acts being then to me unknown); and, for the honour of true religion, I gladly now proclaim, that in *Charles Lord Viſcount Maynard* much piety, much virtue, without a maſk, was found.

The

† I have been ſince informed that his Lordſhip expended in charitable donations 3000 l. per annum.

The LEVELLER. N°. XV.

His ANSWER to SCRUTATOR's Remarks on his laſt LEVELLER.

SIR,

I AM but an anonymous writer, and have little concern about the fate of my *Levellers;* ſome anſwer is, however, required to your ſtrictures; becauſe the character of my friend is at ſtake, and the reputation of the Weſtminſter Magazine.

It might eaſily have happened, that Mr. Wright, in the multiplicity of affairs, ſhould have iſſued from his preſs an improper publication; and two or three other Printers might have been equally inadvertent, who have done me the honour to *reprint* the *Leveller* you have ſo critically cenſured. But I am unwilling that inadvertency ſhould be any excuſe for their having committed, in your eyes, an act of evil tendency. I ſubmit to defend my writings; and, in the explanation I ſhall give you, I hope to make it appear, that a Printer, even in the hurry of his buſineſs, is no incompetent judge of morality.

If your zeal had not blinded you, Sir, you muſt certainly have perceived, that we were both writing in the ſame cauſe of virtue. However groſsly, and in general terms, you have miſrepreſented me as an immoral writer, if you will deſcend to particulars, I believe you will find it difficult to prove any thing either

either impious or immoral in my compositions. You may, indeed, call me *irreligious*; for the religion I profess is *Christianity*, according to the gospel, and not according to your belief of the infallibility of the Church discipline. I confess to have sneer'd a little at the *ostentation* of devotion, at the parade of some people trotting every morning in the week to church; because I have remark'd the generality of the people in Holland, Scotland, and Geneva, who are supposed to say prayers in their closets, to be equally virtuous with the rest of mankind. I have also been so free as to give my opinion on some of the ceremonies of the Church, without the observance of which I have known so many good Christians live and die in the hope of salvation.

But, in delivering these sentiments, you will be pleased to remember, that I glanced only at those designing Hypocrites who wish to impose on the world by the *shew* of Religion; or at those well-meaning people who deceive themselves, by vainly imagining, that, in repeating like parrots a string of prayers at church, they are before God superlatively virtuous. I was far from saying any thing against keeping holy the Sabbath-day, or privately lifting up our thoughts to heaven in devout meditations.

On the contrary, Sir, were I disposed to entertain my readers with a sermon, I should recommend prayer to them in a much more serious manner than you imagine. I should exhort them never to address the Deity, without composing their minds, and banishing as much as possible all earthly considerations; without considering the importance of the occasion, or without the utmost awe and reverence of expression. A man, who entertains that just idea of prayer, and who has any worldly concerns to occupy his time and reflexion,

cannot

cannot kneel to God at the ſtriking of a clock, or at the tinkling of a bell from a church ſteeple —Even at the hour of relaxation from buſineſs, at perodical family prayer, ſome time is neceſſary for pious preparation.—One night, as I ſupped with a friend, whoſe cuſtoms had undergone ſome alteration,—juſt as the clock ſtruck ten, and in the middle of a merry diſcourſe that had raiſed the whole company's laughter—the ſervants ſuddenly appeared in the room, formed in a line, and kneeled before me in regular order. I ſtared; but looked to the right like a ſoldier a drilling, and took from my friend the mechanical motion. My friend then opening a prayer-book, compoſed his countenance to a ſerious expreſſion of features, and went through the prayers with the greateſt decorum. When the ſervants retired, he reſumed his jocular humour: "Well! my friend, did not I "take you nicely in, for a bit of prayer?" True, ſaid I, it was the fartheſt from my thoughts at that moment. Your cuſtom, however commendable, over a bottle a little ſurprized me. But as I am one of thoſe giddy mortals who cannot always command their attention; as I cannot inſtantly jump from your witty diſcourſe, your table and your fire-ſide, to invoke the Great God that made me, I beg that, the next time I attend you, my friend, you will read me a previous chapter or two, to prepare my mind for adoration.

Though thus particular, to the Public, in the explanation of ſome of my late expreſſions, I ſhall not be ſurprized, Sir, if you and I ſhould continue to differ. For one man, who, in ſearch of truth, exerts the powers of his own underſtanding, there are a thouſand who give implicit faith to the doctrines and opinions of others. For one *Prieſtley*, for one

Lindsey, there are twenty superstitious Parsons. *You* may have been taught to revere some of the ordinances of men as sacred and indespensible, which *I* discern to be instituted either to impose on, or, for wise purposes, to govern the illiterate and vulgar. *You* may, therefore, regard *me* as a reprobate; and so would a Monk, if I refused to worship his Wafer. But pronounce not a man to be wicked, because he disagrees with you in the Church discipline; nor yet from the integrity of your own heart, judge of the good intentions of other people. The Clergy are not immaculate; relentless Priests exist not alone in my imagination; I could name you relentless Priests; if I were given to be personal, I could name you a relentless Prelate. Say not, then, in support of that power which may be abused by a bigotted Priest, "I "hope his authority would not be employed on im- "proper objects;" for, on the same presumption that the King would do no wrong, we might invest him with unlimitted authority.—However these expressions may offend *you*, Sir, I mean not the least disrespect for the Clergy. I know many valuable men in the Church, who teach Christianity to their flocks thro' the example of their every action; men, who endeavour to amend sinners, by eating and conversing with them, and not by punishments and persecution; men "who put not on a sorrowful countenance, for to be seen of men,"—but, "in this world so light and trifling," can shew themselves cheerful and happy.—

I shall now, Sir, more immediately reply to your strictures on my last *Leveller*.—You must be very ignorant of the professional arts of a Printer's business, not to perceive, that *An Apology for Prostitutes* was merely a *catching Title*. I suppose Mr. Wright imagined, such a Title would naturally awaken the curiosity

curiosity of some people who might accidentally look at his Magazine, and would induce them to purchase it, that they might read what could be said on the subject. But nothing was certainly farther from my intention, than to apologize either for Prostitutes or Prostitution. On the contrary, Sir, I detest the sin, though I most compassionately pity the sinner. Instead of an Apology for Prostitution, I gave you a natural description of a woman, who, after the loss of her character, by a common gradation in vice, becomes totally abandoned. I said, there were degrees in vice, and I made an express distinction between an *occasional Weakness* and *Prostitution*. An *occasional Weakness* I define to be, the yielding, as opportunity offers, to a powerful impulse of nature, in favour of a beloved object, without a consciousness of sin, or any reflection on its consequences.—Surely, Sir, such a sinner is not equally guilty, in the sight of God, with the loose woman who prostitutes her person. Nay, should she continue faithfully attached to one object, without having received the Parson's blessing, I believe her to be less sinful than the woman, who, marrying, gives up her body to a husband for the sake of lucre. However sanctified by custom, the ecclesiastical ceremony of marriage is but the confirmation of a civil contract. In the union of the minds of the two sexes, after a solemn vow of constancy made before God, is comprised the *real* holiness of its institution. That vow, that contract, 'till of late years, could in England be made before a private person; in Scotland, it can still be made before a Justice of the Peace; and, in Holland, no marriage is valid that is not solemnized by the Civil Magistrate. It was not, Sir, 'till the time of Pope Innocent the Third, that the intervention of a Priest to solemnize

a contract of marriage, was deemed either *juris naturalis aut divini* But I am attacking again the authority of the Church, and shall draw down more of its thunder upon me.—Yet, 'tis some comfort to have the right reverend Bishops on my side; who, in all Bills of Divorce, certainly consider the *Ceremony* of marriage as no divine, indispensible part of its institution. They would never consent to put asunder those whom God hath joined together, did they not consider the *Vow* as the *Spirit* of the union, and on the breach of which alone the Gospel permits a Separation.

Though I have said thus much to remove that horror you express at an *occasional weakness*, I repeat my detestation of promiscuous amours, and I would by no means be understood to recommend particular illicit attachments. I acknowledge the wickedness of *prostitution*, and fully admit the *inexpediency* of *keeping*; but I think the *sinfulness* of the *last* may be reasonably doubted, where a mutual vow of constancy is made, and faithfully kept, before the God that heard it. With *him*, it must be the *vow* that constitutes the union, and not the presence of any particular people who administer the oath, or by whom it is witnessed. If, therefore, the parties so living together, without the Parson's blessing, can provide a sufficient maintenance for their children, the Clergy may deem it a sin, but Civilians will scarcely call it an offence against *their* law, wisely instituted to ascertain and make known the father who is bound to provide for his off-spring. Leave it then to the Civil Magistrate to be judge in such wanton offences. When a frail woman can shew no honest way of getting her livelihood there is a Bridewell, or a House of Correction. If she follows any lawful profession, and

demeans

demeans herſelf decently in public, the law humanely winks at her *ſins*, (for *ſuch* muſt inevitably be) and reckons thoſe only as her *crimes*, which hurt the community by idleneſs and a diſſolute example.

In addition to my laſt *Leveller*, it is unneceſſary to ſay any thing more about the inexpediency of making a woman do penance in church for an *occaſional weakneſs*; excepting that, notwithſtanding the *boldneſs* of your affirmation to the contrary, I have known the caſe happen, and I have known it to be attended with all its evil conſequences. But I cannot help animadverting a little on the propriety, you maintain, of bringing a woman of an *abandoned character* to do penance, as an example, *in terrorem*, to the modeſt women. What! Sir, do you make ſo ſlight of a ſolemn promiſe of amendment uttered before God, as to oblige a woman to make it in the preſence of a whole congregation of people, who are fully perſuaded that ſhe will continue to earn her bread by proſtitution? Is not *that* adding one ſin more to her wickedneſs, by tempting her to ſport with God Almighty? And muſt it not leſſen the ſolemnity of an oath in the minds of the people? Surely, Sir, you could not be ſerious in the propoſal, unleſs, like *Hudibras*, you thought to take off the ſin of perjury from her:

He that *impoſeth* an Oath, makes it;
Not He that, for convenience, takes it.

I am very much afraid, Sir, that the cuſtom of obliging only proſtitutes to do penance, would anſwer little other purpoſe than to render ſome others of the Sex more guarded and hypocritical in their conduct. It would be a mere bugbear to frighten children; for the grown girls would ſoon be cunning

ning enough to see, that, if they saved but appearances with the world, they would never be exhibited on the stool of repentance. Once more, then, let me recommend it to you, to leave the judgment of the *criminality* of the frailty in question to the Civil Magistrate; for, as to the *sinfulness* of it, our Saviour, when he *suspended* the sentence of the law against the Adulteress, virtually *prohibited* punishment.

Nor am I very singular in this charitable indulgence to human weakness:—the Magdalen Hospital, projected by that excellent good man Mr. *Jonas Hanway*, and supported by such liberal benefactions, plainly demonstrates, that a very different spirit prevails with many Christians, in considering the infirmities of our nature, than that of punishment or persecution. Men educated with Monks, or confined to their closets, austerely judge the world as *it ought to be;* men, bred in the world, indulgently rate it as, by experience, they find *it really is*.

It happens a little unluckily, Sir, that the only two quotations you give from me, you have totally misapprehended. "It does often seem, as if a sin "consisted not so much in the *Commission* as in the "*Discovery* of it," evidently implies, that an unfortunate woman, who had given birth to an illegitimate child, (which constitutes the *Discovery* of her weakness) was often brought to public shame; when many others, who were reputed to be more vicious, would, for want of proof, escape the punishment. We know that nobody, by the civil law, can be convicted of a *Crime*, unless it can be proved upon evidence; but we also know, that most of us have committed *Sin* in private; against the repetition of which the surest preventive is, for the Clergy to continue preaching amendment.

"*Nam*

" *Nam quid faciet is Homo, in tenebris, qui nihil* " *timet niſi teſtem et judicem.*"—Cicero.

In the other quotation I find an error of the pen, or an error of the preſs, which the whole of the ſentence plainly evinces. For *virtuous* read *cautious*, and my meaning, Sir, is ſufficiently obvious: that " few people, who yield to the tender impulſes of " natural affection, can coolly reflect on the conſe- " quences that may follow; and the more *cautious*, " who are poſſeſſed of that cool deliberation," (and who, nevertheleſs, yield to thoſe tender impulſes; not the rigidly *virtuous*, who reſiſt them) " are but " indebted for it to a certain prudence and circum- " ſpection, which only render them the more guard- " in their conduct, the more hypocritical in their " character."——If I had that levelling idea of the Sex which you impute to me, I ſhould ſhew very little thankfulneſs indeed for my paſt happineſs, and no ſmall diſreſpect to many valuable friends at this moment.——I have been married to a moſt amiable and virtuous woman, and I am acquainted with ſeveral of her Sex, who, though they poſſeſs not my love, equally command my eſteem.——I agree with you, Sir, that virtue doth not conſiſt in an apathy of mind, but in a firm, efficacious reſiſtance againſt temptation; but while I acknowledge that, I abjure the levelling principle which you ſeem to retain, That, becauſe a woman has yielded to the man ſhe had an affection for, ſhe would give her embraces to any indifferent perſon that ſhould aſk her.—Carrying with us my definition of an *occaſional weakneſs*, and the general received idea of proſtitution, I muſt ſtill maintain, that more women become proſtituted and abandoned, in conſequence of the contempt of their own Sex, than from the treachery or inconſtancy of our's.

our's. If I had said, "than from the *Seduction* of "our Sex," your objection would have had greater weight. Where a man, to gain a woman, employs assiduity, entreaties, persuasion and art, I call that, *Seduction*; and he will have much to answer for, if that woman should be drawn deeper into vice. But where two people unpremeditately meet, and by the force of attraction mutually embrace;—to lay the whole blame of the woman's future wickedness on the man, is like loading the tree with reproaches of which our mother Eve did eat the fruit.—

I shall now take my leave of you, Sir, for I must decline answering any more of your remarks. He is a bad writer who cannot intelligibly express himself; and I would much rather be reckoned such, than, by repeated explanations, be drawn into a dry dispute.—I cannot, however, conclude without presenting you with some lines, which I formerly wrote in a young Lady's Bible, and which, you may think, could be as properly addressed to any *Bigot*, who finds himself disposed to preach.—

Read'st thou this book, as *Monks* and *Abbots* [teach?
As *Calvin* taught us, or as *Lutherans* preach?
Doest thou torment thy brain, or beat thy head,
To find two meanings to what here is said?
Expounding Texts, to common-sense most clear,
Explain'st for types, where none in fact appear?
Or, passive in th' opinions of thy mind,
In Tenets treading as are led the blind,
Believ'st in such, (howe'er absurd, abhorr'd,)
Because a Parent taught, or priestly Lord?
Doest thou neglect our Saviour's words and rules
For Creeds, for rites, for forms of wrangling Schools?

His

His name forgetting for a *Sect*'s, doeſt hope
And truſt in *Calvin*, *Luther*, or the *Pope*?
If ſo thou form'ſt thy mind, peruſe no more
This ſacred Book, for ſhut's true Wiſdom's ſtore;
By no proud ſect her learned treaſure's found;
Who ſeeks for truth, his faith in none muſt ground;
Each hath it's errors, to this Book unknown;
Mark then its precepts, common-ſenſe hath ſhewn,
Thoſe lead to Heav'n; all elſe beyond our reach,
(Which deep Divines dogmatically preach)
Man may *believe*,—but *God* alone can *teach*.

The LEVELLER. N°. XVI.

Some THOUGHTS on MUSIC and DANCING.

THOUGH no perſon can be fonder of Muſic than I am, I confeſs, I never ſat out an Opera or an Oratorio without being heartily tired of it. A man muſt certainly have few ideas of his own, or at leaſt have a perfect command of his attention, to be able to liſten, during the greater part of three long Hours, to the tireſome *twing-twang* of the *Recitativo*.—It is more than probable, that the inventors of this muſical accent (if I may ſo call it) borrowed the firſt thought of it from the chanting in the ſervice of the cathedral churches. They may have imagined,

that if it were natural and becoming to chant a Prayer or Petition to God Almighty, it would surely be allowable, if not entertaining, to make their Heroes on the Stage ſpeak in *Recitativo*.—But they miſtook the caſe entirely;—the ſimilitude will not hold:—for when a heavy, dull Prieſt, with a drowſy, drawling drone of a voice, has, in the tedious repetition of ceremonious prayers, read his congregation half aſleep—a chant of the Litany, of a Pſalm, or even of the Lord's Prayer, is a happy relief. In the Opera, on the contrary, Muſic is that for which the audience are aſſembled; and they impatiently expect a ſong: their organs of hearing ought not, therefore, to be fatigued with the continued ſound of the Recitativo, before the ſong is begun. The hearing, like our other ſenſes, is palled by long enjoyment, and recovers its vigour by relaxation. Would not then the Songs of an Opera have a ſtronger effect, were the reſt of the piece to be acted and ſpoken, and the Recitativo to be dropt? It is, undoubtedly, nothing but cuſtom that continues the Recitativo in Taſte. The Engliſh and French, in their Comic Operas, have properly omitted it; and, I think, with very good ſucceſs. If the number of Songs in *Love in a Village* had been burdened with a Recitativo, I dare ſay no one would have had patience to have heard them to the End. I ſhall perhaps be told, that there are, very judiciouſly regulated, two pauſes in an Opera, between the Acts.—Very true;—but my ears, for all that, have no mercy ſhewn them—not the leaſt relaxation. There is the muſic for the Dancing as noiſy as the Opera itſelf; and *there* the vain Catgut Scrapers exult; having no longer any competitors whoſe voices they would willingly drown with the inſtruments of their numerous band.

Each

Each voice now huſh'd;—ſave in the Orcheſtre loud, 'tis ſilence all, and pleaſing expectation. *Heinel*, lo! on ſtilt-like tip-toe, makes her grand approach. Behold her ſtand with arms outſtretch'd, as when we ſee a broom-ſtick, acroſs the ſhoulders of a ſcare-crow tied, reſiſting every wind! And now, her petticoats forming a Pantheon-dome, celerous ſhe whirls, on thin ſhank ſpindling round; a ſolitary ſhank it ſtands, yet gains the applauſe, the admiration, eke it's ſiſter's due, and which between the twain more juſtly I would deal.———So have I ſeen arch, little Miſs open her ruſty ſciſſars wide, and, one point fixing on ſome poliſh'd board, turn them, ah! ſwiftly round, to make her ſport. —But that is Grace, and it is faſhionable Grace.—Mr. Slingſby, with all your eaſe and agility, unleſs you can improve your Taſte, you will ſhortly loſe your bread: you will, at leaſt, be ſoon diſcharged the Opera-houſe, if you will not learn to dance a little more *à la Heinel*. You can, indeed, throw your legs and arms about pretty ſufficiently already; but you have not yet learnt to ſtiffen your back-bone, and reſt on one leg like a gooſe—the great perfections of French dancing. Next to theſe, you have to obſerve few other Graces in dancing, except to jump up and down, in a perpendicular Direction, like the Jacks of a harpſichord.—I ſhall never be a fond Spectator of dancing, till I am paſt dancing myſelf; and then I ſhall admire a grave ſolemn dance on the Theatre, as I would a Parſon dancing a Hornpipe at a Burial, while the Funeral-ſervice was read by his Clerk. At preſent, I muſt own, I would rather join in a favourite Country-dance myſelf, than be a looker-on at the beſt caper that two legs (male or female) ever cut.

We will therefore leave Madame Heinel to ſpindle away unrivalled, on her ſtilts; and before we quit the ſubject of dancing, will juſt drop a hint to the Cotillon-dancers at our faſhionable aſſemblies.——They forget themſelves greatly when they imagine, that people ſubſcribe to Balls to ſee four couple figure it away before them like ſo many Stage-dancers.—It is highly impolite for ſuch a ſmall number to take up the Muſic, and the whole floor of a Room, from the reſt of the Company; and let them dance ever ſo well (which to them, perhaps, may appear the higheſt accompliſhment) they will ſtill, in my opinion, be ill-bred people. Cuſtom, indeed, and the tacit conſent of ſeated aſſemblies, have made it legal, in the rules of politeneſs, for a Gentleman and Lady to take a walk in the figure of what is commonly called a Minuet, within a circle of idle Spectators; but we hold, that a Cotillon cannot be danced at a public aſſembly, without tranſgreſſing the Law of Civility, (which we acknowledge is ſometimes oppugnant to that of *modern* politeneſs or good-breeding) unleſs a Room be appropriated for the uſe and conveniency of ſuch Cotillon-dancers, in like manner as is provided at the Great Pantheon.

Of all our Muſical Entertainments, Bach and Abel's Concert, to my Taſte, is the moſt agreeable. There is a *variety* in *their* Concert, and there are beſides two pauſes for converſation and chit chat. As for that matter, truly, I never found that Converſation was wanting either there or at the Opera, if I had an inclination to divert myſelf, to the annoyance of thoſe good people who wiſhed to be muſically entertained.—I hope, however, that Meſſrs. Bach and Abel will provide themſelves with a capital Performer on the *Violin*, and, in future, give us leſs of their

Piano

Piano Forte, and *Viol de Gambe*. I have not attended them this year, but they uſed formerly to give us a great deal too much of theſe two inſtruments, for ſuch a ſpacious room as Almack's.—The firſt time I had the pleaſure of hearing Mr. *Abel*, was, ſome years ago, at an Inn abroad. He had heard me, from his room, ſcraping ſome of Tartini's Solos on the Violin; and judging, from my attempts, that I was fond of Muſic, he obligingly ſent his compliments with an offer of bringing his Inſtrument, if it would be agreeable, to play with me. I had accordingly the honour of accompanying him while he played me a few Solo's, and I muſt acknowledge, nothing could ſound more delightfully ſweet than did then his *Viol de Gambe*.—I dare ſay I ſhould receive the ſame pleaſure from it now, in any private room; but it is utterly loſt at *Almack*'s.——Mr. *Bach*'s *Piano Forte* is thrown away too, for it is not heard by one half of the people in the Room——I recommended to their conſideration, the providing themſelves with ſome excellent Violin-player; but who ſhall they have? Let them chooſe which Violin-player they pleaſe, I hope they will pitch upon none of thoſe new-faſhioned Fidlers from France, who, whatever Muſic they play, ſeem to think, that the whole excellence of a Maſter conſiſts in playing with life and ſpirit, and in ſawing at the ſtrings till they crack.—Let them remember, that each piece of Muſic has its peculiar Taſte; that the firſt excellence to be attained is to ſtop in tune; and conſequently that all their tricks, at the top of the board, will not compenſate for the many ſcratches and diſcordant ſqueaks, with which they are intermixed; and let them alſo have in mind, that the ſecond excellence to be attended to, is the Tone, or Sound produced by the drawing of the Bow.—Without

out theſe two accompliſhments, I think no man ought to preſume to play a Solo on the Violin, or any other inſtrument ſounded with the bow.——As for the *Violencello*, it is a very pleaſing Inſtrument, when confined to grave, ſolemn, or plaintive Muſic; but, in the hands of the firſt Maſter, it fails under any thing quick; it is no longer a *Violencello*, and its beauty is loſt. The ſame remark I might have made on Mr. *Abel*'s *Viol de Gambe;* and the ſame remark, with additional obſervations, I ſhall now make on the *Baſſoon*. Let the performers on that inſtrument take my advice, and never attempt at any muſic of too quick a movement; for, when they do, they ſeldom fail to expoſe themſelves.—I remember it ſo happened to the Sieur *Comi*, when he played us a Solo on the *Baſſoon*, at a Concert laſt winter at Bath. The ſlow Movement went perfectly well; but when he came to the quick Time, he gave us ſuch a variety of windy notes, in ſo many ſurprizing and unexpected tones, that the whole Company were in a titter, and the Ladies were obliged to have recourſe to their fans.—There are, indeed, ſome Inſtruments that are not at all calculated for cheerful Muſic, and that ſhew their impotence in attempting the expreſſion of it. A Baſſoon and a Violencello give a ſolemn and grave tone, as I obſerved above, whatever Muſic you play upon them; and the German Flute and the Guittar are ever ſoft, plaintive, or melancholy. —I can never hear a Jig or a Hornpipe played on the Guittar, without thinking of an old woman ſinging a jolly merry ſong, with a voice half broken, and expreſſive of diſeaſe and pain.—What pretty muſic, too, a man would make of *Nancy Dawſon*, were he, in a fit of the gout, to tune his Ah! Oh! Oh's! to the notes of that ſong!

I do

I do not recollect ever to have heard the various Inſtruments of an Orcheſtre employed with a more ſurprizing good effect, than in a ſolemn March in the Oratorio of *Ruth*, compoſed by Giardini, which is performed once a-year in the Chapel of the Lock-Hoſpital. There is ſuppoſed to be a Funeral Proceſſion preceded by a Chorus of Singers; and the Inſtruments which play the Dead March, as a prelude to the Chorus, are ſo judiciouſly varied, that any one, with a fancy leſs lively than mine, would imagine he heard voices, at ſeparate diſtances, taking up the tune in ſucceſſion, and continuing the funeral-ſong *.

The

* Written in the year 1773.

The LEVELLER. N°. XVII.

ADDRESSED to the NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN, who have accepted COMMISSIONS in the MILITIA, eſtabliſhed for our NATIONAL DEFENCE.*

My Lords and Gentlemen!

WHEN, in hiſtory, we read how innumerably the *Te Deum* has been ſung, in gratitude for the conqueſts of frantic kings; when it is related by his biographer, that Charles XII. of Sweden, with a pious regularity, attended the public worſhip of his Creator, during thoſe victories that deluged the one half of Europe with innocent blood;—we may believe the devotion of princes to be ſincere; but we muſt deplore their miſtaken method of pleaſing the Deity, and, ſighing, drop a tear on many a cruel and unchriſtian deed.—If the ſlaying our fellow-creatures be at any time *juſtifiable*, it is on the principle alone of ſelf-defence; if the profeſſion of arms be at all *honourable*, it is only ſo when we bear them for the protection

* This Addreſs was written in the Year 1776; and it will be allowed there was occaſion for it, if we recollect how indifferently the Militia was then officer'd. Nor will the Republication of it, at preſent, be deemed unneceſſary, when we are told that the Militia, in ſome Counties, is ſtill neglected by the Country Gentlemen. To *their* Indolence we muſt principally aſcribe it, if ſuch a noble Inſtitution ſhould ever be perverted.

protection of our king, our country, and our own rights. The officers of our national militia are, therefore, the moſt honourable of all military men. They are neither under the arbitrary commands of a deſpotic King, nor are they liable to be ſent abroad to fight the battles of a haughty or avaritious Commonwealth. They fight not, they ſlay not, but on ſome juſt and neceſſary call.

That neceſſary occaſion for your ſervices, my Lords and Gentlemen, may arrive much ſooner than ſome of you imagine. Our natural enemies regret the loſs of Canada; they regret the dimunition of their trade to the Eaſt-Indies. It would alſo be a moſt deſirable object for them, to have a free commerce with our American Colonies. The French Iſlands ſtand greatly in need of the lumber, flour, and live ſtock, with which the Colonies could ſupply them; and excepting the Birmingham and Staffordſhire ware, there is ſcarcely one article of the European manufacture, with which the French could not ſerve the Coloniſts at an eaſier rate than the Engliſh can; and thoſe products of our Colonies which the French conſume, they would certainly receive cheaper, if tranſported directly from the American lands.

Thus, from their mutual wants, an intercourſe between France and our American Colonies will naturally begin. Merchants will be meddling wherever there is a profit to be gained. French adventurers will be ſmuggling their manufactures into our Colonies; our cruizers will intercept ſome of their ſhips, and as lawful prizes they will be condemned. France will reſent theſe captures, and a rupture will enſue. Tho' ſhe may be unwilling to encourage a ſpirit of reſiſtance in the Colonies againſt their Parent State; tho' ſhe may deny the Americans an *open* and *avowed*

 ſupport;

ſupport; to ſerve her own ends, ſhe may endeavour to prevent the ſucceſs of our arms in America, and draw our attention to a war at home, while ſo many of our forces are employed abroad.—Under whatever pretence ſhe may quarrel with us, it is certain that France could not harraſs us more, than by the invaſion of an army of thirty or forty thouſand men. They would put a ſtop to every branch of manufactures, wherever they carried their arms; the people would be reduced to that unſettled, unprotected ſtate, into which they were often brought by the invaſions of the Scots, before the union of the two Crowns; the credit of our funds would be loſt for many years, both abroad and at home; and they would ruin our navy and our trade, by deſtroying the docks and harbours of our ſea-port towns.—Let not the Lords of the Admiralty give me here a contemptuous ſmile. My apprehenſions are too well grounded. I have ſpoken with ſeveral experienced French Officers, and with many able commanders in our navy, who have all agreed, that a landing in England could not be prevented, if our enemies choſe to execute the plan.—The ſame ſtorm that would blow our fleet of obſervation off *their* coaſt, would, when abated, waft their ſhips to *our* ſhore before our fleet could return. How the French are to get off again, is another queſtion; but if they fight their way well, we ſhall be glad to let them depart the country, on a capitulation little diſhonourable to them.

The practicability and probability of an invaſion being granted, it behoves the Militia of *England* to ſtand to their arms. It is, however, with real concern I learn, that, in ſome counties I could name, the gentlemen who have the largeſt property to defend, have the moſt diſguſt to the militia ſervice. Tho' I truſt,

truſt, when the hour of danger comes, men of ſpirit will abundantly ſhew themſelves; yet gentlemen ought to conſider, that to learn the duty of an officer requires ſome practice, without which they will at leaſt be as aukward in the evolutions of the army, as they would be perplex'd with the figure of a country-dance. had they never received inſtructions in the art of dancing. This unwillingneſs in our modern gentlemen, to the military ſervice of their country, demonſtrates more than any thing, to me, the neceſſity for having an eſtabliſhed Militia in England. Eaſe and luxury, already ſo prevalent amongſt us, would render us at laſt ſo effeminate, that, like many other nations before us, we ſhould become a prey to the firſt foreign invaders. The caſe is not ſimilar in Scotland. The Scots are ſeveral centuries behind us in their trade, manufactures, and agriculture.—They have the recent uſe of arms to forget, and they have much to improve in their induſtry. But ſo different a ſpirit prevails among the Engliſh, that I knew a regiment of militia diſbanded laſt year, out of which the recruiting officers of the regulars got but three men; and all the reſt, to the number of 637, returned peaceably to their former vocations at home. This circumſtance I mention, becauſe it is a great argument with the oppoſers of the militia, that its ſervice gives the men a habit of idleneſs and diſſipation.—I can alſo add, to the honour of the ſame regiment, that, during the three years I knew them, but one man was confined for drunkenneſs, or irregularity of behaviour.*

As, to ſecure victory, a mutual confidence ought to ſubſiſt between the officer and ſoldier; — (an

* The Northamptonſhire Regiment.

opinion of the abilities of the one, and a ſufficient dependence on the courage of the other;) let not, my Lords and Gentlemen, this vulgar notion have any weight with *you*:—"That the ſoldiers of a ſtanding army muſt have the ſuperiority, in courage, over the ſoldiers of a militia, becauſe the militia men are drawn by ballot, from among the herd of mankind; whereas the ſoldiers of regular troops are volunteers, men who offer to ſerve their king and country, feeling themſelves bold, and imagining they can beat an enemy." Whoever adopts that argument, muſt know as little of human nature as he ſhews himſelf ignorant of the arts of the recruiting ſervice. An unwillingneſs to broils and bloodſhed is as little a ſign of cowardice, as a bullying, hectoring ſpirit is a demonſtration of true courage; and of the men who are enliſted by the regulars, there is not one in twenty that is not elevated beyond the pitch of ſober reaſon at the time of enliſting.

Let us not deſpiſe our militia as unfit for our protection. Tho' they ſhould be defective in military diſcipline; with a few experienced generals at their head, (of whom we are not deſtitute at home) I ſhould think them able to cope with the beſt regular troops of the French King. Perſonal courage, an implacable hatred of the enemy, and a mutual confidence between the officers and ſoldiers of a new-raiſed army, have often defeated the mechanical motions of well-diſciplined men. Have we not heard how the militia of Sweden, under General Steinbock, in the year 1710, defeated and cut to pieces the beſt diſciplined regiments of Denmark? Did not the united militia of the Low Countries repeatedly defeat the Spaniſh armies, then compoſed of the beſt infantry in Europe? Have we not heard what a few ragged Highlanders

effected

effected in the year 1745? Have we not heard what Elliot's light-horſe performed, the very firſt engagement they were in? And has not our own army been kept at bay, and cooped up at Boſton, by the militia of the American Colonies.* I repeat it, then, let us not deſpiſe our militia; but let us rather conſider by what means it can be brought to do us moſt effectual ſervice.

In the firſt place, my Lords and Gentlemen, I would adviſe you, by no means to attempt to render your men equal to the regular troops, in all the tricks of their manual exerciſe. Since the regulars, in time of peace, have more leiſure on their hands than they know what to do with, it may be proper, in *them*, to contrive as much employment as they can for their ſoldiers; in order to add grace to their appearance, and to preſerve them from a habit of idleneſs. But as *you* have only one month in the year, in which to exerciſe your men, you ought to curtail every thing in the exerciſe, that is not really uſeful in the day of battle. I mean not to wage war with the Adjutant-General, and far leſs to increaſe the number of volumes that have been written on military diſcipline. I only intend to throw out a few hints for the conſideration of the militia-officers.—With regard, then, to the manual exerciſe, I would humbly propoſe to have nothing done in *three* motions, that can be done in *two;* and nothing in *two* that can be performed in *one*.

Officers will agree with me, how material it is to make the men load and fire regularly, and with expedition, without incommoding each other in the ranks

* Another unfortunate inſtance has been ſince given us in General Burgoyne's defeat.

ranks as they ſtand. But that regularity and diſpatch cannot be attained without much practice; and it is for that reaſon I am ſo ſtrenuous for curtailing the exerciſe of all unneceſſary motions, and words of command. The more a man is confined to any particular motion of the hands, the more expert he will daily become in performing it. He will be found to perform that motion with conſiderable more dexterity than another man, whoſe hand is ſpoilt for expedition in any one thing, by practiſing many motions of a different kind. A clock, or any other complex machine, could not be finiſhed in half the time it is, if it were to be the workmanſhip but of one man; and the very making of a needle or a pin is the employment of ſeveral hands.—Unleſs, however, the loading and firing exerciſe be performed with powder, the men will be ſo aukward with their cartridges in the field, that they will have half their taſk to learn.

I cannot approve of the poſture in which a ſoldier is firſt ordered to ſtand. He is directed to join his knees, to keep cloſe his heels, and at the ſame time to hold himſelf perfectly eaſy, and without conſtraint. How can this be expected of a bow-legg'd man? The ſtrongeſt men and I may ſay the generality of men) are bow-legg'd, and cannot cloſe their knees without forcing their whole frame. I have ſeen ſome recruits ſo conſtrained by it, that their bodies tottered as they ſtood, and one might have puſhed them down with the leaſt touch of the hand. Nor is it more eaſy for an in-kneed man to cloſe his heels, than for a bow-legg'd man to keep his knees joined. And, as for the few ſtraight-legged ſoldiers, the compreſſing the thick of the legs diſfigures the ſhape of them in *any* man. I therefore maintain, that the ſtanding with the legs cloſed, is only the poſture of a woman

too

too modeſt to be ſeen with open thighs. A man ſhould ſtand firm on his feet, with a ſpace of at leaſt four inches between them. Every man's leg would ſhew beſt in that poſture; and tho' he might loſe, in appearance, a little of his height, he would certainly find himſelf more at his eaſe; and his body would be more graceful, by deviating a little from the ſtiff, ſtraight line.—But, provided a ſoldier does not turn his back in action, it ſignifies little in what poſture he *ſtands*.—More attention, however, ought to be paid in teaching the ſoldiers to *move;* and, after the firing exerciſe, the evolutions are what I would particularly recommend. In *theſe* the militia ought to emulate the regulars, as being more within the compaſs of their time.—Inſtead of miſpending ſo many days, my Lords and Gentlemen, in teaching your men a number of monkey-tricks, that would be of little uſe to them in actual ſervice, let them practiſe all poſſible evolutions, in companies and diviſions, in the open field.—When I ſee a battalion drawn up on a ſmooth plain, where all mole-hills have been levelled with the ſpade; when I ſee the men dreſſed in their ranks, according to ſtraight lines marked parallel on the ground where they ſtand; when I ſee them exerciſed by words of command, following in accuſtomed order, like the queſtions of a Catechiſm;—it brings no grander idea to my mind, than the diſcomfiture of Mr. *Foote*'s *Commiſſary*, or of the *Burgeois Gentilhomme* of *Moliere*, who was prepared to receive his adverſary's ſword in quart, when, to his utter aſtoniſhment, he was hit with a *tierce* thruſt.

What a farce it is, to ſee a regiment firing in *diviſions* and *ſubdiviſions*, alternately to the right and left, when we know that, in action, the officers think themſelves happy, if, after the firſt diſcharge, they

can

can make their men fire regularly in *platoons!* What a parade, in marching and forming, according to the order of the Major's notes, when the officers and ſoldiers ought to be taught to be prepared, as much as it is poſſible, for every thing unexpected and unforeſeen!—Will that man ever have a firm ſeat on horſeback, who has never mounted an unruly horſe?—No;—the rider who has always been accuſtomed to pace it round the *manege*, on a tame animal of a dreſſed horſe, would be confounded with the tricks of a vicious brute, that obeyed neither his hand nor his heel.—As much perplexed, too, would a gentleman be, to parry his antagoniſt's thruſts in open fencing, who had never practiſed but the regular leſſons againſt his maſter's breaſt, or in puſhing quart and tierce at a brick wall.——It will, indeed, be neceſſary, in the firſt teaching the evolutions, to keep to the ſame following rules; but, after they are once learnt, I would never let either the ſoldiers or ſubaltern officers know, after one evolution, what was to be the ſucceeding one. I would ſometimes form the battalion into two diviſions, that ſhould each act under a ſeparate command; they ſhould be oppoſed to each other like two fencers, each ignorant of the other's intentions; they ſhould march and countermarch, prepared to parry, ready at fronting wherever an attack was made, wherever the enemy unexpectedly aſſailed. It is the common attempt of Generals to attack their enemy before his troops are formed; and had not the French been alert in ſhewing a front before Quebec, General Murray would have beat them off the field.——The battalion might ſometimes be diſperſed too, as if it were broken by an attack of the horſe or dragoons; and the men ſhould then rally themſelves

themſelves as well as they could, under whichever officers were neareſt to command them.

Should you be called out on actual ſervice, my Lords and Gentlemen, the *aids* of courage muſt by no means be neglected. It is a known truth, that few men are to be found, who, in cool blood, can face danger with the ſame bravery with which they would encounter it if they were heated. This many gentlemen muſt have experienced, even in a foxchace; and ſome ſavage nations are ſo much convinced of it, that they inflame themſelves by *dancing*, before they venture to attack their enemies. The aſſailants have in general the advantage of their adverſaries; for, by marching briſkly up to the attack, they acquire in the exerciſe ſuch an uncommon flow of ſpirits, that it baniſhes the recollection of their own danger.—Moſt of our conqueſts laſt war were gained by ſuch precipitate attacks, as inſpired our own ſoldiers and intimidated the enemy. Nay, ſo eager were our troops at the taking of the Moro Caſtle, that many of the very men who, in the aſſault, ran nimbly along the narrow, dangerous rock that led to the breach, durſt not afterwards croſs it, in cool blood, but by creeping on their hands and knees.—Good feeding is another requiſite to make an Engliſhman fight, and, if procurable, ſhould never be omitted. Some hiſtorians have been ſo much of my opinion, with regard to the effects of a good meal in giving a temporary courage, that they have not ſcrupled to affirm, the Carthaginian General gained his victory at Trebia, by ordering his ſoldiers a warm meſs, and by attacking the Romans in a cold morning before they had *their* breakfaſt.——Philoſophers may ſmile at theſe remarks; but *officers*, who have to deal with many of the unthinking part of mankind, muſt know that

courage often borders upon mechaniſm; and they will confeſs, that howmuchſoever reaſon may teach us to face death in the cloſet, we ſhall encounter it in the field as reſolutely by baniſhing thought and reflection, or by raiſing the proper paſſions.———The love and eſteem of the ſoldier ought of all things to be courted by his officer. They have ever, with Engliſhmen, been the greateſt incentives in the day of battle; and they are obtained with a very little trouble. As authority, among freemen, is better ſupported by love than by fear, give your orders, my Lords and Gentlemen, with firmneſs; but avoid all haughtineſs of words and behaviour. Shew that you command, by virtue of the powers veſted in you by your commiſſion, and not through any conceit of your own dignity, or through any contempt of the ſoldier's inferior ſtation. Be not above aſſigning a reaſon, to a young ſoldier, for every inſtruction which you may give him; for the more he knows the utility of any motion of the manual exerciſe, or of any part of the evolutions, the more attentive will he be to his duty, and the more reſpectful to that officer who gives himſelf the trouble of an explanation. In ſhort, give not way to the *inſolence of office*; but, in all your commands to the ſoldier, remember he is your fellow-citizen.—What carried Alexander and Cæſar, through all their conqueſts, more effectually than their ſoldiers love? What was Charles XII. of Sweden's beſt ſhield, in all his battles, but the love his ſoldiers bore him? What ſtronger incentives had the Highlanders to fight, in the laſt rebellion, than the love and veneration each man felt for his chieftain? What rallied our troops ſo ſoon at the late attack on Bunker's Hill?—Superior to the thought of ſelf-preſervation, ſuperior to all ſentiments of honour, compaſſion

compaſſion aroſe in the breaſt of every man, when he ſaw the general he loved in danger of being left on the field.

The LEVELLER. N°. XVIII.

His SALUTIFEROUS CREED, or His WASSAIL * for the Year 1776.

SITTING at my fire-ſide one evening in the dreary month of December, an account was brought to me of the death of a young man in the neighbourhood, who accidentally ſhot himſelf under the violent

 effects

* *Waſſails* are New-Year's Wiſhes, ſaid or ſung by ſome of the poorer people, in the country, to get money out of the pockets of their betters. To this vulgar but antient cuſtom the *courtly New Year's Ode* probably owes its inſtitution. I mean not, by this ſuppoſition, either to affront the *Poet-Laureat*, or to derogate from the dignity of his character.—The word *Waſſail*, ſays Bailey's Dictionary, is taken from the old Saxon *Was hael*, and ſignifies Good health to you! But the meaning of it is as well explained to *me* by the two *modern* Saxon words *Was heil*, Some welfare, or proſperity. Or, perhaps, it is of Low-Dutch origin; for *Was heel* in that language ſignifies, Become whole, or grow healthy; *Waſt* coming from *Waſſen*, to grow or become—as it is uſed in *Waſt goed*, *Waſt ryk*, *Waſt magtig*, Grow good, grow rich, grow powerful or mighty.——As by omitting only the aſpiration of the *h* I have retained the pronunciation of *Waſſail*, the Antiquaries cannot think me too far-fetch'd in my derivation.

effects of intoxication. An event, ſo melancholy and unexpected, could not but afford employment to my mind for that evening. I could not help reflecting how many lives were loſt, and how many conſtitutions were impaired, by the intemperate indulgence of one ſenſe—that vulgar ſenſe of Taſting. It gave me pain to think that, to ſatisfy a brutal appetite, ſo many heedleſs beings ſhould ſacrifice a thouſand pleaſures and enjoyments, which, from their other ſenſes, they are capable of receiving. For my part, though I hope never to be afraid of hazarding my life in a good cauſe, I am not aſhamed to own, that I wiſh to enjoy a perfect ſtate of health, and to retain the full uſe of my faculties, as long as I am deſtined to live in this earthly habitation.—In this train of thinking, my Readers will ſuppoſe me ſeated again in my eaſy-chair, where the ſight of a warm fire-ſide contraſts the appearance of a moſt horrible ſtorm. For theſe twelve days paſt I have not ſeen the face of the ſun; nor have I been able to take any bodily exerciſe, excepting on a road—where, through drifts of thick-fallen ſnow, ſome peaſant-pioneers have dug a ſlippery path, (tremenduous to behold!) ten feet, at times, in depth. I muſt, of courſe, be uncommonly ſtupid. Unleſs with hoar and icicles at my head, (and they, too, would ſoon thaw at the fire-ſide) it is impoſſible, under theſe circumſtances, for *me* to ſhine, who, at no time, am allow'd to be ſhining.

I ſhall not then attempt it; I ſhall only preſent my readers with a few dull remarks, in the form of my *Salutiferous Creed;* and I ſincerely wiſh that their health may be preſerved until the fatal diſeaſe, when my writing can do them no ſervice.

I believe that Phyſicians are very much at a loſs to account for the manner in which the ſtomach performs

forms its Digeſtion. Tho' many explanations of it have been attempted, ſome of the moſt learned and experienced of the Faculty candidly confeſs, they are yet much in the dark with regard to that ſubject.—I believe that it is fallacious to judge of the conſequences of a mixture of aliments in the ſtomach, from their viſible effects upon each other when commix'd in the air. There is ſome hidden property in the ſtomach, which changes as it were the very nature of things, by making one ingredient often aſſiſt in digeſting another, that otherwiſe would have preſerved it in the open air. Thus, fiſh and fleſh will, with moſt people, digeſt better after a glaſs of Brandy and Wine, than after a draught of cold water; altho' we find that, out of the ſtomach, they are in the former longeſt preſerved, and in the latter ſooneſt corrupted. I believe that the firſt act, in the proceſs of digeſtion, is to reduce to acidity the nutriment we have taken. In oppoſition therefore to Dr. Cadogan's opinion, I believe that Bread and other aliments which become ſooneſt ſour in corrupting, are, for that very reaſon, if not always the moſt healthful, at leaſt the moſt eaſy of digeſtion. They muſt, in their effects, materially differ from vinegar, lemons and other things, which, in their natural ſtate, the palate diſtinguiſhes to be acid. Theſe no man can ſafely take, in any great quantity, unleſs they are properly corrected; but 'tis not yet proved that unadulterated bread can do injury to any one.—When, to this uncertainty of the conſequences of mixture, we add the difference of Conſtitutions in men, and the difference of digeſtive power in the ſtomach, I believe that to adviſe every man to the ſame kind of Diet, would be acting like any Quack that ſhould preſcribe the ſame Medicine to every one who conſulted him. As every man of

ſenſe

ſenſe and obſervation is, by experience, capable of judging what are the Aliments that beſt agree with him; he ought not to eat of any thing, accounted never ſo innocent in its nature, if he finds it to diſagree with his ſtomach; for that which does not properly digeſt, can never be wholeſome for the perſon who takes it.—I believe that a regular diet is neceſſary for one who has a weak ſtomach, and can tell what beſt will ſuit it; but I would not adviſe a perſon in a perfect ſtate of health, to ſtick to any kind of regimen. A variety of food is certainly what nature intended for the human ſpecies; yet, from the uncertainty of the agreement of mixtures, I believe *that* variety to be moſt wholeſome when taken at ſeparate meals.—I believe that Fiſh, Fleſh, Beer and Wine, nouriſh the blood and recruit the ſpirits; but that Bread and Vegetables more certainly harden the ſinews, and ſupply us with muſcular vigour. The Scots, the Iriſh, and the Dutch, who live perhaps on porridge, potatoes or ſalads, are, in general, ſtouter-built men, and will lift with an Engliſhman any weight; but they will want ſpirits to continue the work of a coal-heaver, unleſs they have ſtrong beer and Porter to drink, and can dine on their beef or mutton. This diſadvantage, however, attends the Engliſhman's food: If you deprive him of it, he will under labour become languid and faint; whereas the other-named Countrymen (if you give them but time) will, on their poorer food, be able to go thro' with their work.

I believe that the natural food for a child, 'till a little time before it is wean'd, is its mother's or its nurſe's milk, provided that either have a ſufficient ſupply for it.—I am bleſs'd with three blooming Boys, who never taſted any thing but the milk from the breaſt, 'till they got a cruſt of bread to mumble a few days before they were wean'd.

I believe

I believe that feeding children entirely on animal food, as I have seen practiſed by the advice of the Phyſician, in ſome families in London, was the certain cauſe that I ſeldom ſaw the Phyſician out of the houſe.—I believe that the proper food for children, immediately after they are wean'd, ſhould conſiſt of milk, with flour, or bread, 'till they are, by degrees, accuſtomed to the addition of vegetable, and a ſmaller proportion of animal food; which laſt, thro' the whole life of man, I think not ſhould ever prevail.—I believe, that keeping young people too long on farinaceous and vegetable food, as is frequently the practiſe in Scotland, is too often the cauſe of their being carried off by Conſumptions; for, when grown up, they come to a change of animal food, the blood-veſſels become ſuddenly overcharged, and the lungs are greatly obſtructed in their operation.—I believe that the dipping of children every day in cold water, is the cauſe, by ſtopping the pores, of moſt of their cutaneous diſorders; but as it braces their nerves, and adds to their muſcular ſtrength, the cuſtom is certainly of uſe in hardening them, when they are intended to live in the camp or the country. If, on the contrary, they are deſigned for ſome buſineſs or life of confinement, they ought neither to be too long accuſtomed to the country air, nor will the hardening their bodies be found of any material ſervice. The inuring children to that kind of life for which they are intended, when adults, is principally uſeful in guarding againſt the ſudden tranſition from one manner of life to another; for otherwiſe, after the firſt ſeaſoning is over, we find, that, making allowance for the difference of conſtitutions, all bodies are ſoon rendered equally hardy or equally tender, according to any continuance of a rough or delicate treatment.—

ment.——Bring a hardened Country gentlemen to London, and after a ſhort reſidence there, in a life of inactivity and confinement, he will become as ſuſceptible of cold, and will ſuffer as much from the inclemencies of the weather, as any Citizen who has been born and educated within the ſound of the bells of Bow-ſteeple.——On the other hand, carry that Citizen to the camp, and if he ſurvives the firſt ſeaſoning, he will endure any hardſhip of the field as ſafely, tho' perhaps not ſo eaſily to himſelf, as the hardened Conntryman.——One ought not, therefore, to let any manner of life become ſo habitual to the body, that the diſuſe of it ſhould be dangerous or hurtful, for, tho' exceſs of all kinds be prejudicial to the health, I believe that any uniformity or regularity in air, diet, or exerciſe, is productive of many inconveniencies, and expoſes men to many conſequential diſtempers.—I ſpeak of mankind in the bulk; for as to men of independent fortunes, who may have it always in their choice to continue in the ſame even track, there is no doubt but the country air is preferable to that of the city; that the nutriment which is reckoned moſt innocent, and is found to agree beſt with the ſtomach, is the moſt eligible food; and that moderate and regular exerciſe is more healthful to the body than hard labour, or a ſedentary life.

I believe that the faſhionable practice of ſea-bathing ought to be uſed with more precaution than it is.—A thin, muſcular man, as I am, may uſe freedoms with cold water, which a fat, corpulent man ſhould not. I have frequently gone into the water in a profuſe perſpiration, after two or three hours exerciſe—but then I ſtaid no longer in the water than I would remain in a cold bath.——It ſometimes gave me the ſenſation of ſo many pins ſtuck into every pore of my

ſkin;

skin; when, dressing myself immediately, and resuming my exercise, I soon recovered my former heat. —I took these liberties with myself, because I did not apprehend, that what an old Roman, or a savage American, could safely bear, would do a temperate Englishman any hurt.——Having always bathed for my pleasure, and not for my health, I must own I deviate a little from the common track: I never go into the cold bath in Winter, as the Physicians prescribe, because I have not the least inclination for it—and I find myself, by the cold air, sufficiently braced. But, in hot weather, when, like any amphibious animal, I feel a longing desire to be in the water—I bathe to the height of my wish. I have sometimes gone thrice a-day into the sea at Brighthelmstone, which so effectually cooled me, that I have had the most profound and refreshing sleep at night, while every one else was complaining that he could not shut his eyes for the heat. Tho' I am only telling what a lean, temperate man has safely practised on himself, I believe that most men might save themselves from fevers, if they were to bathe in cold water when they feel a desire for it, and feel themselves, without exercise, intolerably hot.—A Director of the East-India Company told me, that when he commanded a Company's ship, he ordered every man aboard to bathe once a-day, at least, after they came into a warm climate; to which custom he ascribed it, that he lost very few men in any voyage, while other ships suffered a considerable loss.

I said that the practice of sea-bathing ought to be used with more precaution than it is, principally on this account—Because I believe the custom, if diurnal, is dangerous when it is suddenly left off.—I am confirmed in this belief, not only from my own

 experience,

experience, but from the inconvenience or misfortune which others have felt.—The firſt year I was at Brighthelmſtone, I bathed, for two months, conſtantly every day, after which I was called to London in ſome haſte. On the firſt and ſecond day after I came to Town, I had a violent headach, felt a ſickneſs at my ſtomach, and an intolerable heat. My eldeſt Boy, who had been with me at Brighthelmſtone, and had bathed as conſtantly as myſelf, felt the very ſame complaints, but in a much ſtronger degree; and was affected in the ſame manner as I have known ſome Natives of Greenland to be, who were brought to this warmer climate by our Fiſhing Ships: He vomited, bled at the noſe, and complained very much of his head. It preſently occurred to me, that the ſea bathing having become ſo habitual to us, the leaving it off too ſuddenly was the cauſe of theſe complaints. I carried him therefore to the River: but I plunged in firſt, to try the experiment upon myſelf. After dreſſing, and finding myſelf perfectly right, I turn'd my Boy in next, and it cured him of all his complaints. Not that he was drowned; but that, after this remedy, he neither vomited, bled at the noſe, nor complained of his head. Common-ſenſe told me to continue that courſe, every two or three days, till we were from the bathing totally diſuſed.—I told this to a friend of mine, whoſe wife had been ſome weeks at Margate; and I deſired him to caution her not to leave off the bathing all at once. But, having neglected this advice, ſhe fevered in three days after coming to Town, and in ten days more ſhe was carried to her grave.

As the cold bathing, in hot weather, is beneficial, ſo, in cold weather, I believe the hot bath can, to many conſtitutions, do no injury, and will, to moſt,

moſt, be of infinite uſe. With regard to myſelf, I found that it removed all obſtruction in the perſpiration, and revived my natural heat. I uſed to take it for my pleaſure, as, in a different ſeaſon, I took the cold bath. I have, for ſeveral weeks together, in the ſevereſt winters we have had, gone into the Kingſton-bath every other night, and I found not the leaſt inconvenience in walking, the morning after it, two or three hours in the coldeſt froſt.

I believe that, for ſuch a dry ſubject, I have at preſent wrote enough; I ſhall therefore poſtpone the reſt of my Salutiferous Creed till next month; when (I believe that) if I can get out of my eaſy chair, I ſhall write leſs like an old woman, and be more original in my thoughts.

The LEVELLER. N°. XIX.

Continuation of His SALUTIFEROUS CREED

IT is a mortifying conſideration to an Author, to think, that he has ſo little opportunity, in theſe days, of writing any thing that has not already, in other words, been written by ſome ſuperior Writer. The Arts and Sciences, indeed, will ever be productive of new conceits; and new intelligence will be procured from Policy, Biography, Hiſtory,

or the narration of events. But from other ſubjects no greater novelty can be expected, than what is produced from the ſeven notes of Muſic, variouſly ſounded to different tunes; while the notes, taken ſeparately, remain in their nature for ever the ſame.—Yet, after all the fine compoſitions of a Corelli, a Handel, a Bach, or an Abel, the capricious *Cadenza* will often pleaſe of a ſhallow, fantaſtical Fidler.——Whatever, therefore, ſhall come from my pen, in future, I deſire may not be underſtood as proceeding from any great notion I have of my own underſtanding; but from the opinion I entertain, that words, or expreſſions of the ſame thoughts, may, like the ſeven notes of muſic, be rung in changes *ad infinitum*.

This reflection I had in mind when I began my Salutiferous Creed. I was aware that I ſhould ſay many things that had already, in other words, been ſaid before me; and I was unwilling to deliver, in a poſitive, dogmatical manner, as my own ſentiments entirely, what might be found to be the prior and original opinions of others.

A ſimilar caution would be requiſite in many of my brother-writers, if they would not paſs for being too ſelf conceited in their publications, or expoſe to the world their want of learning. A man, indeed, may imagine a thing, and deſerve all the honour of it's invention, altho', unknown to him, it has already been thought of and expreſſed by ſome other perſon; but the mercileſs critics will never allow him that originality; and his fancied endowments, he will find diſputed by them, of an extraordinary ſolidity of judgment, or of an imagination uncommonly fertile.——Begging pardon for my numerous egotiſms, which, in an anonymous writer, are readily pardoned,

I ſhall

I ſhall proceed in my Salutiferous Creed, founded chiefly on experiments freely made on my own conſtitution.

If a concluſion may be drawn from our obſervations on the *irrational* Inhabitants of this Globe—I believe that, in the cloathing of their Children, the Britons, in general, act againſt the intention of Nature.——The Dam of every animal, that brings its young into the world in a helpleſs or inactive ſtate, is at peculiar pains to cheriſh it, and to protect it from the inclemency of the air, till ſuch time as it is grown ſtrong, and can with exerciſe ſufficiently warm itſelf. The foal, the lamb, and the calf need little nurſing; becauſe, ſoon after their birth, they are enabled to ſkip about, and thereby to aſſiſt the circulation of their blood. But the puppy, the kitten, and the pig are carefully nurſed, till, at leaſt, they can walk on their legs. The ſame we may obſerve in the feathered race; the pigeon, the crow, and the finch, are aſſiduouſly covered till they are fledged; but the partridge and chicken, that, from the ſhell, can nimbly run about, are but occaſionally under the ſhelter of their mother's wing; and the goſling, the duckling, and the coote, intended, if I may uſe the phraſe, for a hardy, ſeafaring life, are betimes inured to it, by ſwimming in the river, or enjoying the pleaſure of the cold bath. Why, then, ſhould a human child, that for twelve long months cannot ſupport himſelf, be clothed or dreſſed leſs warmly, than he optionally will clothe himſelf when he is grown up? I appeal to every man of common obſervation, whether he does not remember to have felt the exceſs, both of heat and cold, more ſeverely when he was a child, than when he became a youth or a grown man. I believe, therefore, it is by nature

deſigned,

deſigned, that we ſhould be comfortably cloathed when we are young; and that we ſhould afterwards be gradually uſed to that kind of dreſs which we are, in our manhood, intended to wear. A man that lives temperately, is ſoon habituated to any dreſs, as well as to any manner of life. A brother of mine, who, at ſchool, was always ſitting at his book, and would ſcarcely ſtir from the fireſide, was the laſt man, either officer or private, of a whole regiment of dragoons, that, in Germany, were attacked with the flux; while a couſin of his, who was not allowed to wear either ſhoe or ſtocking till he was four years old, was, by that diſeaſe, unfortunately cut off. I have known gentlemen taken and ſtript naked by the Algerines, who, by feeding on nothing but bread and water, have lived ſeveral weeks in their buff, without any prejudice to their health. And Commodore Byron, in his travels, relates, that he and his companions, when ſhipwreck'd on the American coaſt, were ſoon accuſtomed to all the hardineſs of a ſavage life. It may be here objected to me, "Why cannot "*we* ſafely go naked, or thinly cloathed, like thoſe "of our fellow-creatures who live in a ſavage ſtate?" For this plain reaſon, I think, we cannot ſafely live as thinly clad as they:—We eat more luxuriant food; which certainly breeds humours in the body, in proportion as the perſpiration is ſtopt; add to this, that living within doors, we are leſs expoſed to the air than thoſe Savages, and muſt, therefore, the more prudently guard againſt the weather when we walk out; and hence I infer it to be a certain rule of health, That the richer one feeds, and the leſs one is accuſtomed to air and exerciſe, ſo much the warmer he ought to clothe himſelf.—This rule the Dutch have, by experience, found to be prudent and neceſſary

ceſſary in *their* domeſtic way of life; and it is remarkable of the Engliſh who reſide in Holland, and will not go ſufficiently clad, that more coughing will be heard, in winter, in one of their churches, where the congregation conſiſts not, perhaps, of above an hundred people, than in a crouded Dutch church of two or three thouſand. The churches being of a ſize proportionable to the number of their congregations, I ſuppoſe them equally warmed; and that the coughs were *fixed* on the people, and not occaſionally produced by a greater coldneſs in the atmoſphere.

I believe it to be highly dangerous, after any violent exerciſe, to put on clothes that are damp, or have not been ſufficiently aired. Few conſtitutions are ſtrong enough, in ſuch a caſe, to repel the cold, and prevent the perſpiration being ſuddenly ſtopt; altho' the continuing one's exerciſe in wet clothes, or the putting on damp clothes before the pores are opened, and the blood is hot, may be done with no inconvenience to a perſon in good health; provided always, in the laſt caſe, that a man is not to ſit ſtill, but intends immediately to put himſelf in motion.

It is the *cold* damp that endangers the conſtitution. *Warm* damp, inſtead of obſtructing the perſpiration, will promote it, in the manner of a fomentation. I frequently leave my wet ſhoes and ſtockings to dry on my feet, at my own fire-ſide, when I intend repeating my walk in the morning; but I ſhould avoid ſitting down with wet feet, to be chilled, at a ſtranger's formal table. Neither fevers, agues, or rheumatiſms need be dreaded from wet clothes, while one can continue the natural heat of the body; but that heat ought to be effected by *moderate* exerciſe; for immoderate exerciſe would put the blood into a ferment, and, ſhould the perſpiration be impeded, would render

der the case more pregnant with evil. It is, therefore, a wrong notion in a man, when surprized on the road by a storm, to put himself into too great a hurry; unless he be already over-heated, let him not hasten his pace, but continue the same jog-trot 'till he gets to the end of his stage; and then let him do something effectual to promote perspiration.

It is the common remark of Divines, that the enjoyment of our unlawful or irrational pleasures is generally followed even by their temporal punishments; and it is also one consolatory reflection afforded the poor, in their indigence, that the riches and honours of the great have frequently their attendant evils. Hence, I believe, that our immoderate participation of public amusements, and our necessary attendance at places of public business, have the evil consequence of contributing towards the debility or sterility of many of our modern married people. A free healthful air is the greatest incentive of love; but, as Dr. Armstrong says, "It is not air that, "from a thousand lungs, reeks back to thine;" in a crouded place of public entertainment, we respire nothing but a moist, fœtid, putrid steam, arising from a number of human bodies squeezed into as small a compass as they possibly can be stowed; a steam void of that electrical, elementary fire which we breathe in our exercises in the open field. I believe, therefore, that all our exercises ought to be taken in the open air; for fresh air invigorates our bodies, and acts as a restorative, when we have fatigued ourselves with exercise, and carried off, by perspiration, those humours that would gather by replétion or a sedentary life.

I believe, that perspiration is the surest preventive of all our disorders; and that sudorifics, purgatives, emetics,

emetics, bleeding, clyſtering, bliſtering, and ſalivation are, when properly preſcribed or adminiſtered, the moſt ſafe and certain remedies for every diſeaſe incident to the human body; thoſe inward and latent complaints always excepted, which ſo frequently confound the Doctors, and baffle the power of all their medicines. I would not, however, be underſtood to depreciate the virtues of alteratives; I only would ſay, that, from the difference of the digeſtion and conſtitution of patients, thoſe virtues muſt be uncertain, and muſt leave the phyſician, for ſome time, to act in the dark.

I believe, that one principal cauſe of the gout, is the eating heartily immediately after ſome violent exerciſe. Gentlemen, uſed to the turf or the riding-ſchool, know, that horſes, after any ſevere exercile, are commonly led about for ſome time, or tied with their tails to the manger; and the reaſon, given by the grooms for this treatment, is, that if the horſes were allowed to feed when their blood was in a ferment, their bodies might contract ſuch humours as would render them totally unfit for ſervice. The ſame reaſoning may be applied to the human body; for, within the circle of my own acquaintance, I have known ſeveral ſober ſporting gentlemen afflicted with the gout, which I could impute to no other cauſe than the eating heartily immediately after hunting. I believe that the complaints, which many ſporting gentlemen feel in their ſtomachs, proceed from hard riding. It either gives a preter natural heat to the ſtomach, that produces a lethargic diſpoſition: or occaſions too great an acidity in the proceſs of digeſtion. The exerciſe of walking I therefore believe to be beſt for a weak ſtomach; and ſlow riding to be moſt adviſeable

for a perſon that is feeble, and is afflicted with any diſorder of his lungs, or any difficulty in breathing.

The rowing of a boat, or the digging the ſoil of a garden, I would recommend to gentlemen that wiſh to ſtrengthen their voices for public ſpeaking. The ringing of a dumb bell may be equally ſtrengthening to the cheſt; but, not being practiſed in the open air, it cannot certainly be ſo beneficial to the conſtitution. I believe that the extraordinary circulation of the blood, by exerciſe, is the beſt preſervation of the memory. I have for many years remembered every minute circumſtance of a chace, when things of greater moment, and that intereſted me more deeply, have totally eſcaped me. But, perhaps, the reaſon of this may be, that in proportion as the blood is heated, the memory is the more capable of receiving any laſting impreſſion of ſurrounding objects.—I believe, that a man who, in early life, has been accuſtomed to matrimony, muſt continue in that ſtate; or, to preſerve his health, muſt daily fatigue himſelf with exerciſe or hard labour.

I believe, that confining and nurſing myſelf for a cold, is the certain way to get a freſh one as ſoon as I quit my confinement. It may be proper, indeed, to be more cautious with a ſore throat; but I have frequently rode away a cough, a hoarſeneſs, or a running at the head. And by treating many horſes in the ſame manner, with gentle exerciſe, I have always ſpeedily recovered them from colds; when ſeveral horſes confined in the ſame livery-ſtable have died of the ſame diſtempers.

Contrary to the opinion of Dr. Cadogan, I have good reaſon to believe, that getting drunk once in the week or the fortnight, is much more prejudicial to the health, than the drinking of wine every day

in

in a moderate quantity. An exceſs of wine, that diſorders the body for ſeveral days together, muſt certainly be hurtful to the conſtitution; and I have ſeen the nerves affected of many of my acquaintances by ſuch a practice; whereas I myſelf, who never was drunk in my life, and who, for many years, have never drank leſs than a pint of port at my dinner, am bleſſed with ſtrong nerves, and know not yet what is the gout, the ſtone, or the gravel. I would not, however, recommend it to every one, to drink the ſame quantity. I have certainly a cold ſtomach that requires it. Before I kept houſe, and was obliged to put round the bottle, I uſed to drink very little wine; becauſe I really did not like it, and the cuſtom was long exploded of preſſing a man to drink againſt his inclination. I then had, generally, a violent thirſt after dinner, and a ſeeming difficulty of digeſtion. On the contrary, now, when ſometimes I drink my bottle or three pints of wine at table, I feel no diſagreeable internal heat, and (my readers will readily believe me) as little do I complain of any thirſt after dinner. If I were to drink any thing elſe immediately after my wine, it ſhould be ſome *ſtronger* liquor; eſpecially after *ſmall* wines, which even the French, tho' accuſtomed to them, find it neceſſary to qualify with *liqueurs*. I am ſpeaking here of a *large* doſe of wine, that requires to be properly digeſted. In that caſe, I have always found that tea and coffee, taken immediately after my wine, bring an acidity on my ſtomach, which, previous to the ſwallowing that waſh, felt no manner of inconvenience. As for other people, when a man finds himſelf conſiderably heated with wine, and has, in conſequence of it, an intolerable thirſt upon him, 'tis a certain ſymptom of a feveriſh diſpoſition in his conſtitution; and the wine

being too ſtrong a drink for him, he ought to dilute it into a beverage of ſmaller liquor.

My readers will perceive that I am for enjoying all the gifts of God, all the bleſſings of this life, only in *moderation*. I even hold the exceſs of lawful wedded love, to be ſinful; tho' in matters of love I formerly laid ſo little ſtreſs upon the parſon's bleſſing. And I reckon intoxication (as equally abuſing the body) to be no leſs ſinful; tho', for the *ſtomach*'s *ſake*, I would, occaſionally, allow a bottle of wine, or a glaſs of brandy.

The LEVELLER. N°. XX.

The Concluſion of His SALUTIFEROUS CREED.

THE Head and Literary Character of Monſieur de Buffon, given in our laſt Magazine, recal to my mind a whimſical notion of his, with regard to the variety in ſhape or figure of that common animal call'd a Dog. As Prior would have expreſs'd himſelf:

This *Buffon* had an odd conceit,
As ever enter'd Frenchman's pate.

He

He ſuppoſes, that the Dogs which we vulgarly diſtinguiſh by the names of Maſtiffs, Bull-Dogs, Greyhounds, Hounds, Spaniels, Water-dogs, Dutch Pugs, and ſo forth, are all ſprung from the Shepherd's Dog, or Village Cur, an animal (according to the drawing which he gives of it) reſembling the Pomeranian Dog, or that kind, good-natured, civil creature, in Scotland, call'd a *Colly*. Whoever has travelled that country, on horſeback, muſt have been particularly obliged to the *Colly* for the favour of his company on the road, and for the alacrity with which he expedited the journey. To a traveller there, the whip and ſpur are totally uſeleſs. A company of *Collies* meet him at the entrance to the firſt village, and eſcort him, barking all the way at his horſe's heels, until they are relieved by a party from the next lordſhip. He may thus, in Dr. Johnſon's phraſe, peragrate the whole denuded country, without being under the cruel neceſſity of practiſing either incitation or flagellation on his truſty ſteed.

To return to the ſingular hypotheſis of Monſieur de Buffon.—As far as I can recollect, it is built on this ſingle obſervation——That the hair of a Dog's ſkin grows ſhorter or longer, according to the hot or cold climate which the animal is uſed to. I allow, too, that the difference of climate may enlarge or diminiſh the ſize of the breed; but I believe it would be as difficult for Monſieur de Buffon to prove, that a curl'd-hair Water-dog, or a ſhagged Village Cur, would ever, by tranſportation, become a Grey hound, as that a Sheep, by growing hairy in the Weſt-Indies, is an animal of the ſame ſpecies with a Goat. Much eaſier would it have been to have allowed the different kinds of Dogs, as vulgarly denominated, and to have accounted for the variety of mongrels, from the

the natural incontinency of brutes. A Sportſman would have told him, at what pains he is to preſerve the blood of his Hounds, or his Pointers, from being contaminated with that of a Cur; from which laſt no Hound or Pointer was ever bred. And he would alſo have aſſured him, that, in no ſeries of generations, a Hound would ever acquire the ſhape of a Grey-hound, unleſs he allowed them to croſs their breed.—When I perceive an eminent Philoſopher, like Monſieur de Buffon, loſing himſelf in the depth of his reſearches, and the ſagacity of his remarks, and forming conjectures ſo much againſt experience and common ſenſe, I dread the conſequences of diving into profundity myſelf; I am fortified in my reſolution of abiding by obſervations ariſing from experience alone, and of drawing no concluſions contrary to the evidence of plain matter of fact.

Conſidering the changeable weather of this climate, I believe it is difficult to lay down any certain rules, either with regard to clothing, or the moderate uſe of wine, which I have ſo much recommended. In the uſe of both, one muſt be guided according to his feelings. Cold, damp weather generally requires an additional coat, and an extraordinary glaſs of wine; while one can enjoy a mild, dry day in a thinner dreſs, and with a drink of ſmaller liquor.—I have ever been an advocate for Claret ſince the benign effects it once had upon me. I had travelled to a village in Scotland to drink the Goat-milk whey, after a melancholy event that had conſiderably affected my health. The Phyſician, who attended the invalids of that place, inſtantly perceiving my complaint to be nothing but a dejection of ſpirits, gave me this friendly advice, inſtead of preſcribing any medicine: "The Goat-milk whey," ſaid he, "will

do

do you no injury; take it, morning and evening, as is the cuſtom of the place;—but, beſides that, I would preſcribe to you a more pleaſant remedy:—drink a pint of Claret at your dinner, and, as we ſup early, you may repeat the doſe at night."—I did it accordingly; and in ten days time I had ſpirits to have climbed the mountain like a Goat, and bounded from rock to rock.—Another inſtance of the virtue of Claret was given me by a very eminent Phyſician in London, In recommending his wine to me at his own table, he bad me not be afraid of it; "for," added he, "it ſaved the life of my ſon, there, after he was given over by my Brother-phyſicians. He was reduced to extremity by a violent fever, but I recovered him with this Claret. After taking the chill off it, I gave it him at intervals in ſpoonfuls; though, before he was revived by it, he drank me at leaſt two bottles a-day." Thus we ſee, that many a poor creature may be ſuffered to go out of the world for want of ſomething, as the vulgar would ſay, only to keep body and ſoul together; and I believe, that weakening medicines are often given, when a cordial or reſtorative is all that Nature requires of us.——I believe that Claret, Burgundy, and other ſmall wines, are the moſt enlivening for the ſpirits; but, to fortify the ſtomach, I would recommend Port, Madeira, and Strong beer. Theſe laſt are certainly the liquors moſt proper to be drank in raw, damp weather; yet we ſhould be cautious leſt, by the immoderate uſe of them, we do not cloud our underſtandings, in attempting to correct the atmoſphere, and render it, to our perception, ſerene.—Ale and Strong-beer certainly nouriſh the Bile. I have ſeldom known a Beer-drinker, but who, after his firſt tankard, was peeviſh, dull, or heavy.—Let people lay as much

to

to the account of our climate as they pleaſe. I am perſuaded that moſt of our hypochondriacal caſes, in England, are owing to our groſs animal food, and the intemperate uſe of Ale, or clammy Strong beer —I am, however, no enemy to Beer; for, from the occaſional uſe of it, I have often found much benefit. During the laſt ſevere froſt, I got a complaint in my ſtomach, by faſting too long. As I uſed to be out in the cold two or three hours every morning, and did not dine till four o'clock in the afternoon, I was at laſt vulgar enough to ſtop at any houſe, in my walk, and to take a draught of warm'd Ale. The firſt day I tried this remedy, the complaint was removed, and my appetite returned. But, as ſoon as the froſt ceaſed, I diſcontinued the cuſtom of the warm'd Ale, leſt I ſhould acquire a bad habit of drinking in the forenoon.—In curing a cold in my ſtomach, I have frequently experienced the good effects of Strong-beer. Once, in particular, I was ſo imprudent as to travel in an open chaiſe, in a very cold day, from Calais to Dunkerque, immediately after a twelve hours confinement to my bed on ſhip-board, and before I had lined my ſtomach with any thing, after the compleat ſcouring it had undergone.—The conſequences were, that I loſt my appetite entirely, and had ſtrong ſymptoms of an ague at night. An honeſt friend of mine at Dunkerque, though leſs practiſed in phyſic than in fortification, had the good ſenſe to make me ſwallow a bottle of his Engliſh Strong-beer before I went to bed; and, as nothing is ſo grateful to my palate after a ſea-ſickneſs, it was a potion I perfectly liked. I enjoyed after it a moſt profound and refreſhing ſleep; and aroſe in the morning hearty as a Buck, and as ravenous as any Wolf on the plain.

Having

Having mentioned a cold in the ſtomach, I cannot help obſerving, that it muſt, for many people, be unwholeſome to go out faſting into the raw morning air. I am perſuaded that frequent complaints in the ſtomach ariſe from it; and the ſame opinion our forefathers muſt have entertained; for to this day a cuſtom prevails among the inhabitants of ſome parts of the iſland, never to go out before they have their breakfaſt, or without taking what they call a *Morning-drink*—either a glaſs of ſpirits, or a draught of ſomething warm'd. As for myſelf, if I go out, even in a Summer's morning, without lining my ſtomach with ſomething (which I would rather do with a cruſt of bread, than with any liquor that is ſtrong), I feel, that without violent exerciſe, I cannot keep myſelf warm.——I believe, then, that no perſon in health ſhould faſt in the morning; but, to avoid headachs, tooth-achs, ſore eyes, the ſtone, the gravel, and the gout—let him faſt at night, if he will.

I entertain a ſtrange notion about ghoſts and apparitions, which, as it ariſes from my remarks on the diſorders of the human frame, may properly be included in my Salutiferous Creed. I believe that all the ſtories we have heard of them, have either ſprung from fiction and impoſition; or, during the ſhort fit of a delirium, have originated in the brain. It has happened to me twice in my life, (when I was very young) that, being quite awake, and without any other ſymptom of a fever upon me, I fancied I ſaw the Day of Judgment, with all its dreadful circumſtances, before me. Though I had few ſins to anſwer for then, the appearance of a general reſurrection and conflagration terrified me to ſuch a degree, that I ſet up a moſt hideous ſcream.—The whole family, that heard me, were ſoon convened. I knew every

one around me perfectly well; but ſtill I ſaw the frightful viſion, and, till it diſappeared, nothing could perſuade me that it exiſted only in my own brain.—As this viſion, exactly ſimilar at both times, and which happened within an interval of two or three years, did not laſt above five minutes at a time, I naturally infer, that the like ſhort delirium may have ſeized other people, apparently healthy in body, and who, without witneſſes of their folly, could not have been convicted of any diſorder of their mind. If any body had been preſent (as in my caſe), theſe viſionaries would have been ſoon perſuaded, that all was an illuſion which they had ſeen;—but it would otherwiſe be difficult to convince a man, that though broad awake he could have the viſions of a dream.—Of this nature muſt have been the remarkable appearance of our Saviour to Colonel Gardener, as related in his Life, by Dr. Doddridge; and to which (to the beſt of my recollection) that learned man gives entire credit. It is true, the Colonel is ſaid to have heard a *voice*, as proceeding from the apparition; but *that*, I believe, is no more than what is common with people in a *mania*, who will talk as if they heard ſtrange voices, as well as they fancy they ſee ſtrange things;—and when 'tis God's pleaſure, by an extraordinary viſitation, to convert a ſinner, whether it be by the *real* or *imaginary* appearance of a meſſenger, 'tis equally poſſible to him. The *laſt* method, however, being leſs out of the common courſe of nature, is what we might reaſonably ſuppoſe would be employed. But that ſuits not with the ſelf-importance and ideal dignity of Man, or with the conſequential place in the creation which he has aſſumed.

———Certain it is (however unaccountable to thoſe conceited Philoſophers who will believe nothing which

which they cannot account for and explain), that we are frequently forewarned of misfortunes in our dreams.—I myſelf have, by a dream, been prepared for a ſhock, which, had it come totally unexpected, would have harrowed up my ſoul.———I dream'd, that thieves had broke into my houſe in the country, and had murdered my wife before my eyes. No dream but that had ever made any impreſſion on me; nor has any ſince (though I dream every night) given me the leaſt concern. I told my viſion in the morning to a Gentleman that was with me in town; and though he endeavoured to laugh me out of it, I could not be eaſy until I mounted my horſe, in order to go and ſatisfy myſelf that every thing in the country was well. My dream had not been occaſioned by any ſtrong impreſſion which the thoughts of the preceding day had made upon my mind; for I had left my wife in perfect health, and then doubted not the leaſt of her ſafety at home. I found her, accordingly, in the ſame ſtate at my return.—I then ridiculed my own ſuperſtition; but, before the day expired, the tragical event happened which brought her to her end.—For one inſtance of a *real* foreboding like this, the credulity of old women will ſpread a hundred ſtories of *imaginary* warnings. Yet, tho' the ſuperſtitious fears of ſome, and the vanity and ſelf-importance of others, may have given riſe to many a legendary tale, it is no reaſon with me not to believe, that monitory viſions, or preparatory forebodings, have actually exiſted at ſome time.——For what purpoſes God has permitted theſe viſions, to foretel misfortunes which his Omnipotence could as eaſily prevent, or in what manner they are occaſioned, may be difficult to determine; but many people, when broad awake, have had forebodings of what

was to happen, without being able to account for it how they are produced. I remember, in particular, ſtopping one day under a gateway on Snowhill, when I could not help taking a particular ſurvey of the wall in my front; and the thought inſtantly ſtruck me, that it was in imminent danger of tumbling down. On the very ſame day, the houſe above this gateway fell in. Several perſons were buried in the ruins of it; and tho' I have been under many a crazy, old wall in my life, I never had any apprehenſion of being cruſhed, but the time above-named. Whether my foreboding, or my knowledge in building, was then the greater, the Wits will beſt explain.

I believe it is not derogating from the honour of God (nor yet adopting materialiſm), to ſay, that the ſoul is incapable of acting without the organs of the body; for the one, as well as the other, we receive from the hand of the Almighty.——If it ſhould be aſked me,—Where then does the ſoul reſide, between the time of death and the reſurrection? I ſhall anſwer, I cannot tell; but I ſuppoſe it returns from whence it came before I was conſcious of exiſtence. It is as poſſible for me to be unconſcious of exiſtence after my death, as that I knew nothing of my Being before I was born, or before I acquired ſome degree of underſtanding.—We ſee that children gradually acquire their reaſon, and improve in judgment, as they advance to manhood; and that men's intellects uſually fail, as they become burthened with years, and their bodies perceptibly decay. We alſo perceive, that, from ſome inexplicable formation of the brain, one man's intellects are more perfect than another's; and that moſt of us have it in our power to improve our underſtanding, by exerciſing it, and by keeping ourſelves temperate and ſober. And we

may

may further obſerve, that any Diſorder, occaſioned by accident in the Brain, will bring our Reaſon at once beneath the Inſtinct of a Brute. From all theſe conſiderations I muſt infer, that my Soul receives it's conſciouſneſs of Exiſtence, and the Gift of it's rational Faculties, through the Medium of the Body; and that I ſhall know no future State, until the Day of it's Reſurrection.——Let no one, therefore, deſpiſe this his earthly tenement; it is the workmanſhip of a beneficent Creator; for man's happineſs it is granted to him; it is his *duty* to keep it in repair; it is his *intereſt*, if he wiſhes to live comfortably, and to continue long in the poſſeſſion.

The LEVELLER. N°. XXI.

His SPEECH to the BENCHES in both HOUSES of PARLIAMENT.*

Ye Right Honourable and Honourable Seats!

IT gives me much concern that I am obliged to condole with you on the ſubject of a Speech lately delivered to your ſuperiors. I would prepare *you* to receive it

* The ſame reaſons ſubſiſting againſt the continuing the War in America, as formerly did againſt the beginning it, the Republication of this Speech may not be deemed ill-timed.

it with that ſubordination and paſſive obedience becoming *your* ſtation; but a ſpirit of reſiſtance and diſobedience to its mandates ſtill unhappily prevails in the breaſts of ſome of your ſuperiors, which (as *they* riſe in the violence of exertion) may, from diverſe parts, † *break forth* in irruptions of a very fœtid, malignant, and cadaverous nature. It ſhall, however be my conſtant aim and endeavour to prevent the † *breaking out* of theſe † *freſh diſturbances*, or of any of their peccant, itchy, or ſcorbutic humours; and I cannot but flatter myſelf I ſhall ſucceed, as I have received the ſtrongeſt aſſurances from other well-wiſhers to your tranquility, that they are equally diſpoſed to preſerve you from breaking. A great Miniſter has got a compleat liſt of *King's Friends;* truſty good conſtables, moſt willingly † *diſpoſed to preſerve the peace!*—and an augmentation of the Civil Liſt will be granted, to enable me to reward them for their faithful endeavours. A few, indeed, may riſe in oppoſition, and may be the occaſion to you of ſome noiſy trouble:—*Wilkes* and *Glynn* may impeach; a proceeding which will doubtleſs be productive of freſh irruptions: but I ſhall depend on your firm and ſtedfaſt reſolution, to withſtand every attempt to weaken or impair your excellent conſtruction; and while you ſtand on ſure and ſolid principles, you will never fail to preſent a ſafe and eaſy ſupport to the poſteriors of any Briton. I truſt in your ſolidity and firmneſs never to ſuffer yourſelves to be disjointed, or pulled to pieces, by any mortal whatſoever. Heaven may hereafter reward your union with a quiet and honourable retreat;—carried off whole and entire, you may be ſafely depoſited in ſome lumber-room of St. James's.

For,

† Expreſſions in the King's Speech.

For, since the *We* and the *Our* have, in certain Speeches, been changed for *I* and *Mine*, a spirit of appropriation prevails in the Cabinet of that palace. According to the interpretation of phrases, *you* are no longer the seats of the Nobles and of the Representatives of the People; you are now become the property of a greater, of a mighty and superlative Creature. If it be *my* Parliament, *my* Dominions, *my* People, it is also *my* Benches, or *my* Foot-stool. The language of the French Monarch is assumed; every thing seems to belong to the King; and the idea of a *common* interest is lost in words expressive of a *private* and particular appropriation. If I had the honour of a seat among you, I should be willing to impeach the first adviser of those alterations. The minds of men are powerfully influenced by forms and customary titles. The Gentlemen of the Army, so long stiled *his Majesty's* Officers and Soldiers, consider themselves more immediately as the *King's Troops* than as the Servants of the State;—the forces hired to defend the lives and properties of their fellow-citizens. So, in time, will the People demean themselves as the abject vassals of the Crown, instead of regarding the King, (sworn to fulfil the Laws) as the Head of the Executive Power, and the hereditary Representative of the Nation. The same spirit of Appropriation prevails in our conduct towards the Americans. *The general tranquility of Europe gives the greatest satisfaction*:—But does that satisfaction proceed from a benevolence of reflection on the peace and happiness of mankind; or from the consideration that we shall, on that account, have the fuller opportunity to inforce our arbitrary and innovating Laws with the blood of many Britons?—Our *ancient* Rights we might have supported with justice, and

might

might have inforced the long accuſtomed and received Laws without danger of incurring the Divine diſpleaſure. But will the Almighty bleſs the arms of oppreſſion? or will he grant a temporal ſucceſs without exacting a future retribution? "Vengeance is "mine, I will repay, ſaith the Lord:"—And that very repayment may be the conſequence of our ſucceſs againſt the Americans. If the Parliament ſhould obtain the power of taxing them, places and penſions will be diſtributed at pleaſure; the influence of the Crown will be irreſiſtible; and, in proportion as the means of bribery encreaſe, our Liberties will diminiſh, till they are loſt in the ſink of Corruption for ever.

The effects of an ungovernable Pride cannot be more dangerous to an individual, than a haughty, inſulting ſpirit of government, in a State, may be prejudicial to its intereſts.

Not to multiply examples from Hiſtory, did not the Emperor Albert the Firſt loſe the dominion of the Swiſs Cantons, by the tyranny of his laws, and the cruel adminiſtration of his governors? By his arbitrary and innovating edicts, did not Philip II. of Spain forfeit the allegiance of the Low Countries? And it muſt be acknowledged, that Great-Britain, with regard to her American Colonies, is precipitately falling into the ſame miſconduct *. It is natural in great and mighty States, as well as in the rich and noble individual, to forget the ſober rules of prudence and moderation, in the vain contemplation of their own grandeur. In the conceited notion of their own importance, the councils of Albert and of Philip did imagine, that, with armies which could oppoſe the force of any mighty Empire, they could have cruſhed

* October, 1774.

crushed at once those little rebel States, and have made their subjects slaves for ever. Little did they foresee the spirit, the courage, and persevering ardour, with which men would fight, who thought themselves injured; nor did they consider the advantage such troops evidently possess over soldiers, whose passions are not engaged in the cause for which they combat.—The *Swiss*, tho' trained to war, as a trade by which they profit, have ever been esteemed as a good-natured, inoffensive people.—The *Dutch* are harmless and peaceable to a degree that makes them, to the ignorant, appear incapable of feeling; and many years have not elapsed since the *American Colonists* were reckoned so unwarlike, so patient, and long-suffering, that Officers have declared, they could, with three regiments, march from North to South, and subdue their whole country.—— Yet we have seen that the tamest may be roused, the meekest may be enraged by oppression.—It matters not what the provocation is, if a people but imagine themselves injured; as little boots it to say, they are rebellious, or that they are ungrateful. Few men are grateful for the favours conferred on their progenitors. No people with the longest sword will ever acknowledge themselves to be rebels. James II. may have reproached the majority of our forefathers with being traitors, and rebelling against his government; but by their success they proved themselves to be the true supporters of Public Freedom. And so it may happen in the event between Great-Britain and her Colonists.——I mean not to enter into the *right* of our procedure; it is not the *lawfulness*, but the *expediency*, of measures for which I am contending. The *right* has already been sufficiently canvassed. A long paper-war has been carried on with our Co-

loniſts, in which, if we have not been worſted, we have been grievouſly inſulted. Hoſtilities have not yet ceaſed; and, mortifying to our pride, we muſt ſtill bear with this inſolent defiance, to which all their behaviour amounts: "Have you the *power* to "keep us in ſubjection? If not, we ſhall deny the "*right*, and vigorouſly oppoſe it." Yet, in the arrogance of their conduct, they are, in ſome meaſure, juſtified by precedents: from the beginning of the world to the preſent time, every ſubordinate nation would aſſert its freedom, when it felt itſelf in a ſtate of independence. It therefore becomes us to drop the inveſtigation of the right of ſovereignty, and to conſider maturely what future conduct, towards our Coloniſts, would be moſt conducive to the intereſts of Great-Britain. If we have the *power*, we have undoubtedly the *tyrannical right* to rule them, and tax them at our pleaſure. But if, in the trial of that power, we ſhould fail; inſtead of receiving the taxes we mean to impoſe, we ſhall perhaps loſe the revenue to which, by cuſtom, we are intitled; I mean the duties paid at our Cuſtom-houſe on the products of the American Colonies. If, inſtead of allowing our Coloniſts the ſame freedom which every Briton claims as his birth-right in his Mother-country, we ſhould, with hoſtile arm, with-hold it from them, and they ſhould ſtubbornly perſiſt in their attempts to wreſt it from us; I dread the conteſt will not terminate in our favour. Whenever we ſhall draw ſwords with the Coloniſts, France may either quarrel with us, or join our ſly neighbours, the Dutch, in granting them an underhand aſſiſtance. It is certainly the intereſt of both thoſe nations, to render the Colonies independent States, for the ſake of ſupplying them with manufactures, in many of which their ſmuggling

trade

trade evinces they can underſell our merchants. I am grounded in my conjectures of what *may happen*, by what has already come to paſs. Nor am I ſingular in my opinion. Tho' the majority of the late Parliament did not foreſee the ſpirit of oppoſition, which their haughty reſolutions would raiſe in the Colonies; they were foretold it, at the time, by many well-meaning and moderate people. A friend of mine, among the reſt, who is neither a prophet nor a conjuror, has printed it in theſe remarkable words, with which, for the preſent, I ſhall conclude my Addreſs to you.

" The Houſe then reſolved itſelf into a Committee to conſider of the American papers; and it being moved, that the Committee ſhould agree to the ſeveral reſolutions of the Lords, ſent down for our concurrence, it was carried in the affirmative. The votes were about two to one. Theſe ſeveral reſolutions declared all the proceedings, at the late meetings of the inhabitants of our Colonies, aſſembled without authority of the governors, to be illegal; the circular letters from the different Provinces, to be unwarrantable and unjuſtifiable; the late riots and diſturbances in the Colonies, to be ſubverſive of all order and government; with many further declarations equally indiſputable by any body born on this ſide of the Atlantic, and too long for me to trouble you with at preſent. To theſe reſolutions was added an addreſs to his Majeſty, to inſtruct his governors and commanding officers in America, to apprehend all perſons ſuſpected of treaſon or miſpriſion of treaſon, and to ſend them over to Great Britain, to be tried before the Lord Chief Juſtice. If I had ſpoken in the Houſe, I ſhould have touched on none of the arguments againſt this laſt *patriotic* meaſure, which were

advanced by much more learned and reſpectable Members; but I ſhould have begged leave to obſerve, that it would not be improper, before we gave our concurrence to the Addreſs, to conſider maturely of this previous queſtion; Whether, to all human appearance, we were moſt likely to preſerve the Coloniſts united to us, for a longer ſpace of time, by allowing them all the privileges of Britons, and by treating them mildly as fellow-ſubjects, than by governing them deſpotically as a conquered people? That, by nature, that extenſive country of North America has never been ordained to be *ultimately* ruled by this little iſland. In a few years we muſt expect to ſee the Americans become independant, and ſhake us off. That no one can doubt, that, with an army lately oppoſed to half the power of Europe, we are not *at preſent* able to keep the Colonies in ſubjection; but whether we ſhall be ſufficiently ſtrong to do it, when we ſhall have the united forces of France and Spain armed again for our deſtruction, is a conſideration that ſhould make us pauſe. That, in my humble opinion, inſtead of ſending out a Star Chamber order, we ought to addreſs his Majeſty, to inſtruct the governors of the ſeveral Colonies, to ſignify to the Aſſemblies (when they were again aſſembled, for, at preſent, there is not one of them but what has been haſtily diſſolved) that it was his Majeſty's deſire, they ſhould ſend Commiſſioners to treat with his Parliament, to repreſent their grievances, and to conſult in what manner they ſhould be hereafter governed by Great Britain. That tho' the late meaſures of the Miniſtry may be juſtifiable by precedent, and the antient method of ruling the Colonies; yet no one can imagine they will long prevail, after riches, encreaſed population, and amicable confederacies

ſhall

ſhall have united the Americans to oppoſe them; and ſhall have emboldened thoſe deſcendants of Preſbyterians, Puritans, Dutch Republicans, and Independants, to ſtand forth and aſſert thoſe principles of liberty which lie latent in their breaſts. That all the petitions and remonſtrances ſent over from them are ſcarcely, as yet, overt marks of what we may expect: And that the above meaſure, if it had no other effect, would at leaſt quiet the minds of our fellow-ſubjects, and gain time for the proſecution of violent meaſures, if no agreement for an union with our Colonies could take place*."

LETTERS

* Letters on certain Proceedings in Parliament, by Myſelf, printed by Almon.

LETTERS on CREDIT*.

LETTER I.

To the PRINTER of the PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

THE Cauſes of the extenſive Credit, complained of by E. M. I apprehend to be,—a Scarcity of Money among the trading part of the Nation; our large Exportations to our Colonies in America and the Weſt-Indies; and the income of the richeſt part of our purchaſers, or conſumers at home, conſiſting in Rents, or Annuities, received at periodical Payments. I explain myſelf thus: In Holland and Flanders, where money is plenty, the intereſt of it, as it was but lately, is often as low as three and an half per cent. and the longeſt Credit, given for Goods bought in Holland, is but ſix weeks, at which time they muſt be paid for as punctually as a bill of exchange.

* Though theſe Letters were written about the time of the Failure of the Bank of Aire, and of many capital Houſes in London, the ſubject of them, in a trading Nation like This, can never be out of Seaſon. I have therefore ventured to republiſh them in the original Form, in which, Mr. Woodfall told me, they were reliſhed by his Readers; and in which their dry Subject will be more agreeably read, than if it was conſidered in a regular Diſſertation.

change. The Case is very different with us; no merchant can borrow money under five per cent. and no American or West-Indian merchant can fulfil all the Orders of his Correspondents, without asking Credit of his Tradesmen till there is time to expect his Returns. Hence proceeds the long credit given for Goods, from nine months to two years. But E. M. would be for confining every merchant to trade within the extent of his own capital. To do that, he must first enable our Colonists to pay off their debts to the mother-country; and he must next give time for their sugars, their coffee, their tobacco, their rice, and all their products, to come to sale, before their factors here should send them a bale of goods. Our manufacturers at home would not thank him for his counsel.

The intended reformation would take several years in compleating; and half our manufactures would, in the mean while, be at a stand. When it is considered, that in the instance of the credit given our colonists, it is only giving time for the poor in America to pay, with the labour of their hands, the poor of our mother-country for their hard-earned work, what honest Briton would vote for its being curtailed? The first inhabitants of America and the islands must have had little else but credit, to have enabled them to settle; and, altho' that original debt be paid off, a like credit must necessarily be continued, for the increase and improvement of their plantations. Yet I own it may be abused, more from ignorance than design; a merchant here may trust planters that are not punctual in their returns, and be so far indebted to his tradesmen, as not to be able to answer their regular demands with his own stock. The manufacturer is then distressed, though he seldom meets with a total loss.

Our

Our Gentlemen of landed property come next under conſideration, as the principal Promoters of long credit. A young man may inherit an eſtate of five thouſand a year, and yet have not twenty pounds of ready money at command. What is he to do to live till the day comes when he is to receive his rent? He muſt certainly avail himſelf of the credit which E. M. would aboliſh; and ſo muſt every gentleman of landed property, that either inherits an incumbered eſtate, or has not ready money at command. E. M.'s ſcheme then for confining the retale buſineſs to ready money is entirely chimerical, and will gain *his* Judgment no *credit* in the opinion of any ſenſible man. What he ſays on the ſubject of diſcounting *fictitious* bills, I hope will not increaſe the difficulty of diſcounting other bills at this time of public diſtreſs; for we have ſeen that, where there is a ſcarcity of money, and an extenſive trade to foreign parts, there muſt unavoidably be an extraordinary ſtretch of public credit; and one chief link, in that chain of credit, is, the diſcounting of bills by our national bank.

LETTERS

LETTER II.

On CREDIT.

To the PRINTER of the PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

YOUR Correſpondent E. M. in his third letter to you, aſſerts, "that CREDIT, public or private, is a moſt deſtructive cancer in any ſtate;" and this he vainly defies any one to contradict. He has thrown down his gauntlet, he ſays, and no champion has been ſo bold as to take it up. But I have already entered the Liſts with him; I have taken up his ruſty gauntlet, and I have alſo had one run at him with my lance. I ſhall now renew the combat; but before I put ſpurs to my ſteed, I here accuſe him, before the tribunal of the public, as a traitor to the ſtate;—and thus I make good my charge.

By *credit* I underſtand the *truſt* that one man gives another in money, or in goods, and the confidence thereby put in the honeſty or ſolidity of the borrower by him that lends. This credit, ſo eſſential to the welfare of every trading ſtate, your correſpondent E. M. has been attempting to deſtroy; and not ſatiſfied, in theſe times of diffidence or diſtruſt, with attacking the credit of *individuals*, he wickedly labours to undermine the credit of the *ſtate*.

Having in my laſt ſhewn, that it is abſolutely impoſſible without credit to carry on the retale buſineſs. I will now endeavour to demonſtrate wherein credit, in the wholeſale buſineſs, is beneficial to the ſubject, and wherein, as in public loans, of advantage to the ſtate.

Suppoſe a Merchant ſhould have engaged the amount of his own ſtock in a venture beyond ſea, and ſhould perceive an opportunity of making a conſiderable profit by engaging in another venture; E. M. would, in this caſe, adviſe him to ſit ſtill, and let the opportunity ſlip. I, on the contrary, aſſert it to be juſtifiable in him to borrow and make uſe of credit, if he can. Let him apply, for the money he wants, to ſome rich Landholder, who has a large ſum lying idle at his Banker's; if it is not *idle*, the Banker has lent it to ſome other to trade with, which ſupports my argument equally well; but ſuppoſing the Landholder's money to be entirely unemployed, and he lends it to the Merchant in want; he muſt certainly know that this money is to be employed in trade, and he therefore willingly riſks it on the induſtry, honeſty, and ſucceſs of the Merchant, at the intereſt of five per cent. If the venture does not ſucceed, the lender and the borrower of the money may both ſuffer in the loſs; yet many laborious hands will have been employed (as by the particulars of the invoice and account-ſale will be ſeen) in the circulation of this money, which otherwiſe might have been locked up uſeleſs in an iron cheſt. But ſhould the venture ſucceed to the Merchant's wiſh, beſides the having employed and fed a number of induſtrious people, he has the ſatisfaction of returning his Friend the money he borrowed, with profit and advantage to them both.

Suppoſe,

Suppoſe again, that a Merchant has his whole ſtock inveſted in goods ſent to a foreign market or in goods brought from abroad to ſell at home, and that the prices of his goods have fallen, ſo that he cannot poſſibly diſpoſe of them without a loſs; he lets them lie in the Warehouſe in the expectation of a better ſale; mean while he has parted with all his money, to anſwer the purchaſe of thoſe goods, and the prices ſtill continue to fall—will E. M in this caſe, oblige him either to ſell with loſs, or to ſit idle till the markets riſe, rather than make uſe of his credit to undertake any thing elſe, in which he foreſees ſome advantage may be gained?—If E. M. will allow a Merchant neither of the liberties I have cited, he certainly underſtands little of the ſubject on which he writes. A conſiderable part of the rents of the landed Gentry, and much of the monied property of theſe kingdoms, are circulated in methods ſimilar to thoſe above mentioned, and are thus made ſubſervient to the general benefit of the community in which we live.

Other inſtances of truſt or credit might be given, that would, with their explanations, fill a book; but a column of your paper, Sir, is all that is allowed me, and I muſt be brief.—Every Bill of Exchange that is drawn, and every Bill that is diſcounted, are credits given to the drawer, the accepter and indorſer of thoſe bills, 'till they are actually paid. Every Cargo that is ordered from Ruſſia and the Baltic, is paid for by the credit which our Merchants muſt aſk of their Friends at Hamburgh or Amſterdam. The Merchants of thoſe places, by accepting the bills for the purchaſe of goods in the Baltic, confide in the honeſty of the Britiſh Merchants for their reimburſement at the time thoſe bills are due; would E. M. by his reaſoning, deſtroy that confidence, and at this

critical juncture diſtreſs our trade? I again aver it, he is a traitor to the ſtate. But in detecting the fallacy of his reaſoning on the national credit, I ſhall produce againſt him ſtill ſtronger proofs.—We have only an *ideal poſſeſſion*, ſays he, of one hundred and thirty millions; and he brings in other aſſertions to terrify the Stock-holders out of their property, and to frighten the monied people from lending on government-ſecurity in future. Whatever revolutions may hereafter happen in the government of this Country, it will certainly be for the intereſt and ſecurity of our rulers, to regard as ſacredly inviolable the national funds; for thereon will chiefly depend the faith and confidence of the people at home, and the credit to be given them by the inhabitants of the neighbouring ſtates. Money or notes may be ſeized on as plunder, by the different Competitors for power, in the caſe of a civil war; but the debt due by the Nation to ſo many individuals, will find protection from the interference of ſome of thoſe individuals themſelves. Too many of the leaders of the oppoſite parties will be creditors of the ſtate, ever to think of expunging the national debt; they *muſt* protect it and keep their property ſecure.

Whilſt therefore Government-ſecurity remains, this Sum of one hundred and thirty millions is as much a *real poſſeſſion* as any property in ſilver or in gold. Its value is founded on the opinion of mankind, and on the difficulty of it's acquiſition, which alone make Gold and Silver of more eſtimation than Copper or Tin. Nor is that large ſum abſolutely loſt to the Nation, as E. M. would have us believe. The greater part of its value remains among us; I ſay of its value, for that ſum never exiſted in theſe kingdoms in ſpecie: It has been paid and expended at different

ferent times, and circulated in the manner following;—Suppoſe the Adminiſtration (A. A.) have occaſion for 1000 l. To raiſe it on the public in general would diſtreſs the induſtrious Merchants and Mechanics (M. M.) who have occaſion for their money: A. A. therefore apply to ſeveral Landholders and rich Dowagers (L. D.) to lend them the money, and only demand of M. M. their proportion of the intereſt on the 1000 l. inſtead of the capital ſum. Excepting what is expended in purchaſing our naval ſtores, and in the ſupporting our forces abroad, the ſum borrowed by Government is circulated by our army and navy among our huſbandmen and manufacturers at home. Our ſoldiers, indeed, are, to appearance, drones in the State, becauſe they do no labour for the wages they are paid; but they protect the induſtrious in their work, and are therefore uſeful to the community at large.

Let not then E. M. ſo much lament the enormous amount of the national debt, as the deplorable ſtate of human nature, that we cannot all inhabit this world in peace. War is, at one time or other, unavoidable; and the moſt eaſy and convenient method of carrying it on, is, by raiſing the ſupplies in loans, from thoſe who have a ſuperfluity of money, and think it is ſafer to truſt it to government-ſecurity, than to venture it with a merchant's trade. Thoſe loans have certainly occaſioned a ſcarcity of money among the trading part of the nation, becauſe, if we had been at peace, I take it for granted, much of their amount would have been lent out in trade; but then I conſider, that raiſing the ſupplies within the year would bring on the trading people conſiderable more diſtreſs. By the firſt means you only detain

from

from them what they never obtained; by the ſecond you deprive them of what they actually poſſeſſed.

As I have mentioned the diſproportionate quantity of money to the increaſing trade and manufactures of this country, I cannot help communicating to E. M. a conceit of mine, that, I believe, with his notions of public credit, will make him ſtare. It is briefly this: That I have long wiſhed all the one hundred and thirty millions of national debt were owing to the Dutch, and our other good neighbours abroad; not becauſe I would eraſe the account, or commit the Bank-books to the flames; but becauſe, with this ſum employed in our national trade, which would be ſo much more money brought into the kingdom, we ſhould make a profit of eight or ten per cent. ourſelves, and could very well afford to pay three one half per cent. to foreign ſtates*. This will ſeem a little abſurd to them who only view the intereſt of the money owing to Foreigners, as ſo much money loſt to the kingdom; but by them who have any knowledge of our general and extenſive Trade, I flatter myſelf I ſhall be perfectly underſtood. At all events, I will not attempt at preſent to add any thing by way of illuſtration. I have already exceeded the extent of the Column you allow me; but, if you like my reaſoning, I may perhaps continue this ſubject another Time. Before I conclude, however, indulge me with a few words more to your correſpondent E. M.

I would not have him imagine that the extraordinary fall of the Stocks during the war, was owing to

* Since theſe Letters were firſt publiſhed, the legiſlature has adopted the ſame idea, in paſſing an act which empowers the proprietors of lands, in ſome of the Weſt-India Iſlands, to borrow money, on mortgages to the ſubjects of foreign ſtates.

to a diffidence of government ſecurity: It proceeded entirely from the increaſe of the Funds or national debt, which at every ſubſcription brought annually ſo many more ſellers of Stock to market; and as idle money became ſcarce, and the Purchaſers decreaſed in number, the prices proportionately fell. Add to this the number of timid Stock-holders, who, at every occaſional fall of the Stocks, will, at all hazards, ſell out, and realize their ſhare of the Public Funds, through the dread of a greater fall. Theſe temporary falls in the prices of Stocks are certainly injurious to the fortunes of them who, by contracts or agreements previous to the falls, are neceſſitated to ſell; but, on the other hand, they who bought in, during the low prices of the Stocks, now reap the benefit of their riſe; they enjoy perhaps five per cent. for their money, beſides the certainty of a great profit on their capital, when they chuſe to ſell out of the Funds. It was the proſpect of this high profit and intereſt, that tempted ſo many Foreigners to buy into our Funds during the war; and their continuing ſince to ſell out, has acted upon the prices like ſo much new ſubſcription brought to market, for which there has not been a proportionate demand. But when the increaſe of our wealth, by commerce, ſhall have exceeded the amount of the Stocks ſo forced into the market by the Foreigners' precipitate ſale, we have great reaſon to expect, that the prices of the Stocks will riſe as high as ever they were at any paſt time.

Tedious as I have been, I cannot quit my ſubject without dropping a hint, which, if adopted by Government, might hereafter prevent much public confuſion and diſtreſs. In caſe of the Books of the Bank being deſtroyed, how are the Creditors of the State

to

to prove their claims? That conſideration I know prevents many monied people abroad from inveſting their property in our Funds, and I therefore humbly conceive, it would add conſiderably to the public credit, if, inſtead of the Receipts now delivered at the Transfer Office, (which are of little uſe, as being never called in) Certificates, Bonds or Receipts were delivered to the Purchaſers, which ſhould be produced and exchanged for others at every new Transfer. This additional ſecurity from Government, to the Proprietors of our funds, would, I confeſs, be attended with its inconveniences, which it would be impoſſible to prevent. It would make the transferring of Stock more tedious and formal, which of courſe would be a great loſs of time to our induſtrious Stock-jobbers, and would at the Bank occaſion an expence of ſalaries to many additional clerks. But both E. M. and I have proved, that, ſooner or later, the inconveniencies conſequent on war, every Man muſt feel.

LETTER

LETTER III.

On CREDIT.

To the PRINTER of the PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

IT is a Duty incumbent on every one, to be uſeful, in ſome ſhape or other, to the Community in which he lives. As he, who follows any profeſſion or trade, is benefiting the public at the time he is earning his bread; ſo he, whom Fortune has placed above the neceſſity of gaining a livelihood by his own labour, ought to dedicate his time to the Service of the State. With this view, Sir, I have occaſionally troubled you with my correſpondence: Tho' placed not in the laſt-mentioned ſituation of life, I have leiſure enough to allot ſome hours to the ſervice of my neighbours, if there is any thing in my reflections that can be of uſe. The uprightneſs of my intentions, which I believe you can ſufficiently atteſt, and the national importance of the ſubject on which I write, ought to gain me the *attention* of my readers. Their *confidence* I would not aſk: Let their own judgments enquire if my reaſoning is right. I proceed to ſome explanation of what I wrote you laſt.

I have ſaid, that as war is at one time or other unavoidable, it is leſs diſtreſsful to carry it on, by borrowing money of them who have abundance to lend,

than by raiſing the ſupplies on them who have occaſion for their money in trade. This led me next to aſſert, that as, by theſe frequent loans to the public, much money had been with-held from the trade of theſe kingdoms, which otherwiſe might have been lent to the merchant or manufacturer, it would have been for the general intereſt of this country, if the whole of the national debt had been owing to the inhabitants of other ſtates. The Government for example, inſtead of accepting the loan of 1000 l. from a landholder in Lancaſhire, borrows that ſum from a gentleman at Antwerp or Amſterdam. The gentleman in Lancaſhire, diſappointed of the government-ſecurity, lends his 1000 l. to a merchant at Liverpool, who immediately gives employment to the manufacturer, by inveſting it in goods for the coaſt of Africa. Thoſe goods are ſold, or rather, at a prodigious advantage, exchanged for ſlaves; the ſlaves again, are ſent to the Weſt Indies where they are ſold for bills of exchange on London. And thus a chain of traffic has been carried on, at a conſiderable profit, which the Liverpool merchant could not elſe have undertaken, for want of the neceſſary funds.—Suppoſe, on the whole, he has made a profit but of ten per cent. deduct the intereſt of the 1000 l. borrowed of the Fleming or Dutchman, and the remainder is ſo much gained to Great-Britain. But the gain may poſſibly be more; for, obſerve, the bills given on London are for the proceeds of ſugar, coffee, cotton, and other products of our iſlands ſent to London, which, without the purchaſe of thoſe ſlaves, would never have been cultivated, and great part of which products are exported again to foreign ports, are there ſold, and are paid for by ſpecie or remittances from abroad.—Should another 1000 l. wanted by government,

ment, be borrowed abroad, and another landholder, inſtead of lending to the ſupplies, ſhould lend that ſum to a proprietor of lands in one of our new iſlands; with that money the proprietor buys ſlaves, ſtocks his plantation, and cultivates a tract of land that would otherwiſe have lain waſte. The maintenance of theſe ſlaves adds to the conſumption of the ſalt-beef and butter of Ireland: their ſlight clothing, and little liſt of houſehold furniture, are ſupplied by the Britiſh manufacturers; and the produce of their labour is advantageouſly diſpoſed of, as already mentioned. The ſame uſe would be made of 1000l. lent to a Carolina or Virginia planter. Much of the rice or tobacco, cultivated by him, would be ſold in foreign ports, and the remittances for the neat proceeds would be ſo much profit to the nation, after deducting the intereſt of the 1000l. borrowed by Government of the Gentleman or Merchant abroad. Again, if another 1000l. were lent by a landholder to a merchant trading to Quebec; the merchant, with that money, purchaſes an aſſortment of goods of our manufacturers at home; thoſe goods are ſent by the merchants of Quebec into the inland parts of North-America, and are bartered for furs with the natives, or are paid for by corn ſent to foreign ports. This exportation of corn from Quebec, being but an infant trade, deſerves but curſory notice: the furs, however, are moſtly exported after they come to England, and are ſold for the money of the inhabitants of other ſtates. In ſupport of my argument, I need produce no more examples;

"For when one's proofs are aptly choſen,
"Four are as valid as four dozen."

PRIOR's ALMA.

From the above I believe it will be ſufficiently plain, that whatever ſum of money is lent to our Government, by Foreigners, is ſo much money lent to the nation to trade with, for which we can afford to pay a reaſonable intereſt, with great profit, and advantage to ourſelves.

It is alſo evident, that, as the national debt has not been ſo borrowed of foreign ſtates, it has been borrowed of our monied people at home, and has been with held from our manufactures and trade. This has naturally occaſioned a ſcarcity of money among our merchants and manufacturers; and that ſcarcity of money, again, has naturally cauſed all credit to ſtretch. By ſtraining the cord it will ſometimes break; but let us not reaſon againſt the uſe of a thing from its occaſional abuſe. Every man is a judge with himſelf of its proper uſe; he is to determine if the paper that is offered him is good; he is to remember not to throw too much of his ſtock into one channel; and he ought to be provided againſt diſappointment of payment in caſe of need.

Among the ſeveral cauſes of the extenſion of credit in theſe kingdoms, I have omitted one, that, I think, does particular honour to the generous and unſuſpicious minds of the natives:—They are, of all nations, the leaſt difficult to treat with, and the moſt averſe, through motives of perſonal intereſt, from diſtreſſing their neighbours; and thence partly their unbounded truſt to one another.

I intended next to ſhew, that, excepting what fictitious bills or notes are diſcounted, there is a real property, *ſomewhere*, for the value of all the paper-currency of the kingdom; but this, in the language of the pulpit, I defer to another opportunity.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

On CREDIT.

To the PRINTER of the PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

WHEN Mr. Locke ſat down to write his Eſſay on the Human Underſtanding, he tells us, he imagined he ſhould have comprehended his ſubject in a few ſheets. But an Eſſay-writer is in the ſtate of a traveller in a wood. If his aim ſhould be to get thro' his ſubject with the moſt eaſe and convenience to himſelf, he will be contented to follow the *beaten* track, as knowing *that* path muſt ſoon come to an end;—if, on the contrary, his journey be in the ſearch of truth, he muſt be careful that he does not paſs it in his way; and, in this his ſearch after truth, he will have ſo many buſhes to beat, ſo many briars to remove, and ſo many ſloughs to wade through, that it will be impoſſible for him to gueſs when he ſhall reach the plain. Happy, if he does not bewilder himſelf, or impatiently leave truth behind!

With this apology for being ſo troubleſome to you, Sir, and ſo tireſome to your readers, I continue the ſubject of my Letter of laſt Week.

I ſaid in my laſt, that, excepting for *fictitious* draughts, promiſſory notes, or bills of exchange, there was

was a *real property* for all the paper currency in the Kingdom. Before I proceed to the proof of this aſſertion, it will not be improper to define, to thoſe not converſant in trade, what is meant by *fictitious paper*.—If A. gives his note to B. at 12 days date, in exchange for B.'s note, payable at 14 days date, and goes with this note of B.'s to diſcount it, or get money for it from C.—*that* is a fictitious tranſaction between A. and B. neither of whom may have property wherewith to repay C. his money; and ſo far it is of *fictitious value*; but if C. a man of real property, pays this note to D. for goods bought of him, it is then of *real value*; for C. in caſe of A. and B.'s failure, can take up the note with *his* money.—In like manner, A may make a draught on B. payable to himſelf, or order; B. to ſerve his friend, accepts it, though he has no property of A.'s in his poſſeſſion; A indorſes it to C. and diſcounts it with him for money. *That* again is *fictitious* paper. So likewiſe is a bill of exchange which A. draws upon himſelf in the feigned name of a merchant at Edinburgh; he makes it payable to his friend B. and, after accepting it, he gives it to B. to get it diſcounted with C. and to bring him the money for his or their common uſe.

Thoſe are three caſes of *fictitious* paper, by which perſons of real property may be defrauded out of their money; but if the ſecurity of either A. or B. be good, any one of thoſe tranſactions I regard in the light of a loan on a man's promiſſory note; for which, if it ſhould go through a hundred hands, there is a *real* value, as long as there is a property ſubſiſting to anſwer the note when it is due; however, law and form and equity require, that, for every paper given in payment, value ſhall have been received; and that when

when C. lends his money on the ſecurity of *two* or *three* perſons, he ſhall not find he has lent it on the ſecurity but of *one*.

Such *fictitious* paper has been of late but too much circulated and it is certainly a great abuſe of *credit*; but, from the dread of that *abuſe* to want to aboliſh the uſe of credit, is little leſs than to deſire to ſtop the circulation of the coin current in the Kingdom, from an apprehenſion, *that* coin may be counterfeited by ſome of our Birmingham coiners.

I come now to that paper currency of this Kingdom, for the value of which there is, ſomewhere or other, a real property exiſting; I mean not all in ſpecie or money, but in money, lands, products, manufactures, and all kinds of ſaleable commodities. I begin with a Bank Note.

A. brings 100l. to the bank in ſpecie, for which he receives a note of that value, No. 1: C. brings a bill of exchange to be diſcounted at the bank (B) who having already diſcounted to the amount of its capital, gives him nearly the whole ſum received of A. Thus the value of the note, No. 1, remains no longer with B. in ſpecie; it is in the hands of C. or of them to whom he has paid the money. Another Merchant D. brings a bill of 100l. to diſcount with B. for which, inſtead of money, he receives a note, No. 2; where is the real property lodged for the value of this note? Not in the bank, B. for we have ſuppoſed it to be nearly run out of ſpecie, but in products and manufactures, in the poſſeſſion of E. who had bought them of D. and for the value of which he had given a draught on F. or elſe the value is in F. who truſts E with the amount of the draught till he ſells the goods and remits the money. But if the 100l. which D. diſcounted ſhould only have been

E.'s

E.'s promiſſory note, then the real property for the bank note, No. 2. is in the goods ſold to E., or ultimately in money paid by D. to his labourers (if the goods ſhould have been products of the Country) or to his manufacturers, and the ſellers of the raw materials, if the goods were manufactured. This money, again, paid to the labourer or manufacturer, is ultimately repaid by the purchaſer and conſumer; and who ever views the harveſts of our fields, the flocks of our meadows, and the rich ſtores of manufactures in our opulent cities, can never doubt the real value of our current paper. He will indeed from the above caſe perceive, that the bank itſelf, from imprudence, might happen to ſtop payment; but that would be but a temporary inconvenience, which other conveniences abundantly repay. I ſay a *temporary inconvenience*: for though the bank might ſtop payment, from the Directors having been ſo imprudent as to have iſſued too many notes of the nature of note No. 2, and from a run being made upon it for the payment of thoſe and other notes which they had iſſued; yet, I take it for granted, it will ever be in poſſeſſion of real property, though not of ſpecie, ſufficient to anſwer all claims that can be made upon it.

We ſee, then, the Bank of England, by being poſſeſſed of the confidence, and much of the property of the nation, is become a kind of intermediate agent between the purchaſer and manufacturer, and between the labourer and conſumer; ſupplying the manufacturer with money to proceed in his buſineſs, till he can find a ready ſale for his goods; and providing the labourer, landholder, or cultivator of the land, with the means of improving and cultivating his eſtate, until it can produce wherewithal to repay the

the debt. Of this laſt nature, chiefly, is the buſineſs of the banks in Scotland, which I meant to conſider next; but my plan is broke in upon by two of your correſpondents, who deſerve ſome anſwer before I finiſh this letter.

E. M. miſtakes me when he ſuppoſes, I looked down on him with pity and contempt, becauſe only he differed in opinion with me.——Grateful to my Creator for the reaſon he has given me, I aſſume no merit to myſelf, nor do I deſpiſe any man for differing in his judgment with mine.

It was the ſelf-ſufficient manner in which E. M. delivered his thoughts, that made me behold him with ſome pity and contempt. As he now ſays, he will not oppoſe me in the field of credit, I retract my charge (which he ſo ſeriouſly takes up) of his being a traitor to the State. I will even join my forces to his, to attack luxury, ſo far as it conſiſts in extravagance, diſſipation, and waſte, which the abuſe of credit greatly ſupplies.

E. M. will not allow, that any landholder will, now-a-days, truſt a merchant or manufacturer with money. From many inſtances, within my knowledge, I am certain of the contrary. But ſuppoſe the landholder himſelf will not lend the money, his banker will do it for him; elſe little would be got by his banking buſineſs.

Your correſpondent H. L. is very much ſurpriſed I ſhould affirm, "that the opinion of mankind, and the difficulty of their acquiſition, make gold and ſilver of more eſtimation than copper or tin."—He would certainly have been more amazed, if, inſtead of the word *opinion*, I had made uſe of *certain knowledge*; and, inſtead of *eſtimation*, I had written *intrinſic worth*. But he will be pleaſed to recollect,

that every man, who receives a guinea or a ſhilling, is not a gold-refiner or ſilverſmith. He takes the money, through an opinion he has formed of its value, from the knowledge and judgment of other people. Impreſs him with a belief that the metal or coin is baſe, and that he may get any quantity for a few apples, and the eſtimation of it will be no longer high in his opinion. By difficulty of acquiſition I meant, that a man muſt do ſo much labour, or part with ſuch a quantity of goods, to obtain the poſſeſſion of a certain piece of metal in exchange.

Not conſidering, then, in this received opinion of gold and ſilver, the *certain knowledge* of their ſuperior uſes to copper and tin, I believe my compariſon, with regard to the public funds, will be allowed to hold good.

As long as we have an opinion of the good Faith and ſecurity of government, a ſhare in any public fund is a real property, becauſe convertible, at our will, into any other property or poſſeſſion, which, by ſale, we can receive of our neighbours. In like manner are bank ſtock and bank-notes real properties, as long as they are currently ſold; from the opinion univerſally received of the ſolidity of the bank, which none but the bank-directors can certainly know. I have ſaid a real property, in oppoſition to an imaginary worth; for I have ſhewn, that the value of bank-paper, though founded on opinion, has, in reality, a property in the kingdom to anſwer it, which, as much as gold and ſilver, makes that value good.

LETTER

LETTER V.

On CREDIT.

To the PRINTER of the PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

THERE is one great inducement to a Writer, to communicate his thoughts to the Public, thro' the channel of your Paper, rather than in any Publication of his own;—the certainty of having Readers, or at leaſt of being in the way of being read. But this manner of publication, I find, has alſo its inconveniences, which render perodical Eſſays, on the ſame ſubject, not ſo eaſily underſtood.

Some Readers have neither attention nor memory ſufficient to retain the reaſoning on any argument, continued from week to week; others, again, are poſſeſſed of ſo little patience, to follow out the reaſoning themſelves, or ſo little candour to allow the Writer has capacity enough to do it for them, that if he ſhould aſſert any thing beyond their immediate conception, they confidently affirm it to be falſe, becauſe he has not inſtantly produced his proof.—A Writer in this ſituation muſt be pardoned repetitions; for, without them, he would be too liable to be miſrepreſented or miſunderſtood.

By my laſt Letter it will have appeared, I admitted that the circulation, exchange, or transfer of pro-

perty in bills, or in notes, may be greatly abuſed; but, excepting in thoſe abuſes, which amongſt a trading people it is impoſſible to prevent, I affirmed, that a real property exiſted, ſomewhere, equivalent to all the paper currency of the Kingdom; and this aſſertion I began to prove in the inſtance of the circulation of a Bank Note. It will have alſo appeared, that I did not mean, the real property above-mentioned exiſted *all* in ſpecie, but in money, lands, products, manufactures, and all kinds of ſaleable goods; but I will make myſelf ſtill better underſtood by the following proof:—A Farmer of Norfolk, F. ſends a cargo of wheat to Rotterdam, and orders his correſpondent there, R. to remit the neat proceeds of it to his friend L. at London; when the remittances come, L. diſcounts the bills at the bank, for which he gets bank notes, with which notes he anſwers F.'s draughts on him for the remittance for the wheat. There is therefore a circulation of notes, ſuppoſe to the amount of 1000 l. for the value of which no ſpecie appears until R.'s remittances become due; M. the Merchant on whom the bills from Rotterdam were drawn, muſt then find the ſpecie to pay the draughts on him in the hands of the bank; but inſtead of ſpecie he has only bills remitted to him by R. being draughts from A. at Amſterdam, on H. at London, for a cargo of hemp ordered from Ruſſia, and paid for by A. Theſe bills in the hands of M. being not yet due at the time he muſt pay R.'s draughts, he gets them diſcounted at the bank, who give him notes for them, and with thoſe notes he diſcharges R.'s draughts; —thus 1000 l. of bank notes ſtill remain in circulation, for which no ſpecie has been paid, and the only property to anſwer them is A.'s draughts on H. in the poſſeſſion of the bank; if H. has ſpecie, with

that

that he will discharge A.'s bills on him, but if he has not, the cash must be raised by a new circulation, which will last for several months, as the credit given at the sale of hemp is so long, and he will not receive, till the expiration of that credit, the payment for its sale. During this new circulation, the hemp remains the ultimate real property to answer the paper current on that account; or else, if we must have specie, we must look for it from the purchasers of the cordage or sail cloth, into which it was worked. We see, however, by this transaction, that specie has neither gone out nor come into the Kingdom. The exportation of the wheat, paid for the importation of the hemp; but as that exportation of wheat is now become a trade but little practised, we must expect specie from another quarter; we must expect it from Spain, in return for our woollen manufactures; and we must give time for our rice, tobacco, and other products of our plantations to come to market, and be sold and exported again to Europe (all which is an extension of credit) until payment is actually made in specie.

In this account I do not include the exportation of our lead and tin, and of our steel manufacture; for our importation of wine, flax, hemp, timber, &c. perhaps exceeds the amount of all that is demanded, in the produce and manufactures of this country, from most states of Europe, excepting Spain. My present design is to enquire no farther into the balance of our national trade, than to shew from whence we must expect the ultimate payment, or return, for our manufactures in specie; and by this and my former Letter, I think, it has been sufficiently shewn, that we must expect that ultimate payment from Spain, at the returns of her bullion-ships from America; or

from

from the products of our colonies and plantations, after they are sold here, and exported to other parts of Europe.

These returns, every one will perceive, must take up some time in compleating, and the necessary trade to obtain them, must be carried on with an *extensive credit*, as there is not sufficient specie in the Kingdom.

A question here will naturally be asked me, Why is there not sufficient specie in the Kingdom? If the reader will recollect, I allowed in a former Letter, that though the whole of the national debt was not so much money lost to the Nation, yet part of it had been paid away in supplying ourselves with naval stores, and in supporting our troops that were on service out of the country. As the sum so paid away must have, for several years, considerably exceeded the balance due to Britain from the rest of Europe, it must ultimately have been remitted from this country in specie or in bullion, which, as I have before observed, must take several years in returning. I do not add, to this account, the share of our Funds, which Foreigners have sold out since the peace, and which would appear to have been also paid in specie or in bullion. *That* is not so much cash spent out of the Kingdom. It was money lent us, and all of it that exceeded the amount of our remittances for our troops and naval stores, must have been formerly brought into this country in specie or in bullion. This we must suppose to have been the case, from the variation in the course of exchange between London and Holland; at the latter end of the war it was considerably in our favour, notwithstanding the sums we had to pay to Germany and the Baltic; but since the peace it has fallen against us, altho' we have no unusual

unusual expences on the Continent. I may, however, add another cause of the scarcity of specie—the sums that have been exported to India; but we must expect to see them soon return to us, since if not the trade, the revenue of that country is in our favour. I might also add, the specie that is exported to Holland for the sake of the profits on our gold and silver coin; but as the quantity, so exported, which exceeds the balance owing to Holland, and other countries, paid by the exchange to Holland, must return to England in bullion, to be coin'd again; or, according as the exchange may vary, will perhaps be sent back to England in the same identical coin,—I state, to the account of the specie lost to the Nation, only the *Profits* on this last exported money.

Having traced the circulation or transfer of property, in a note of the Bank of England, I need not enlarge on the indispensible use of credit, in the circulation of property, by means of the notes of other banks, and other trading companies, in this country. I shall only observe, that the notes of each of them are as current as gold and silver, within that particular circle where their respective solidity is known, by some, or, through belief, received in the opinion of others.—I come now to the consideration of the paper-currency of the Banks of Scotland.—Having admitted that there was not a property, in specie, equivalent to all the paper-currency of England, no one can be so unreasonable as to expect it, in the poor and barren country of Scotland. No such property, in specie, can there possibly exist. Though the balance of trade, between England and Scotland, is supposed to be in favour of the latter, yet other causes drain that country of its money. Much specie must originally have come from Scotland, for the

purchase

purchaſe of many eſtates in the New Iſlands, paid for on the 'Change of London. The grand undertaking of buildings at the Adelphi muſt have ſwallowed up another conſiderable ſum. The Sixteen Peers, and Forty-five Members of Parliament, are not all placed or penſioned; the expences, therefore, of their annual journey to London muſt principally be defrayed by the income of their own eſtates.—— Other noblemen and gentlemen of that country, who come to England, or go to the continent, for their amuſement or improvement, muſt have their incomes remitted, for the expences of their journies; and ſo much of the taxes of the country, as exceeds the payment of the civil and military expences of it, muſt alſo be remitted to England; ſo that, on the whole, the courſe of exchange is conſtantly againſt that country. But this is not all: It is fallacious to ſuppoſe, that when the premium given for a bill on London (deducting the merchant's commiſſion) is remitted in ſpecie to England, the account between the two nations is entirely ſettled; *that Premium* is only a ſtandard by which is ſhewn what paſſes, *in bills*, among the commercial people. It remains to know, whether the caſh collected in Scotland, by the Engliſh Riders, in payment of the debts due to their maſters, (the Engliſh grocers, manufacturers, and the like) does not amount to a ſum, larger than what is carried out of England by the Drovers, in payment for the Scotch cattle. I would alſo have the landed gentlemen of Scotland conſider, that all the caſh they bring up in their pockets to England, is ſo much money entirely loſt to their country. It no where appears in the account between the two nations, the balance of which has, hitherto, ſo erroneouſly been calculated by the premium, or courſe of exchange.

They

They give no value for this cash; they levy it on their tenants, who, by that means, become tributary to England, as much as if they were a conquered people. The same reflection is applicable to the journies of our English travellers through Europe. What is spent in the improvement of their minds may be regained to their country; but the sums that are squandered in pleasures, being much more considerable, I ought to have included them in the account of specie exported, and to this kingdom totally lost. England, however, has resources which Scotland has not. Scotland has neither produce nor manufactures sufficient to feed and clothe, for any long duration of time, the inhabitants of other States. It is already drained of specie; thus a *real property* to answer the Scotch bank-notes, we must seek for in lands and effects. The effects, by which I understand all kinds of saleable goods, may be found as we traced them in the English notes. The lands appear answerable to the notes, in a practice which England has not. Some landed gentlemen, of unintailed estates, by binding that property, join with a few monied people in forming a bank. They issue notes in the common course of business, similar to those in England, and of which, therefore, we need not treat; but they also issue notes to persons, who have a credit or permission given them to draw on the bank, to a certain extent beyond the balance due to them on their accounts. As one man may have money in the bank while another draws out, this, well-directed, might be of general use; but it remains with the directors to tell if this is the whole state of the case. May we not suppose, they have issued so many notes above the balance of specie in their hands, and so many people have failed to whom they had advanced money

on credit, that they have brought themſelves into diſtreſs. In ſuch a ſituation, the notes cannot be immediately paid; the ultimate payment muſt be expected from the ſale of their manufactures, and of ſome of their landed eſtates. In the mean while, a number of the noblemen and gentlemen agree to receive thoſe notes in payment, and, by the concurrence of the people, they paſs every where in the country as before. Here we ſee but an inſtant inconvenience, for the want of ſpecie, in the internal commerce of Scotland. After the firſt diſappointment, every thing goes on as it uſually did. Certain pieces of paper, authenticated and regiſtered at a public office, to have their value in the land and eſtates of the country, are by the farmers received, in payment of corn or cattle, from the miller and grazier, becauſe their landlord had promiſed to accept them in payment of their rent; the miller and grazier received the notes from the baker and butcher, becauſe they knew the farmers would accept them; the baker and butcher received them of the ſhopkeeper or manufacturer, becauſe they knew the miller and grazier would accept them, or the notes could be given in payment for goods to the manufacturer and ſhopkeeper again, who are under the neceſſity of accepting them of their cuſtomers, or of wanting the proviſions of life. As long, then, as the trade of a country is confined within itſelf, we ſee no great inconvenience in ſubſtituting paper-currency inſtead of gold or ſilver coin*; but that is not the caſe with Scotland; for, though the balance of trade be not againſt her, yet we have ſeen that, from other cauſes, the balance on the importation and exportation of ſpecie muſt be conſiderably

* Since this was written, the paper-currency in North-America has proved the poſſibility of the caſe.

ably in favour of England; and supposing the specie to be now almost entirely exported from Scotland, how is the friendly or commercial intercourse hereafter to be carried on between the two nations? No man can carry Scotch notes to England (at least not farther than Newcastle), because they are not current there; and yet many gentlemen will be travelling up to London, who will want money to bear their expences, and many English riders will come with notes to the banks of Scotland, to receive payment for them, and carry the cash to England. Thus, tho' no immediate distress is felt in that country, an universal stop of payment must in the end ensue, if some precautions are not taken, and every man has not a little patience with his neighbour; and if this stop of payment should take place, the estates of some of the landed gentry must come to sale, to answer the payment of their current paper; and the estates of others must also come to market, if their banks must call in the credits given them, and which the gentlemen made use of to improve their lands. If the money is also called in, which the banks lent on credits to the merchants and manufacturers, it will bring on the latter immediate distress, without bringing to the former any relief till the merchants and manufacturers have sold their effects.

Thus, tho' the failing of one link is likely to bring the whole chain of credit to the ground, we shall find the original cause of its fall in the negligence of the workmen, who had undertaken to keep it in repair, not in the badness of the materials of which that chain was made.

I shall now sum up the argument and conclude. I have allowed that *Credit* has been abused; but I have also shewn that the use of credit cannot, in this

Kingdom, be aboliſhed, as long as it proceeds from a ſcarcity of ſpecie; our large exportation of manufactures to our Colonies; and the income of many of our purchaſers and conſumers, at home, conſiſting in rents received at periodical payments. If, aiming at brevity, I have expreſſed myſelf in a manner not to be thoroughly underſtood, I hope the following compariſon will ſecure my meaning from all miſrepreſentation. *Credit* is to this Nation, at preſent, what a crutch is to a Soldier crippled in the wars; part of the money, which he earned in the ſervice, he has ſpent abroad; the reſt is in the hands of the butcher, baker, ſhoemaker, and taylor, to whom he paid it ſince his return from war, for the proviſions or common neceſſaries of life; he is lame of one leg, but ſtill he has the entire uſe of his hands, with which he can earn his bread; if you deprive him of his crutch (becauſe a drunken fellow of an impoſtor may make uſe of the ſame artificial ſupport to lead a lazy life and beg) the poor honeſt veteran will fall to the ground at once; you rob him of the means of ſupporting himſelf till he recovers his former ſtrength; you rob him of his preſent livelihood, and the proſpect of recovering the fortune he has ſpent; he may never be cured of his lameneſs as long as he crawls on the earth; he is liable to be trod upon by every paſſenger in the ſtreet; he cannot defend himſelf; he can never defend his country, or ſtand againſt its enemies again while he lives.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

On CREDIT.

To the PRINTER of the PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

GIVE me leave to trouble you with a few lines, in anſwer to a very proper queſtion, put to me by your correſpondent J. S. in your Paper of the 23d inſtant. "How I could prove that a real property, ſomewhere exiſted, to anſwer all the paper currency of the Kingdom, without I knew the exact quantity of that paper?"—Though I have already given ſome examples applicable to the ſubject, yet I ſhould have made it more clear, by making a diſtinction between property to anſwer a note, or bill, by which every one recovers what is his due, and property to anſwer a note, or bill, by which ſome one muſt ſuffer a loſs in the tranſaction. By excepting fictitious notes and bills in my former Letters, I certainly did not mean to include them in the firſt claſs of paper, although I might then have made the remark, that as ſoon as value has been received for a note, and it has paſſed current, there is ſomewhere a property to anſwer it, even if the perſon who gave the note was not worth a ſhilling. For inſtance: A gives a note to B, and when it becomes due A is found to be inſolvent; B then loſes the amount

amount of the note; but the value of it, or the property to anſwer it, remains in the hands of thoſe to whom A has paid the money away; if, on the contrary, A had only ſtopped payment when the note was due, and has debts to ſhew, which are owing to him, for a ſum above the amount of that note, then the property is in the hands of thoſe debtors to A; and B ſuffers but a temporary inconvenience, by the payment of the note being delayed.

Thus it will be ſeen, that though the great quantity of paper currency is a certain mark of the ſcarcity of ſpecie, and ſome individuals may loſe their property in its circulation; yet is it alſo a ſign of the general opulence of the Kingdom in lands, manufactures, and all kinds of ſaleable commodities; for no paper can paſs in that circulation without a real property having been exchanged for it, and a real property muſt therefore ſomewhere exiſt, equal to the amount of all the paper currency in the Kingdom.

MISCELLANEOUS

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

An EPISTLE to Dr. * * * * * *, on his changing the Faſhion of his WIG.

Dear Doctor,

——'TIS with great concern,
With much regret I've chanc'd to learn,
That you are dubb'd an arrant prig,
Becauſe—you've caſt your bulky Wig.—
The *Wife*, indeed, put no great ſtreſs
On Man's appearance, or his dreſs;
They hold, a Prieſt could ſay a pray'r
Without his gown, in elbow-chair;
Or read a Sermon in his ſhirt;
For what is man but duſt or dirt?
And, deck him o'er as well's you can,
Before the Lord but *ſuch* is Man.—
They hold a juſtice, on the Bench,
Would be as wiſe in garb of wench,
And, in an apron and a cap,
With as much eaſe could take a nap,
As in his robe and lion wig,
Which puff him up ſo wond'rous big.—
The *Honour'd Speaker* of the *Houſe*
Makes *them* but recollect the Mouſe,

That

That from a Mountain came forth ſqueaking;
When *Ay*'s and *No*'s are all *his* ſpeaking,
Which he could utter, in his jacket,
With much more eaſe and much leſs racket,
Than when, from robe, he ſurly roars
In concert with the jarring doors.—
They hold, a Counſel, at the Bar,
In Law and Senſe would go as far,
And have of *Braſs* ſufficient ſtock,
Tho' *he* ſhould plead in fuſtian frock.—
They hold, *that* man may know a ſcience
Who puts formal'ty at defiance:
They think, good Doctor, *you* cou'd write
Preſcriptions juſt, and fit, and right,
To any patient that wou'd fee you,
Tho' with bald noddle he ſhou'd ſee you.——
But ſmall the number of the *wiſe*
To them who wear but *Wiſdom*'s *guiſe;*
To theſe (whoſe wiſdom's all pretence)
You give, alas! ſevere offence:
Should you ſucceed in your *new mode*,
You'll drag them o'er a rugged road,
(For Robes and Perriwigs, I wot,
Than learned ſtore are ſooner got,)
Each *fool* muſt ſtudy o'er his books,
To be as wiſe as now he looks;
The *wiſe* ev'n wear a *wiſer* face;
If Wigs are brought into diſgrace,
And, all formality thrown down,
You ſtrip the robe or learned gown.—
When uſed to ornaments, deſcry
How much *plain Nature* hurts the eye:
Lay bare, for once, great *Camden*'s ſkull,
I dread, he'd look confounded dull;
And, ſhou'd you give *his* Wig a pull,
Wiſe *Mansfield*, too, wou'd ſeem a fool;

Mild *George* himſelf appears not wiſe,
When ſtript of all his regal guiſe;
He ſmiles a mere *good-natured Man!*
(For *King* diſcern him, if you can;)
And but his Royal Robes and Crown
Now make us heed his laugh or frown.—
In *Blackſtone*'s *Commentaries* look,
You'll find it ſaid, in his fourth Book:
A man may whore, and lie, and drink,
'Till into hell his ſoul he ſink;
Provided always, no offence
Be given to his neighbour's ſenſe;
And, of his life, no *public* ſample
Shall ſet the world a bad example.
So, had you turn'd it inſide out,
(This Wig we've heard ſo much about,)
And worn it, Doctor, in your Houſe,
No creature would have car'd a louſe;
You might have made a night-cap o' it,
Or, puking, ſpit your phlegm into it;
For any ſuch as *private* uſe
Had ſaved you, Doctor, much abuſe.
But, no;—in ſpite of all I ſay,
You wear it in the face of day;
You wear it in the public ſtreet,
And trample *form* beneath your feet.
Now, who contemns old forms, will find
Few partiſans among mankind;
Forms are but cheats, (thou unbeliever!)
Which pleaſe *deceived* and *deceiver;*
So, thou, diſturbing *other*'s pleaſure,
Art meted with *thy meddling* meaſure:—
Sly *Caution* ſneers,—mean *Prejudice* will rail,
When *learned Doctor* ſtruts in ſpruce *pigtail.*

An EPISTLE concerning TATLERS;—especially Those in a Country Town.

THAT I, who liv'd ſo chaſte in Town,
Should for a Rake be, here, run down;
That I, who ne'er, in all my Life,
With love attack'd Another's Wife;
That I, who ne'er debauch'd a Virgin,
Should now be rank'd with *Major Sturgeon*,—
Is hard;—dear Tom, you'll think it odd;
You do,—by that aſſenting Nod.
Then liſten, Tom, while I rehearſe
The cauſe, in *Hudibraſtic* Verſe;
And, ſhould you at my folly ſmile,
Yet own, at leaſt, my want of guile.
I, who have liv'd ſo long abroad,
Am uſed to travel ev'ry Road;
Am uſed to caſt my Eyes about,
To find each *curious* Object out;
But none ſo fine in curious *Art*,
Like *nat'ral* Objects touch *my* Heart;
And, Tom, of all thoſe Things in *Nature*,
None pleaſe me like a *Woman-Creature*.
Now, when a comely One I meet,
By Day, or in the open Street,
Tho' prim She be as any Quaker,
I've e'er ſome civil ſpeech to make her.
This honour to the Sex is ſhewn
In every Nation, but our own;
Addreſs but, here, a Female Stranger,
You're look'd on as a ſecond *Ranger*;
Tho' not the *Virtuous*, but the *Prude*
Repulſe you moſt, or think you rude.

This

This mode of mine t' accoſt a Dame,
Put half our good Town in a Flame;
From Youth to narrative Old-Age,
Put ev'ry Goſſip in a rage;—
" A rage, egad! and who, ſo ſtern?"——
Be ſtill, dear Tom, and you ſhall learn.——
Intending me ſome wicked harm,
'Twas *Prattle* ſounded the alarm;——
Prattle, (whoſe eyes are ſtaring wide
In ſearch of ſights on ev'ry ſide,
Whoſe lips and tongue, with talking big,
Out-do in Dirt, his dirty Wig,)
'To ſee the plainer all things paſs,
Hath got a Houſe where two Streets croſs;
And thence, he ſaid, in all his Bile,
He ſaw me on a Maiden ſmile:
Addreſs her with familiar Air,
In words that made e'en *Prattle* ſtare;
(What rais'd ſuſpicion ſtill the more,
I've learnt this Damſel was a ———;)
All this he ſaw, with good intent,
To give me, as a Friend, a hint;
All this he ſaw, (he'll roundly ſwear)
But whiſper'd in *Another*'s ear;
Another's, and Another's ſtill;—
Now, *Prattle*, tattle out thy fill,
Thou Clapper to a Water-Mill!
Since thou forgot'ſt that I, the firſt,
Should, with thy tattle, have been curs'd;—
If for *my Honour* was thy fear,
Thou ſhould'ſt have whiſper'd in *my* ear.
This Story, Tom, and twenty more,
Flew thro' the Town, from door to door.
Each *Gull*, who kept a little Doxy,
Now quak'd leſt I ſhould prove his Proxy;

To ſpoil *my* ſport, proclaim'd me, to her,
A dang'rous, fickle, gen'ral Wooer;
Each *Huſband*, to appeaſe his Wife,
In praiſe of chaſte, and holy life,
Deſcrib'd me as a *filthy Beaſt*,
That kept *nine* Miſtreſſes at leaſt;
Tho' well they know, I am ſo poor,
I can't afford to pay a ———;
And then, ye Fair, ſo great's my pride,
I hate to give a Laſs a bribe:—
No charms for me, without the heart,
The faireſt Form's moſt beauteous part!
And ſure I am, as God's above,
Where *Int'reſt* ſways there's little *Love*.
The *Tabbies* next began to tattle,
Full faſter than my neighbour *Prattle;*
They purs'd their lips, turn'd up their noſes,
Like parch'd Tea-leaves, or Cabbage-roſes;
Held up their Fans, as I did paſs 'em,
As if afraid I ſhould harraſs 'em;
Declar'd to each that had a Daughter,
To truſt her with me was *Maid-ſlaughter;*
For that I had, with artful wooing,
Of thouſand Virgins been th' undoing.
"All this, my friend, you'd better ſink;
"Some Pots, when ſtirr'd, the ſtronger ſtink."
If ſtink I muſt, before I rot,
Some *Tabby*, too, ſhall ſtir a pot.
For, 'mong theſe Maids of holy life,
Who ſcorn the raptures of a Wife,
I'm moſt provok'd at *Ranter*'s airs;—
Ranter,—to manage her affairs,
Do Fam'ly-duty, as—read pray'rs,
Et cætera—(dear Tom, remark,)
Keeps in her houſe a *bouncing Clerk*,

And brawny Footman, on occaſion,
To give his Clerkſhip a vacation.
I ſay not, Tom, there's any harm
In keeping *Clerk* or *Valet* warm;
(They're fed for ſervice, or protection)
I only mean to hint correction:———
Who *bawl* for *Virtue* and *Decorum*,
Should e'er have *Decency* before 'em;
And ere abroad for Scandal roam,
They ſurely ought to look at home.
But what gives hypocrites a price,
Like railing loud at Neighbour's vice?
What turns the eyes of Folk from *You*,
Like pointing out what Others do?
Who will ſuppoſe that e'er *you* know,
One ſin, you thus, lamenting, ſhew?
Or, from your ſoul, you do not hate
The deeds you blame at bitter rate;
Say, Tom,——but no;—you'd make it long;
E'en ſing, in chorus to *my* ſong:—
Old Women! prattle while you can;
Ye Young! but think me a *good Man!*

The DISCONSOLATE WIDOW.

A Chriſtmas Tale.

THE ſhock I hardly can ſuſtain
To ſee my Neighbour ſuffer pain;
I could not bear that ev'n my Foe
Should live in miſery and woe;

But

But him, I view, who loſes life,
As freed from trouble, freed from ſtrife;
At leaſt from mortal care at reſt,
If number'd not among the bleſs'd.
So, when I mourn, in ſable clad,
'Tis but my *loſs* that makes me ſad:
A *Patron*, dead! whoſe firm ſupport
Secur'd me ſinecures at Court;
A *Friend!* whoſe ſoothing ſpeech and ſmile
Could well the hapleſs hour beguile;
A *Miſtreſs!* or a *loving Wife!*
"Who was the comfort of my life."
In ſhort, 'tis on a *ſelfiſh* ſcore,
That folks the death of friends deplore;
And this I fairly mean to ſhew,
In ſtory of a widow's woe.——
A buxom Widow of Ampthill,
Who e'er was us'd to have her will,
A notion took into her head,
That, tho' her *Dear* was ſurely dead,
At Huſband's loſs the leſs ſhe'd grieve,
Nay, ſome delight would ſtill receive,
(Sweet comfort!) if ſhe only cou'd
Get *Tommy*'s image cut in wood.
The image got, ſhe dreſs'd it out
With ſhirt, and cap, and tooth-ach clout;
In bed then laid it; and, undreſs'd,
She hugg'd the image to her breaſt.
For two long months, as goſſips ſay,
She, conſtant, with this image lay;
And to her maid, young Betty, ſwore,
Her *Tommy*'s death ſhe'd e'er deplore.
Now *Bet* (a blab as ever breath'd,
In whom no ſecret could be ſheath'd,

But out it flew like Quixote-ſword)
Unto her *Serjeant* gave the word;
To him ſhe told her lady's fancy;
He told it to his fav'rite *Nancy;*
This, *Nancy*, with the tidings fraught,
Unto her Love, the *Corp'ral*, brought;
(No French or Spaniſh foul diſaſter,
Thro' Britiſh corps, e'er travel'd faſter;)
The *Corp'ral*, for his very life,
Could not with-hold it from his *Wife;*
His *faithful Wife* the *Captain* told it,
And *he* the myſt'ry ſoon unfolded.

The Captain, vers'd in widows' cant,
Gueſs'd all this buxom Widow's want;
With rev'rence due, and low ſubmiſſion,
To *Bet* he thus preferr'd petition:
That ſhe, moſt gracious, would allow
The cap, pull'd off from Tommy's brow,
To be transferr'd unto his head;
Then lay him gently in the bed,
(Said Captain meant) in *Tommy's* ſtead.
As lovers' ſuits are often gain'd,
He, with a bribe, *his* ſuit obtain'd;
Straight to the chamber was convey'd,
And ſnug beneath the blankets laid;
On pillow grac'd the very ſpot
Of Tommy's nightcap and its knot;
And panting lay,—but cloſe and ſtill
As any thief could in a mill.

Whereas ſome Critic-wits may think,
We wrote that line to fill a chink,
(For Critics oft are curſed bitter)
We'll give a ſimile that's fitter:
By which they'll ſee, our own free will
Here introduc'd both thief and mill;

Not

Not dearth of rhime,— for, on occaſion,
We *can embelliſh* our narration.
* Have you ne'er ſeen a hungry Cat,
Forbear, for once, her wonted ſquat;
Lie all along, and ſeeming dead,
Till Bird hopp'd near, in little dread;
When up ſprang Puſs, poor Sparrow ſeiz'd;
With riot-paw its boſom ſqueez'd;
Plagu'd it with toſſing and with tumbling;
Then ſtopp'd its pipe with fairly mumbling?
So Captain lay;—but, you ſhall hear,
Not ſo quite ended Widow's fear.
At laſt, into her chamber came
The long-expected blooming Dame.
O! how the Captain's courage roſe,
As, gradual, ſhe unpinn'd her clo'es!
Struck was the Hero with delight,
When he beheld the beauteous ſight!
A ſight, ye Gods, what words can tell?
A boſom! ſhap'd in gentle ſwell!
A coral lip! a ſparkling eye!
An arm!—but ſoft, the minute's nigh,
We paſs her *ether* beauties by.
As into bed the Widow crope,
She ſtrait for *Tom* began to grope;
Then gave, with circling arms, a claſp
So tight, it made the Captain gaſp.
"In life again, my pride and boaſt;
(The Widow ſcream'd) a ghoſt! a ghoſt!"
For ſoon ſhe fully underſtood,
The Captain was not made of wood.

Our

* To do juſtice to this ſimile, thou wilt be pleaſed, kind Reader, to rehearſe it in the moſt *tragical* Manner.

Our Widow's heart was not ſo harden'd,
But *greater* crimes could well be pardon'd.
On marriage-vow, then made 'fore Heav'n,
His bold intruſion was forgiven;
" With this proviſo (cry'd the Prude)
" You ſhall lie ſtill, and not be rude;"
Yet, here the wits have ſhrewdly gueſs'd,
The Captain was compleatly bleſs'd.

The morning dawn'd, when *Bet* aroſe,
And, haſty, huddled on her clo'es;
Curious, ſhe, to know the fate
Of Widow, with her loving Mate;
(For much it would have eas'd her mind,
T' have known the Widow had been kind;)
She lightly tript along the floor,
To liſten at the chamber-door.
But, huſh'd was all, not ſtirr'd a mouſe,
Dull ſilence reign'd throughout the houſe;
So, to the key-hole ſhe apply'd
Her mouth, and to her Miſtreſs cry'd:
(But truth muſt here narrate the whole,
Her eager *eye* firſt try'd the hole:)
" O Madam! ſuch a fall of ſnow,
" No mortal, ſure, did ever know!
" I ſaw it, as below I ſtood,
" Full five feet thick upon our wood;
" I ſwept till I did fume and fret,
" But not one faggot could I get;
" The patience of a Job to tire,
" I've nought, alas! to light a fire."
" O! *Bet*, (cry'd Dame, and bit her lips,)
" Take *Tommy*;—cut him into chips;—
" Some better comfort I require,
" So *Tommy* now may light your fire."

A BROIL, between some Men offended,
That was BEGUN, but never ENDED.

YOU ask me, Tom, what cursed spleen,
Infects the Members of our *Green?
And why, instead of social life,
Nought rules the Club but hellish strife?—
To please a Friend, I'll free rehearse
Dry, storied facts, in crabbed verse;
Although the task will tire, indeed,
For *I* must *write* what *you* must *read*.
Now, lest my tale should prove deficient,
(For ev'ry fact hath *Cause efficient*)
I must, in this poetic sinning,
Sing all th' affray, from the beginning.———
Duces (I mean the *Gentry*) sat
In judgment o'er their Ven'son fat†,
Condemning, as a *horrid Treat*,
What they had most devoutly eat;
But "Vulgi stanti *non* Corona,"
For fruit was sent by fair Pomona;
And all the waiters were retir'd,—
When discord fell the council fir'd.———
Old *Customs*, strong as *Statutes*, bind,
In wholesome laws, the human kind;
And not *unwholesome* Those, I wot,
Which certain jolly folk have got:
Such as,—a bumper to the King,
(While moves the bottle round the ring;)

A *second*

* A Bowling-green Club; where a little 'fray happened, which I thought the parties ought to turn into mirth. The story, I confess, is local; but I have given it a republication, because it contains some admonition to our clubs of *jolly fellows*, and because, too, our politicians may find in it some truths.

† 'Twas the Ven'son-feast Day.

A *second* to his royal Dame;
A *third* to ev'ry fellow's flame;
The Preſident (grand Monarch!)'s laſs,
Next claims another bumper-glaſs;
All which we drink, and grow the fatter,
Or elſe are drench'd with ſalt-and-water *.
Now Some, who ſtill deny'd their fault,
Drank Water, here, without the Salt,
Nor would acknowledge, nor obey,
The Preſident's deſpotic ſway;
Whom ev'ry Club, that we have ſeen,
Submiſſive view as King or Queen.——
The *Coloniſts* firſt kick'd and ſpurn'd
Becauſe *Old Cuſtoms* were o'erturn'd;
But theſe obſtrep'rous Sons of Water,
In *their* revolt, revers'd the matter;
O'erturning Cuſtom's ancient Rule,
That Each commands to play the Fool;
To fire his brain till madneſs border,
And drink,—as Preſidents ſhall order.——
To numbers *four*, I think I hinted,
The bumper-toaſts ſhould e'er be ſtinted;
And had the rebels drank them all,
I ſhould eſteem their fault but ſmall;
(Since ſov'reign rule, by bounteous Heav'n,
For purpoſe *good* was ſolely giv'n †;)
But they refus'd to drink the *four*,
Which made our Monarch wond'rous ſore;
He argu'd, reaſon'd, jeer'd or jok'd,
Was nettled firſt, and then provok'd;
Till words aroſe, which caus'd the breach,
And, moſt of all, *Bob Lucid*'s ſpeech.

* The common puniſhment for mutiny, in theſe Caſes, is a Bumper of Salt-and-water.

† See a moſt excellent Sermon, preached before the Univerſity of Cambridge, by Dr. Watſon.

Now *Frank*, * ſuppoſing It to mean,
That *He* ſhould be expell'd the Green,
Diſcharg'd, forthwith, the total meſs
Of Negus red.—in Robert's face;—
Such was th' *Intent*;—but Fate commanded
To ſing on *whom* the liquor landed;
And much we feel—when we muſt note,
It ſpotted all poor *Percy's* coat;
(But let not *Percy* make a pother,
He can afford to buy another;)—
Bob us'd his *hands*;—but *moſt* his *tongue*,
In uſing which I deem it wrong;
(Foul language only ſtains the *Speaker*,
Nor makes the *taker* worſe, nor weaker;)—
But Robert thought, as I did think,
'The *bowl* had follow'd faſt the *drink*;
Now, bowl or bottle, at his head,
Might maim a Man, or lay him dead;
And though "a Man was mad with anger,"
Makes not, in *law*, his guilt the ſtronger,
A gen'rous ſoul, howe'er in rage,
Shou'd warn defence, ere war it wage.——
So, 'ſtead of giving noſe a twitch,
Or uſing vulgar kick o' breech,
Bold *Frank* on honour's law relied,
And with the Negus but *defied*.
What ſooner to defiance led,
Frank's black coat formerly was *red*;
He was to *ſwords* (ill-luck to heap on!)
More us'd than to the *Parſon*'s *Weapon*.
He had not read ſly *Jenyns*' creed,
That makes of *valour* little need†;

Nor

* The Preſident of the Day.

† See his *Internal Evidence of the Chriſtian Religion*.

Nor had good Robert great aſſurance
In *paſſive courage*, or *endurance;*
Nor can they yet, perhaps, agree,
That *friendſhip* may not always be
A *chriſtian* virtue, when, with heat,
One makes a neighbour's broil compleat.
Yet, I muſt chooſe to give applauſe,
Ere I eſpouſe Another's cauſe;
And, till I found the cauſe was *good*,
I'd ſcruple much to ſpill my blood.
Now, let us take another look,
Before we ſhut fly *Jenyns'* book;
And let him note, for winter's ſeſſion,
My ſhrewd remarks in this digreſſion.
In Parliament, a tedious year,
I next him ſat, and thought it queer,
He e'er obey'd the *Treaſ'rer's* nod;
But now it ſeems no longer odd;
For here thou ſay'ſt, my little quiz!
(How could I read it in thy phiz?)
"*A Patriot deed no Virtue is.*"
'Twas this that made thee ne'er divide
With *Savile*, on thy Country's ſide;
But, right or wrong, give firm ſupport
To ev'ry meaſure of the Court.
Yet, *paſſing wiſe!* the Men may be
With whom you ever did agree;
Or, elſe, this inference I draw:—
You neither *heard* nor ever *ſaw*,
Save when the "*Queſtion!*" rous'd to vote;
And then,—you held by *Cooper's* * Coat.——

The

* Secretary to the Treaſury.—It is to be feared, there are many indolent, well-meaning Members of both Houſes of Parliament, who make little uſe of their own underſtanding, but follow (like blind Beggars) thoſe Leaders in whom they have put their truſt.

The Men I ſing, were men of *ſpirit*,
Tho, *Chriſtians*, both, of *modern* merit;
They both were warm;—but why ſhould others,
Who calm beheld, not live like Brothers?
Why ſhould, on this, the Club divide?
Let reaſon cool the cauſe decide:—
In all this *mighty great* affair,
(Tho' *Percy* at his coat may ſtare)
Nought ſuffer'd but the *earthen-ware*;
For, 'tis with ſorrow, we muſt ſay,
The *bowl* return'd to *mother clay*;—
Frank paid the *bowl*; and, for the liquor,
Let's ſcorn it,—till he's made a Vicar.

* * * * * * * * *

Our *Tale* has ſuch a *Moral* in't,
We need but cloſe it with a *hint*;—
Of *Britain*'s *broils*, then, be it ſaid:—
We wiſh the coſts as ready paid!

The

NOTE. I ſhould not have taken notice of Mr. J——'s parliamentary conduct, were it not to make a diſtinction, which, in his *Internal Evidence of the Chriſtian Religion*, he has unluckily forgotten. I join with him in blaming that *ambitious Patriotiſm*, which prompts us to wiſh the proſperity of our own Countrymen, at the expence of the proſperity and happineſs of other Nations. But I muſt ever praiſe that generous Patriotiſm, proceeding from a motive of univerſal benevolence, which fires us into a reſiſtance againſt the *Few*, in their tyranny, or oppreſſion of the *Many*. In this laſt kind of Patriotiſm, our Author ſeemed a little defective.—For the reſt,—*Valour*, *Friendſhip* and *Patriotiſm* are certainly not Virtues inculcated by Chriſtianity, to the excluſion of an univerſal good-will towards our fellow-creatures. And when they are employed *offenſively*, in a War of Depredation, they act totally againſt the Spirit of our Religion.—But as this Globe is not inhabited by perfect, *inoffenſive* Creatures, we muſt preſume that theſe *pagan* Virtues (as he calls them) were implanted in our breaſts, for the wiſe purpoſe of *Defence*, in the many unavoidable encounters with ſublunary Evil.

The PROVOKED STEED*.

THE Man that plann'd the Chariot-pin†,
Of praiſe I would not ſtrip;
He ſaves the necks of them, within,
Who wildly wield the whip.

Yet, equal praiſe to them, I give,
Who Pins need never uſe;
Who kindly with their cattle live,
Nor *Nat'ral Rights* abuſe.

To Him ſtill greater praiſes be,
Who firſt contriv'd the art
To ſcratch a brute, (where bit a flea)
And taught it not to ſtart.

By maddeſt Bull that ever roar'd,
Or leapt o'er fence of thorn,
He dreads no danger to be gor'd;
But leads him by the horn.

A country-

* Theſe Lines allude to the Defection in America, occaſioned by our wrong management.—The *Steed* (America) carried his *Rider* (the King) very well, in the old *beaten* track of accuſtomed Government, till the unuſual appearance of the *Paper-Kite* (compoſed of Stamp Act, Reſolutions, &c.) ſtartled him. —Inſtead, then, of ſoothing him to go on, the unlucky Boys of Miniſters, with their *coercive Meaſures*, provoked him to bring his Rider to his ſad Cataſtrophe. The Americans threw off their Allegiance a few Months after that Event was here prophecied.

† A new-invented Pin, to detach the Horſes from a Carriage when they run away with it;—alluding to Dean Tucker's Plan for emancipating our American Colonies.

A country-wight *, of gen'rous ſoul,
Thus bears a mild command:
Firſt courts his herd with friendly pole,
Then feeds them from the hand.

Of him a ſtately Steed I bought,
And mounted on his back;
On way, no *untry'd* path I ſought,
But kept the *beaten* track.

We travell'd long both ſafe and quick,
Till, ſudden, in a fright,
Started my Steed, and aim'd a kick
At *ſtooping Paper-kite.*

I ſtrok'd his neck, and ſcratch'd his ear;
So! ſo'd! him well, of courſe;
For that curs'd Kite had caus'd his fear;
No fault was in the Horſe.

No rider, ſure, (unleſs in ſpite)
Would laſh a ſtartled ſteed;
Mine calm'd ſo ſoon, and fac'd the Kite,
I could its papers read:———

Some *Reſolutions of the Houſe*,
Some *Acts* of a blind nation,
Down, in the ſwamp, ſome *Stamps* fell ſouſe!
And eke a *Proclamation.*

For,

* An eminent Grazier in Leiceſterſhire, who tames all his Cattle by the means of a long Pole, with which he ſcratches them; and, by ſhortening it gradually, he comes at length to feel them with his hand.

For, lo! 'twas but a puff of wind
That gave this kite support;
Now *puffs* deceive, as oft we find,
And spoil the gazer's sport.

The youths, to whom this kite belong'd,
Came running up soon after;
First, round me, in a circle, throng'd,
And, next, began their laughter:

"What frightens, Sir, that nag of thine?
"The kite can do no harm;
"In dreadful hue though it may shine,
"'Tis but a *False Alarm*.

"Are you, great Sir, afraid to chide;
"To use your whip or spur?
"Come, we shall teach you how to ride,
"And soon shall make him stir.

"He kick'd our kite,—and there's for that;—
"By Jove! he shall leap o'er it;
"Rare fun, my lads!—now, t'other pat;"—
Not long my proud steed bore it;

The imps their switches ply'd so well,
My horse grew furious quite;
Then plung'd, and threw me (sad to tell!)
In dirt, with *Paper-kite*.

Now prosper long our noble King!
Our lives and safeties all!
And grant, that GEORGE regain his seat,
Should *He* get such a Fall!

To the Honourable Miſs SEYMOUR, with the Preſent of a NOSEGAY.

GAY flowers, fair Seymour, oft convey,
This moral to ſome maid:
The days of youth muſt paſs away;
Like flowers all beauty fade.

But thee I need not thus remind
Of beauty's fading ſtate;
Tho' Heav'n to thee has been full kind,
Thy heart is not elate.

Thy parents form'd thy mind to prize
What laſts when beauty's gone;——
With theſe few flowers, in ſimple guiſe
I teach thee *this* alone:——

The ſwain that ſteals too near thy heart,
(Let theſe poor ſprigs now reſt,)
With ſoft ſurpriſe will make it ſtart,
And flutter in thy breaſt.

Ah! gay his look and ſweet his ſmile,
When firſt that ſwain appears;
His heart thou'lt think, is void of guile;——
But try * him a few years;

A ſecond try;—another, too;
The bad will keep but ill;
The *conſtant bloom* muſt prove *him* true,
To whom thou yield'ſt thy will.

LINES

* The Author would not here be underſtood to recommend Coquetry. A lady may *try* and aſcertain the tempers and diſpoſitions of *ſeveral* lovers, without encouraging the addreſſes of *any*.

LINES ſent to a YOUNG LADY, with the Preſent of a POCKET-BOOK, and ſome GENUINE COURT PLAISTER to heal a CUT in her FINGER.

WHILE you, *Maria*, here incloſe
My ſcrolls, with cautious look,
Your ſecrets in *your breaſt* repoſe,
But *mine*—within *this book*.

Now tell, ſweet balm! ſo kindly ſpread
On this ſoft ſilk I ſend,
How I would heal, (tho' each vein bled)
The ſorrows of my friend.

Yet, may ſhe ne'er a thought conceive
She would from me conceal!
Maria ne'er one pain aggrieve,
Should give me pain to heal!

SEMPER EADEM.

LINES written on the Canvas of a half-finiſhed PORTRAIT of Mrs. CREW *.

SURE, lovely maid! no ills of life
To you were ever known;
No loſs of friends, nor wedlock's ſtrife,
Yet caus'd you e'er to moan.

* The Lady, whoſe countenance expreſſes the moſt perfect ſerenity of mind, was drawn with her head reſting on her hand, and her eyes fixed attentively on the ground.

Then eye not, with that thoughtful look,
The duſt from whence you ſprung;
With pangs of woe, too ill to brook,
Your heart was never wrung.

An ANSWER to ELIZA's Choice of a Huſband, and of the Manner in which ſhe would paſs her Life.

THY choice, ELIZA, proves thy mind,
To be for tender Love,
For Friendſhip form'd of pureſt kind,
Chaſte as the ſpotleſs Dove.

But vain thy choice!—for, here below
There is no *laſting* peace;
And bliſs, once known, imbitters woe,
If e'er that bliſs ſhould ceaſe.

Thy *firſt* fond wiſh * ſhould'ſt thou obtain,
And Heaven deny to laſt;
The Huſband gone!—alas! the pain,
To ſigh for bleſſings paſt!

Then pray not for a mortal mate;
Be happy as thou art;
Contentment's known in ev'ry ſtate,
If grateful be the heart.

Praiſe

* For a Huſband.

Praiſe Heaven for all thy days of peace;
But ſhould that peace be ſmall,
Pray Heaven thy virtues to encreaſe,
And Heaven may grant 'em all.

If more thou aſk, thou canſt not know
What evils may enſue;
Thy boon might end in deepeſt woe,
And ever make thee rue.

The truths I ſing are not leſs ſtrong,
Howe'er my numbers fail;
More precept yet conveys my ſong:
O! hear my own ſad Tale!

Three years I lov'd; three years I ſigh'd
For fair *Maria*'s hand;
Three years my bliſs ſhe ſtill denied,
By Parents dread command.

Till threaten'd, by their tyrant will,
To † proſtitute her charms,—
(To ſhun a certain, future ill)—
She fled into my arms.

Five years of ſweet delight did roll,
Such!—ſuch thou haſt not ſung!
To tell the joy poſſeſs'd my ſoul,
Exceeds all human tongue.

Three

† All the Sentimental Poets agree, that the woman who marries without a proper friendſhip and affection for the man whom ſhe weds, is but a proſtitute licenced by the Church.

As the Manner of MARIA's death is generally known, I imagined it would do no injury to her memory, the diſcloſing the motives that urged her to her laſt deſperate deed.

Three blooming boys, with cherub face,
Were offspring of our love;
But, ah! ſhe fear'd a num'rous race
A weight on me ſhould prove:

She fear'd ſome dark Misfortune's ſtorm,
Should wreck me in its fall;
In virtuous mind and beauteous form
She'd brought to me her All.

Her generous ſoul it ſuited ill,
That Heaven denied the power
My coffers with her wealth to fill,——
To gild the golden hour.

She bad me,—"live; be happy ſtill;"—
She ſaid, "I die ere long;
"Forgive, my friend, forgive this ill;
"My infants can no wrong."

Then, from me ſprung with frantic ſtart,
With dauntleſs fury fir'd,
She plung'd a dagger to her heart;
Repented, and expir'd.

* * * * * * * *

Her EPITAPH;

Inſcribed on a plain Marble Slab, between the Duke of ARGYLE's and Mr. HANDEL's Monuments, in WESTMINSTER Abbey.

THO' low in earth, her beauteous Form decay'd,
My faithful Wife, my lov'd *Maria*'s laid,

In

In ſad remembrance the Afflicted raiſe
No pompous tomb, inſcrib'd with venal praiſe.
To Stateſmen, Warriors, and to Kings belong
The trophied ſculpture and the Poet's ſong;
And theſe the Proud, expiring, often claim,
Their wealth bequeathing to record their name;
But humble Virtue, ſtealing to the duſt,
Heeds not our lays or monumental buſt.
To name her virtues, ill befits my grief;
What *was* my Bliſs can *now* give no relief;
A Huſband mourns!—the reſt let Friendſhip tell;
Fame! ſpread her worth! a Huſband *knew* it well.

ELEGY on the Death of a favourite TURTLE-DOVE.

BE huſh'd, ye winds!—ye billows! ceaſe to roar;
Ye white-crown'd lilies! droop your gaudy heads;
And all ye flow'rs! that bloom on Forth's ſad ſhore:
For fair Eliza mourns her turtle dead.

" O Julia! Julia! lovely Julia! hear;
" Hear the known ſound of thy Eliza's voice;
" Come, pick thy meal;—thy little bill draw near;
" Swell thy full creſt, with flutt'ring wing rejoice.

" Where art thou, trifler?—ſoft-plum'd fav'rite!
" where?
" Why tarry thus at fond Eliza's call?
" At firſt-pip'd note thou us'd, ere now, t'appear;
" Fly to my arm, or on my boſom fall.

" Alas!

" Alas! what ſight! my Julia dead and cold!
" What hand prophane hath done the murd'rous
" deed!
" Oh! no!—no villain, harden'd, fierce, or bold,
" In wanton malice could make Julia bleed.

" 'Twas *Nature* dragg'd her to the ſhades of death,
" In ſpite of conſtancy, in ſpite of love;
" No chaſte deſires could here prolong her breath,
" Nor life as pure as angels boaſt above.

" Ye infants! weep;—ye ſpotleſs virgins! mourn;
" Of what avail your innocence, your worth!
" Since, ſoon, too ſoon! you muſt to duſt return?—
" Virtue inſures no reſidence on earth.

" Yet, in a heav'nly and immortal ſtate,
" A ſure reward awaits your virtuous deeds;
" That hope is *your's*, tho' ſhort ſhould be your date;
" But where the comfort when my Julia bleeds?"

A Conſolatory ELEGY, addreſſed to a YOUNG LADY, on the Death of her favourite TURTLE-DOVE.

TIR'D with the dance, the gay and crouded ball,
To peaceful home *Maria* now retires;
Tho' oft ſhe follows fickle Faſhion's call,
Great,—great Ambition all her boſom fires.

She pants for ev'ry language, ev'ry tongue;
She burns to ſtudy ev'ry Science thro':

But

But say, *Maria*, shall it e'er be sung,
Thou hast forgot thy harder self to know?

Thou wert not born to rule a stubborn state,
Or on the Bench explain the doubtful Law;
Or at the Bar (its rigour to abate)
Plead for the Guilty, resting on a flaw.

To live by Traffic, thou wert ne'er design'd;
To steer the vessel to each distant coast;
To wage fell war against thy fellow-kind;
To raise a Bulwark, or command a Host.

Heav'n has not form'd thee, with *Hygean* bowl,
To cure or comfort each corporeal ill;
Nor must thou, teaching Physic for the Soul,
High from the Pulpit preach th' Almighty will.

Then, wherefore all that study, all that pain,
To learn each science, and each language read?
From these, *Maria!* lo, what little gain!
Thy mind is ruffled at a Turtle dead!

Thou weep'st, fond maid! with tears bedew thy Dove!
Now wring thy hands; and tear thy auburn hair!
Thy heart is feeling, and unfeign'd thy love;
But all thy soul is sadden'd by despair.

If such thy sorrow at *imagin'd* ill,
O may'st thou never love a thankless Swain!
A Lover lost!—(what could thy passions still?)
Pride, grief, or fury, then would wreck thy brain.

VERSES sent to a YOUNG LADY, with the Present of a LANDSKIP-DRAWING.

DEPICTED, here, Contentment's * cot behold!
With lowly roof of mean thatch cover'd o'er;
Where, jarring loud, no coſtly gates unfold,
But *Meekneſs* ſtoops to ope its humble door.

Next, imag'd, ſee the ſtream of human care;
In which ſome, angling, earn their ſcanty bread;
(Who, hardy, try to wade, no better fare;
† For Rocks and Cat'racts thwart their vent'rous tread.)

Some, muſing, ſtand aloof,—and view the ſhore
Where vainer mortals think ſure bliſs to find;
They, prudent, ſhun the rapid torrent's roar;
Heav'n's doom receiving with an *even mind.*

Others, again, with wealth and princely pow'r,
An ample arch, high, o'er the torrent throw;
And ſoft they roll, in golden, giddy hour;
But where they'll end, alas! they little know:

A wood obſcure, perchance, they have to paſs,
† Where no broad path admits proud grandeur's car;
Their wheels may ſtop, ingulpht in deep moraſs;
Their ſteeds may ſtumble o'er ſome traverſe bar;
Full

* In the Landſkip to which theſe lines allude, was a river in front, on the left-hand bank of which was a Hermitage or Cottage; on the right-hand bank ſtood an Angler, and a ſtatue of Contemplation; and, farther removed, was a Bridge with a Poſt-chariot driving along it.

† Excuſe a *rumbling* line or two. When I think the ſound is expreſſive of the ſenſe, I take no exception againſt the *ſnarling R*, or any other letter of the alphabet.

Full many a prickly thorn and bramble tall
Obſtruct their paſſage, like an armed foe;
The arch may crack,—then headlong down they fall;
Plung'd in the flood, they're ſwept to ſeas of woe.

A
NORTHERN PASTORAL.

On the Death of the Earl and Counteſs of SUTHERLAND.

Addreſs'd to the Reverend Mr. ANDREW KINROSS,† at whoſe Academy, at Enfield, the late Earl and the Author of this Paſtoral paſs'd ſome years, very happily, together.

Fortunati ambo! ſi quid mea Carmina poſſunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo.
VIRG. ÆN. Lib. IX.

THE ſun was ſunk beneath the * weſtern hill;
Fall'n was the breeze; the chilling ev'ning ſtill;
No leaf now ruſtled on the talleſt tree;
No fly was ſeen; nor heard the humming bee;

† Much honour is due to this Gentleman for the ſhare he has had in my ſon Charles's education; tho' he may gain little by the productions of my brain.—

* The ſeaſon is ſuppoſed to be the Autumnal Equinox.

But ſtill a murmur, from the neighb'ring ſhore,
Diſturb'd the ear with harſh-reſounding roar;†
Tho' calm the wind, the waves yet heav'd on high,
And, with their foaming, pleas'd the ſhepherd's eye;
Their foam alone was to the viſion free,
For hazy twilight blended ſky and ſea;
But, when the ſun ſhone bright upon the tide,
Blue ſeem'd the billows from the mountain's ſide;
The azure ſky reflected, then, was ſeen,
And, as it ice, obſcur'd the ocean's green.
The buzzing beetle, wing'd now with his ſhield,
Through dewy vapour, ſkims along the field;
And, here and there, regardleſs of his courſe,
The ſlumb'ring ſheep he ſtrikes, or ſtartled horſe.
Up bounds the timid ſheep, and ſtamps the ground;
His wak'ning mates, all wond'ring, riſe around;
Then as a hoſt, with daſtard panic ſtruck,
Within the * fold runs, ſcar'd, the num'rous flock.
The oxen, looſen'd from the clay-ſhod plough,
Cropt their green food beſide the favour'd cow;
The cow, indulg'd, becauſe to man ſhe yields,
In milky ſtore, the paſture of his fields,
Was, by *Corinna*, guided to the mead,
And left to wander where ſhe liſt to feed:—
When old *Menalcas*, wearied with the day,
Sat by his fire, and doz'd the hours away.
Young *Colin*, wont to practiſe to his ſheep,
Play'd on his pipe, and lull'd his ſire aſleep;
Whilſt fair *Corinna* deck'd the ſcanty board,
And ſpread ſuch fare as cottagers afford;

Then,

† As the moſt beautiful Landſkips, in the north, are in the neighbourhood of the ſea, the Author will be forgiven for giving a peep of it in his paſtoral.—

* The folds in the north are large enough to admit of ſuch a race.

Then, all impatient, from the neighb'ring town,
Awaits gay *Damon* with her bridal gown.
But good *Menalcas*, in his antient chair,
Repos'd not long his mind from world'y care;
For soon he ſtarted in his ſleep, and cried,
With voice of horror:—"See how ſwift they glide,
"Pale ſpectres both!—ah! trace them as they fly;"
With that he breath'd, and gave a deep-heav'd ſigh.
Colin, appall'd, his pipe dropt on the floor,
Then ghaſtly ſtar'd, and ſhun'd the half-ſhut door.
The ſcar'd *Corinna*, trembling, totter'd near,
And ſought, in light, a vain relief from fear.
Menalcas woke:

MENALCAS.

My children, did you ſee
Two ſpectres paſs?—but, fool? it cannot be;
It was a viſion fear'd me, in my dream;
And what I thought I *ſaw*, did ſurely *ſeem*.

COLIN.

Nought have we ſeen; but grant, ye pow'rs who know!
No ills may fill our father's houſe with woe;
For, when, laſt night, I led my ſheep to fold,
Stiff ſtood my dog, as chill'd with froſt and cold;
I call'd him to me; foreward ſtill he ſtar'd;
Stopt was my flock, and ſeem'd at ſomething ſcar'd.
Some ſight, portentous, they did ſure deſcry;
Some ſight impervious to the human eye.*

CORINNA.

O father! hear what I have to relate;
(I dread there's ſomething, darkn'ing, in our fate,)
I told

* Some of the country people have a notion, that brutes ſee many ſtrange things which the human eye can not diſcover.

I told it not; for, when of ghoſts I ſpeak,
You gravely chide me, for a mind ſo weak:—
As, late laſt night, I left our neighbour's door,
And croſs'd the yard*thick-ſtock'd with all your ſtore,
Pale ſhone the moon, and, awful! to my ſight
Expos'd a figure, or a ſtalking ſpright;
I ſtood aghaſt; when, lo! another came,
In white apparell'd, and in ſhape, the ſame;
It look'd around; and, with a wond'ring air,
A geſture made expreſſive of deſpair;
It paus'd and liſten'd; ſudden, looking back,
It view'd its mate turn round the wheaten ſtack;
But, ere its mate ſlow-glided from my ſight,
It ſtopp'd and beckon'd to its ſiſter ſpright;
With ſolemn ſtep the ſecond follow'd near,
And wrung its hands and wip'd a falling tear.—
Ha! *Damon* comes; my brother, welcome home;
But why ſo ſad? and why that diſmal gloom!
Why on that front, ſo ſmooth of late, a frown?
Is *Pie-ball* dead?—or have you loſt my gown?

DAMON.

Alas! my ſiſter, what I have to mourn
Exceeds all loſſes you or I have borne;
The cauſe of ſorrow, which you read ſo well,
Exceeds your gueſs,—almoſt my pow'r to tell:—
Our chieftain's dead!—but, firſt, his gentle mate
Fled to the ſkies, reſolv'd to ſhare his fate.†

CORINNA.

* The monopolizing of farms being not yet ſo general in the North-Country, as it is in the South, it is no uncommon thing, in Scotland, to ſee a cottager poſſeſs'd of a very comfortable farm-yard.

† The Earl died a few hours after his Counteſs, who was brought to her grave by a long and tender attendance on him during his laſt illneſs.

CORINNA.

Fidelia dead! my lov'd, my honour'd friend!
Then, farewell peace;—contentment's at an end.
My *friend* she was: she gave me e'er that name,
As to our cot, with gifts, she daily came;
Yet not with these *Corinna*'s love she won;
With female counsels, with her smiles alone.
When oft, at eve, I fed my feather'd flock,
She by me sat and held her little *Jock*;
Reprov'd him, gently, if he dar'd to bark;
Each rarest chicken, by its curious mark,
She told me next; then, from my wooden bowl
A handful took, to feed her fav'rite fowl;—
Even such small gifts denote a generous soul.

COLIN.

Fidelia gain'd my rev'rence and esteem;
So sweet her voice! so mild her eyes did beam!
She sooth'd my music, when she listen'd near;
My pipe was softer, and its notes more clear.
Then, how she smil'd! when oft my lambkins stray'd,
And skipp'd around her, as they wanton play'd,
Of her light step, nor little *Jock* afraid.
But her lov'd lord!—for him a tear must flow;
Courage forgives such weakness in our woe;
Courage, unmov'd, its own misfortune bears,
Tho' for a friend it drop some trickling tears.
Beneath my woe my mind, alas! must bend:
I've lost a chieftain, and a noble friend;
A second sire;—he promis'd such to be,
If you, my father, luckless, died 'fore me.
When † *Constance* led his men to Britain's war,
I too, tho' young, his standard follow'd far;

Peace

† The Earl was Colonel of the Sutherland feucible men.

Peace bleſs'd our iſle ere we had ſeen a foe;
The band diſmiſs'd,—home tides of ſhepherd's flow!
Conſtance, in friendſhip, as in judgment, ripe,
Call'd as I went,—"Here, *Colin*, take this pipe;
"With notes melodious cheer our native ſhore,
"And glad your ſoul, when I ſhall be no more."

DAMON.

That pledge, dear *Colin*, of our chieftain's love,
Muſt now your paſtime and our comfort prove.
Sound it aloft, while I forget my grief,
And in its muſic ſeek a ſhort relief.
O ſtun the horrid billows of that ſhore,
That ſink my ſpirit with their hollow roar;
All notes, now ſounding in a ſolemn tone,
Awake my woe, and move me but to moan.
That roar was wont to glad our mountain's ſide,
But, now, more grateful is the diſtant tide;
When loud the ſurge in waves came rolling in,
Large gifts it floated* for our ſoil ſo thin;
But could it halt, and e'er at low-tide roar,
I'd ſhun the rock;—nor ſea-weed gather more.

MENALCAS.

Your grief, my children, I, too well, approve,
For *much* to grieve arraigns the God above;
Yet, when, in duſt, a long-lov'd friend is laid,
By ſudden impulſe nature's well obey'd;
A tear will ſtart; the firmeſt ſoul will feel;
Each heart muſt bleed, that is not hard as ſteel.
Alas! they're gone; by heav'n's high will they ſped;
Juſt is that doom by which they, dying, bled.

But

* The ſea-weeds, which the tide throws upon the ſhore, afford the farmers, along the coaſt, a rich manure for their land.

But dry your tears; we're not of hope bereft:—
A child they had, an *infant* they have left;
That helpleſs orphan now demands our care,
Demands the love we to each other bear;
The parents dead, be all the joy we have
To ſave the daughter from a greedy grave;
Our paſt regard, for them, we beſt ſhall prove,
Their infant tending with our fondeſt love.

Corinna! you (for now the winds blow cold)
Shall work a cloak, her tender limbs t'infold;
With flowing ſtream, from fulleſt udder preſt
Of fav'rite ewe, ſupply the mother's breaſt;
Soon as, with ſhouts and far-reſounding horn,
The jolly huntſmen hail the ruddy morn,
(Your daily gift ſupporting on your head)
With cautious ſtep to yonder city tread.

And you, my ſons! each day you trudge to town,
Soft lamb-wool carry; (healthier far than down!)
Be that her bed, with that her cradle line;
A healthful bed exceeds a golden mine!——
Cull, too, at morn, the fragrant herbs, that grow
Where feeds your flock upon the mountain's brow;
Their juice, to babes, more pleaſing far muſt be
Than Indian coffee, or than Chineſe tea.——
Be mine the taſk, as at the hearth I ſit,
The ſofteſt mittens, for her arms, to knit†;
Or, if you'll ſtrip ſome willow-twigs, with care,
I'll work a cradle and a wicker-chair.——

Pleas'd with the thought, the old man gave a bound,
And with his ſtaff, tranſported, ſtruck the ground.
With that he cheer'd his children to their meal;
Then kneel'd to God to bleſs the common-weal,
To bleſs the orphan, and their board to bleſs;
And pray'd t'avert, in grief or joy, Exceſs.

† Knitting is a common employment among the ſhepherds in Scotland.

An EPITAPH intended for MICHAEL UTTELY, of ENDFIELD;

Who having, by the Benefaction of Friends, purchaſed his Tombſtone, and laid it in the Church-yard of that Place, continued to pay a daily Viſit to the Spot of his future Abode.

UNthinking mortals! ſtop, and mark this ſtone;
No darling ſon, no daughter, loſt, I moan;
No bones of a dead father, claim a tear;
No honour'd reliques of a monarch, here;
In this dark vault, his debt to nature paid,
Michael, a poor, but honeſt man, is laid;
Michael ſtill liv'd when friendſhip laid this ſtone;
A Friend inſcribes it *now*,—a friend unknown;
Who means, of all his worth, alone to tell
One goodly practice: ere by age he fell,
Serenely ſad, he courted oft the dead,
And, to his tomb, a daily viſit made.
Ye great, ye proud, ye rich, ye poor, attend;
This leſſon follow: fearleſs view your end.

On the DEATH of the Reverend Mr. L. STERNE, Author of the SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY, &c.

MOURN, Britons! mourn; your fatal loſs deplore;
Mirth's fled your iſle, for *Sterne* is now no more;
Sterne, who, to man, this leſſon left below:
He moſt is bleſt, whoſe *feelings* overflow.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH for an old SERVANT at HOPETOUN HOUSE.

PASS not, proud mortals! thus unmindful by;
Here moulders one, who never told a lie;
Who ne'er detracted from another's fame;
Nor e'er, by scandal, brought a man to shame;
In life's uneven path, contented, trod;
Curs'd not his neighbour, nor blasphem'd his God;
To converse private gave no list'ning ear;
Nor was, one slander, ever known to hear;
Who, silent to his friends as to his foes,
His master's secrets never would disclose;
But faithful, sober, pious, good, and just,
Serv'd him obedient, and fulfill'd his trust;
More *virtuous*, none, in boastful Greece or Rome;
More *great* could be,—* for *deaf* he was and *dumb*.

In Memory of ROBERT COX,

Who died on the 26th of March 1777, in the 78th Year of his Age;

Having long and faithfully served, in the Office of Common-Crier, the Town and Corporation of Northampton.

THEN silenced, by the voice of Death,
Tall *Robin* fell—whose mighty breath

* I don't know if I have made myself perfectly understood: but I meant that it was impossible for him to *shine* like a man who possessed all his faculties.

Gave vent to ſpeech, in ſtronger ſtrain
Than Mortal e'er ſhall ſpeak again;
Who words, in tidings, never ſpared,
But freely with his neighbours ſhared;
Who news of * *wanton murder* bore,
With ſound of bell, to ev'ry door;
And oft, in honour of the *dead*,
Such fervent praiſes ſang, or ſaid,
Some were (he'd vow with little thinking)
Return'd to *life*, † when they were *ſtinking*;
Who loud proclaim'd, to foe and friend,
The *loſſes* which misfortunes ſend;
Who told of *robberies* and *theft*,
And men of goods, by *fraud*, bereft.—
Such were the ſervices, of late,
One noiſy Man perform'd the ſtate!
And now *another*, with *his* bell,
Attempts to toll the warning knell;
Attempts the praiſes of the dead;
O! may ye profit by his trade!
Each time his bell alarms the ſtreet,
Remember,—life is ſhort and fleet!
Think on the hours (to your ſad coſt)
Which time hath *ſtol'n*, and ye have *loſt*;
Reflect how oft ye heedleſs *ſtray*
From honour's path, from virtue's way;
O! let *its ſound* ſupply your *ſenſe*,
And think—ye'll ſoon be *ſummon'd* hence!

An

* Dead rabbits, turkeys, and geeſe;—freſh ſalmon, cod, and all kinds of fiſh,—† ekc-live lobſters and oyſters, are advertiſed for ſale by the town-crier.

An OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE, ſpoken at the Opening of a Country Theatre.

[*Spoken from behind the Scenes.*

PRAY, let me go;—pray do, good brother Tom,
Let's ſee our barn, now theſe fine folk are come,
[*Enters in the character of a Farmer.*
Zooks! what a change! I vow I ſhould not know it!
The droll Contriver, ſurely, was a Poet,
Or ſome Improver, (both alike their brains!)
Who elſe would change plain Nature with ſuch pains?
But, *hocus'd-pocus'd* All, with ſo much art!
That Juggler, *Jonas*, muſt have play'd a part.
Where all the *ſkins* that hung on yonder beam?
Vaniſh'd they are, like viſions of a dream!
Unleſs, perhaps, (I'd tell if I were near 'em)
In gloves, the Fair on *whiter* ſkins now wear 'em.
The late black *cobwebs*, by ſome witch's paws,
Are conjur'd all to—Ladies' lace and gauze!
Here dwell'd ſome *lambs;* and ſtill, I truſt, they're found
Sitting, transform'd, in innocence around.
Our *oats* no more!—yet, if the truth were known,
There, in their ſtead, a few *wild oats* are ſown.
Our *chaff* and *ſtraw* are alſo ſtol'n or fled,
But ſoon return in—Players, poorly fed!
And ſhort their ſtay,—(I muſt 'em friendly warn)
For harveſt's near,—and I ſhall—clear the barn.
My *flail* I ſee converted to a cane;
A Critic's ſtick!—to *threſh* out what they mean.
The *ſacks* that held our little ſtock of grain,
Now turn'd to *ſilks*, more *precious ſtores* contain.
Zounds! now I think;—in this ſame place, I'm told,
They've dug a Pit—that can an hundred hold!

Who

Who knows, the Play'rs—(the ſpeedy way to thrive)
Mean to inter their Landlord, here, alive;
Be that their game?—Then, by the ſetting Sun,
My worthy Friends, 'tis time for me to run!
[*Seems to go, and returns.*
Soft!—ere I go,—I hope I've not offended;
[*Aſſumes the Actor.*
No Peaſant *I*;—*my* manners muſt be mended;
With aught I ſaid I meant not to offend;
For *each to pleaſe* is every Being's end;
That point in view, why ſpeak not as we can?
If not the *Actor*,—ſure, you'll praiſe the *Man*.

A PROLOGUE, ſpoken to ſome favourite Paſſages, from the moſt celebrated ENGLISH AUTHORS, rehearſed, to a numerous Audience, by the Young Gentlemen educated at a public Academy.

WHO ſtudies Nature, thinks not, ſure, to find
A cloſe attention in a giddy mind.
To hear dull precepts can we Youngſters ſit?
No;—mix your maxims with ſome fun or wit;
Such keep us fix'd.—In *Sermons* would you teach?
Snore then we muſt, tho' *Stonehouſe*'ſelf ſhould preach.
Treat us with *travels*, or ſome new dreſs'd *fable*—
All nail'd you'll find us 'round the deſk or table!
At *tales* of woe, too, we can give an ear,
And learn to drop, at others' grief, a tear;
Can learn from *ſtory*, as we greedy read,
How beſt the paths of rugged life to tread;
To ſhun oppreſſion; aid the meek and mild;
Befriend the widow, or the orphan-child.

So

So giddy youth, by Moraliſts we're told,
Are caſt to goodneſs in a cunning mold;
Are faſhion'd into any ſhape you lay;—
Amuſe our minds,—we're work'd like Potter's clay.
Our Maſter, thus, with kind intention fraught,
Meant, with a Play, t' have *pleas'd* as well as *taught*;
" To raiſe the Genius and to mend the heart," (1)
Cato was nam'd, and each aſſign'd his part.
Fir'd at the name, I gave *my* hearty vote;
But none ſo tame, to wear the petticoat!
" To wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art," (2)
No hardy youth would play the *woman's part*.
" Mount *Me*, quoth Tom, upon their wooden pegs!
" Lud! I ſhou'd trip,† and break my ſpindle legs."—
" *My* head, quoth Dick, is worth their's all together;
" It ne'er ſhall noddle with an *Oſtrich Feather*.
" Mayhap, hereafter, they may ornament it;
" But, by their leave, they ſhall not *now* torment it;—
" Dreſs it, like bull or ram, with curling force;
" Or give it Blinkers,‡ like a vicious horſe;
" With greaſe and powder bake it to a cruſt,
" While iron pins ſtick in it,—till they ruſt;
" Force o'er my noſe their ſulky hat,—and then
" Cock up my pecker,§ like a tippling hen!"
" Shall I, cried Jack, expoſe my tawny breaſt?
" Firſt, with fat feeding ſwell my ſcraggy cheſt;
" With beef and pudding plump me up at pleaſure;
" In acting, then, you'll find me quite a treaſure!

" *Falſtaff*,

(1 & 2) Lines from Pope's Prologue to the Tragedy of Cato.

† Imitating on tip-toe a Lady's ſtep.

‡ Drawing his handkerchief over his head into the ſhape of a French night-cap.

§ Forcing a round hat over his noſe, and imitating a hen drinking.

" *Falſtaff*, or *Scrub*, or any part but laſs's;—
" In woman's clothes!--I'd fright the very glaſſes."-
The Drama, thus, was partly laid aſide;
Since none would act the widow, wife, or bride;
Some ſpeeches yet, from *Shakeſpeare*, we retain,
And, here and there, a thought from *Milton* gain;
Pope's Chaplet, too, and thoſe of other Bards
We've robb'd,—t'amuſe you with, inſtead of cards.—
Spadille, Manille, and Baſto, ſwift be gone!
The Muſes here ſhall drag you from your throne:
A milder rule the Fair have choſen now;
Sparkled each eye, and ſmooth'd is every brow;
While dimpled cheeks the boſom's peace proclaim,
A ſofter ſway ſucceeds your tyrant-reign!
But ſhould the agents of the Muſes' will
Their high beheſts *imperfectly* fulfill;
Aw'd by your preſence, ladies, ſhould we fail,
We truſt your candour will us here avail;
We truſt you'll judge us as you would your Swains,
Who faulter moſt as moſt they feel their pains.—
Smile on us *now*, and, if we meet when older,
Plainer we'll ſpeak, I warrant you, and *bolder*.

An OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE to the MOURNING BRIDE. Spoken by ALMERIA, at the Theatre at NORTHAMPTON.

A Gothic taſte hath reign'd, in latter Age,
To raiſe the dead, to—ſpout upon the Stage;
Here murder'd Kings, ſtabb'd Wives, and poiſon'd Maids,
Start up to life,—and hail you from the ſhades.
Thus,

Thus, *We* tame Players, when our Authors bid,
Tho' ſlain muſt riſe,—(*our* Coffin has no lid!)
[*Pointing to the floor.*
And, courting praiſe, but dreading more offence,
With *ghoſtly ſpeech* oft ſhock all common ſenſe.
But *Me* the Bard, by favour and protection,
Hath here exempted from a *Reſurrection;*
He kill'd not *Me*; and meant by that to tell,
A *Mourning Bride* hath ſeen nor *Heav'n* nor *Hell*;
Unknown the joys of Matrimonial life!
To her unknown, its troubles and its ſtrife!
Yet, tho' I'm left a Bride, I know full well
Where, on this earth, is plac'd my Heav'n or Hell;
If you but *ſmile*, I think my faults forgiven,
And bleſſed then! *my ſoul is all* in Heaven!——
But ſhould you *frown*, I need no deeper go,
To feel the torments of the *Damn'd* below.
No more behold me, tho' in ſable gown,
A *Mourning* Bride,—I'm wedded to your Town;
I'm pledg'd to pleaſe you, and my little charms
Are all to win you.—Take me to your arms;
Protect me, cheer me, place me by your ſide;
If *you applaud*, I am a *Happy* Bride.

The SAILORS and the STONE IMAGES; a Parable.

QUOTH tarr'd *Jack* unto *Tom*, as paſſing St. Paul,
They were viewing the ſtatues * plac'd high on its wall:

* On the North ſide of the church, where there are five ſtatues; and the one on the corner of the front makes the ſixth apoſtle in view.

" But six 'postles I see, blast the builder! he's out."
Quoth Tom: " the rest sleep;—watch and watch,
mate! about."
My tale has a meaning;—you'll guess it;—'tis short:
You need but to name our divisions at Court;—
Sleep *half* of our Rulers, as owls in old walls,
The *rest*, they keep watch,—like th' *Apostles* on Paul's.

CONTENTMENT within the common Reach; or, a PICTURE of MY FAMILY.—Written in the Year 1767.

O mille volte fortunato, e mille,
Chi sa por meta a' suoi pensieri, in tanto,
Che, per vana speranza immoderata,
Di moderato Ben non perde il frutto!

Il PASTOR FIDO.

WHEN, daub'd and bespatter'd with mud and with mire,
In riding from town to my own country fire,
I enter the house, (in like dirty condition
As was fatty *Slop*, the Shandyan physician,
When he fell from his poney, with projectile force,
At the terrible sight of *Ob'diah*'s coach-horse)—
My two stoutest lads, with a thundering din,
Come galloping to me, to welcome me in.—
In each hand a pratler, I march to the parlour;
There madam sits suckling her dear little snarler;
The youngest, I mean, who's got snuffling his nose,
Where I my dull noddle would, gladly, repose.

The'

Tho' dirty I look'd as the doctor 'foresaid,
Pray, let not the simile farther be read;
For, in grandeur, I seem'd as the arms of this land,
That 'tween two supporters, illustriously, stand:
A fierce, noble lion, and his unicorn mate,
Prance, proudly erect, and attend them in state.
A kind kiss having had, (a sweet welcome to home!)
I forthwith begin to disorder the room.
I pull off my boots;—but not *such* as fly Trim,
To please uncle Toby, in humorous whim,
Converted to mortars;—but *such* as he might
Make field-pieces of,—full as dread in a fight.
Yet not *such* as Hudibras stuff'd bread and cheese in,
The rats and the mice with the scent so well pleasing,
That oft they their noses attempted to squeeze in;
But, not with comparisons longer to tire,
These boots, as they are, I set up at the fire.
Quick, arch looking John pops the dog into one,
As the dwarf thrust Gulliver into the bone;
And Charles, who is ever as keen at a joke,
With matter combustible makes t'other smoke.
Having, farther, my surtout thrown down on a chair,
And haul'd out my slippers from under the stair,
I'm challeng'd by madam, to walk out and play
With the *sweet*, *little Cupids*, while yet it is day.
Then out we all sally, with loud-shouting noise
And joyful acclaim from the two elder boys;
With her suckling Maria trips lightly along;
Leads, smiling, the van, as she hums us a song.
Next follows the kitten, pursu'd by the dog,
(For teazing poor kitten there's ne'er such a rogue,)
She squalling and mewing, *he* barking before us,
Assist, in our music, to fill up the chorus.
But how you would laugh, to behold, in the rear,
The scene we exhibit,—(a scene the most queer!)

In Holland, I doubt not, with wonder you've ſeen,
Trail'd on by one nag, needy doctor's machine;
A carriage have we, full as light to the feel,
That runs without horſe, and that has but one wheel;
With pompous, big phraſe I e'er ſcorn'd to beguile:
A *barrow* 'tis called in plain, vulgar ſtyle;
In which having ſtowed my two ſhouting boys,
And fill'd up the bottom with hay and with toys,
I put to my hand, and, on wheeling the barrow,
Cry,—"who'll buy my puddings? nice puddings of marrow!"
As the children then chuckle, I ſurely am pleas'd:
Thus ſee, by how little from care I am eas'd;
Hence learn to contain, in a ſpace full as narrow,
And carry your wiſhes all—in a *wheel-barrow*.

The

THE NEW BRIGHTHELMSTONE DIRECTORY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It was the cuſtom at Brighthelmſtone, ſome years ago, for the Gentlemen and Ladies to go into the water at the ſame place of diping. The Parſon of the Pariſh at laſt remonſtrated againſt the indelicacy (not to ſay indecency) of this cuſtom; for, tho' the Ladies dipt in their lannel gowns, the Gentlemen bathed all naked, and might conſequently be viewed at the Women's diſcretion. He accordingly prevailed on the Guides, to aſſign to each Sex a ſeparate bathing-place. However, when I arrived at Brighthelmſtone, I found the whole Aſſociation of Guides ripe for rebellion, and threatening to bring the Men and Women together again, even in deſpite of the honeſt Parſon. The *Gentlemen*, to be ſure, could have no objections to the alteration; but as the Ladies ſeem'd to be rather neutral in the queſtion, I was really apprehenſive it would have been carried againſt him. It was, therefore, principally to laugh the Company into the Doctor's opinion, that I ſcribbled the following Letters. They firſt appared in a Pamphlet, now out of print, and too ſlovenly written

to

to undergo a second Impression; but, having corrected them as much as my time would admit, I here present them to my Readers, as, to some of them, my little ridicule on the Subject may still be of service. The custom of promiscuous bathing, I understand, is still continued at Scarborough. Being not blessed with either a Wife or a Daughter, I am not swayed, in this matter, by motives of self-interest. But I profess myself to be a sincere friend to the Fair Sex; and, as Such, I ever considered that, next to the fear of God, the chief guard on a Woman's *Virtue* is her *Modesty*. We daily see the Chatity of a Woman subdued, whilst her Modesty remins unconquer'd; but when once the Latter is overcome, the Former must fall in the conquest.

INTRODUCTORY

INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

From London, July 22, 1765.

I'M told, my dear friend, you continue to lave,
For the ſake of your health, in the *Brighthlm*
ſtone wave;
Any int'reſt had I with thoſe half-fiſhy legions,
Who ramble below in ſubaquean regions,
I'd not fail to indite a poetical treatiſe,
To *Neptune* addreſs'd, and his wife, Madam *Thetis*
Who, deep twenty fathom the ſubmarine gulph in,
Keep the ſign of—(as poets have told us) the Dolphin
And who furniſh their cuſtomers, as they can beait
With ſea-water bumpers, inſtead of good claret
I'd call upon them, as juſt now I was ſaying,
That for *you* a large ſtock of good health they would
lay in;
By ſending their Nymphs, and their Nereids ſo green
(Cookwenches and chambermaids of the ſaid inn)
With Triton their oſtler, who, as old *Homer* ſays,
Blows his horn too as poſtboy, and drives the poſt-
chaiſe,
I'd get them to cull all the ſimples that grow
In the valleys and coral plantations below;
To impregnate the waters, above we refer to,
With quantity double of ſanative virtue;
That my friend I might meet when returned, as I wiſh,
As bonny and plump, as a briſk healthy fiſh;—
But int'reſt, alas! in theſe realms having none,
I muſt hope that, without it, your job will be done.
Mean time, my dear friend, when you take your
ſea lotion,
Without *draw'rs* ne'er venture to dip in the ocean;
For,

or, as *Virgil*, and all the old poets affirm,
he Nereids like fury, will bite at a worm;
nd, truly, deplorable would be your fate,
hould they ſnatch at, and then run away with your
bait;
nſuch a ſad plight, you'd look blank as December,
Id your houſe * be depriv'd of a very good member.
ive the ſame good advice to your friend, jolly *Mills*,
guard himſelf well 'gainſt ſuch terrible ills;
o the wiſe, ſaith the proverb, ſufficient's a word,)
r what is a ſoldier, depriv'd of his ſword?
ow diſmally ſad would his hardſhip be reckon'd,
hen, the *firſt* being loſt, he could ne'er get a *ſecond*.
In your abſence I join'd an agreeable band,
nd rambled half over the ſouth of the land;
fortnight ago I return'd in good caſe
o this great, noiſy, ſmoaky, delectable place;
Thence, with fervour that friendſhip ſuggeſts and
ſecures,
Igive it you under my hand, I am Your's.

B. S.

LETTER II.

Saturday, from Brighthelmſtone.

SINCE then, my good friend, you've provok'd me to write,
I'll take up the pen, and will ſcribble thro' ſpite;
I'll

* Houſe of Commons.

I'll plague you with rhime, and will teaze you with letters,
To wish both my fingers and fists were in fetters.
Yet, now you're from home, and have nothing to do,
'Twill doubtless amuse you to read something *new;*
And *new* things, to write *you*, are not hard to light on,
As you ne'er was to dip in the water at *Brighton.*
So call'd they this town of *Brighthelmstone* of old,
'Tis here fit to tell, lest the critics might scold;
A well-written book,—('tis a rule they would quote,)
Should be understood without comment or note.
Digressions are granted;—and those, when there's need.
I'll use at discretion;—and so, I proceed;—
Proceed in my *Letter*, but not in my *Story;*
For *that*, in due time, shall be laid down before ye.
I hate the *old* mode of beginning a tale,
By which facts that follow are render'd quite stale;
With which epic poets, in stories so rare,
Present you in front, with a bill of their fare:—
Arma virumque cano Trojæ qui primis ab oris,
So Virgil begins, and foretels what's before us;
And Dan Pope, I find,—(for I never read Greek;)—
With as little caution makes *Homer* to speak;
For pray note in *Iliad*, where *passions* prevail,
Thus learned translator commences his tale:
" Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
" Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly Goddess! sing."
In *Odyssey* too, as begins the translation,
Ulysses's feats are foretall'd in narration:
" The man, for wisdom's various arts renown'd,
" Long exercis'd in woes, O Muse! resound."
To said bill of fare I should make no objection;
('Twould certainly save both my sight and reflection;)

Provided the author would tell me what's *good*,
And what he had dreſs'd as my *beſt* mental food;
For my diſh I could chooſe at the very firſt look,
Then ſkip o'er the *Trifles*, and ſhut up the book.
Perhaps now you wiſh,—(and 'twould give you no pain,)—
I'd ſkim off the cream from my poor, ſhallow brain;
And diſhing it up, in one good, ſolid meſs,
Shou'd feaſt you at once, without fear of exceſs,
Or cloy to your ſtomach, by ſwallowing of traſh,
Prepar'd by the pen of a rhimer ſo raſh.
But I,—in my letters thus hobbling in verſe,
Becauſe I foreſee that true wit will be ſcarce,
And would fain make a ſhew at ſmall coſt of reflection,—
Shall oft write you trifles,—by way of connection,—
To fill up the ſpaces 'twixt humour and wit,
The two ſtanding diſhes of comical writ.
As when, at Lord's dinner, roaſt-mutton is ſerv'd,
To ſide-board 'tis ſent, and there left to be carv'd;
You may thank your kind ſtars, I ſhall not ſet aſide,
My ſmall diſh of wit to be wiſhfully ey'd:—
You might perhaps find, 'twas not eaſy to reach it;
So, rather than trouble your perſon to fetch it,
Contented you'd dine on nonſenſical traſh,
That coſt me, in writing, as cheap as a—daſh.
Yet daſhes, my worthy, good Sir, I muſt tell ye,
Help often to furniſh a hungry man's belly;
My friend *Triſtram Shandy* would cut a ſad figure,
If, from his Opinions, with critical rigour,
We lopt off the daſhes, which lengthen his chapters,
And ſerve to prolong his digreſſive, odd raptures.
His book of thoſe daſhes we muſt not curtail;
They fed the droll author, by helping its ſale;

His

His bookſellers too, have been bleſs'd with paunch fuller,
Than if, from his judgment, he had written cooler,
Or leſs he had drawn of thoſe lines without ruler.
Allow me then daſhes;—allow me digreſſion;—
Forgive my bad metre, and want of expreſſion;—
I warrant I'll give you,—in proceſs of time,—
With *matters of fact*,—a full volume of *rhyme*.——
But now, I ſhall follow rhetorical laws,
And, as other great orators,—*here make a pauſe*.
For this proverb thoſe orators well underſtood:
"Too much of a thing is for nothing thought good."
So, true as my pen e'er to fingers and hand,
Your ſervant I am, Sir, at ev'ry command.

LETTER III.

Monday.

WITH ſea and ſea-bathing, dear Sir, in my head,
This morning I roſe in good time from my bed:
Perceiving machines with ſome people go in,
I ran to the Creek at the end of the *Stene;*
I ran in ſuch hurry to be at the ſea, man,
I was, ere I wot, among all the fine women.
'Gad! how lucky, thought I, to time it ſo pat!
So, making a bow, as I took off my hat,
I begg'd an old Beldam that ſtood dripping there,
(While ſhe and the women all gave me a ſtare)

To ſhew me a water-machine that was empty;
" What Dæmon, quoth ſhe, brought you hither to
tempt ye?
What buſineſs expect ye? What thing ſeek ye after?
'Tis here that the *Ladies* refreſh in the water.
Devoted, this place, to *their* innocent pleaſure!
You cannot dip *here*, tho' you offer'd a treaſure;
So take yourſelf off, for I have no more leiſure."
I thought myſelf happy ſhe did her ſpeech break off;
For the women, provok'd, might have twiſted my
neck off;
So, making the ladies another low bow,
I put ſhip about, and I follow'd her prow.
I coaſted the land to the Weſt of the town,
Where men I perceiv'd, in their ſlippers, walk down;
Their footſteps I follow'd, when ſoon I deſcried
The Carts, in which *Gentlemen* to the ſea ride;
But ſo ſnug!—and ſo cloſe!—(admiring them much)
How many to Tyburn would gladly have ſuch!
For holes are in theſe (tho' above cover'd in)
Thro' which you can *ſee*, and can never *be ſeen*.
And that is the cauſe, as I afterwards heard,
From bathing the *Men*, by the *Women* were fear'd;—
For in plung'd the *former* as naked as born;
But in wool dipp'd the *latter*, like ſheep when they're
ſhorn.
It therefore did frighten ſome few *modeſt* men,
T'have women ſo near them in flannel ſo thin;
And ſome lik'd as little the Ladies ſhou'd peep,
Whilſt *they* all *their* beauties ſo hidden did keep.—
I aſk'd for a Cart, and a good civil Guide
Handed *me* into one, as he would do a Bride;
Or e'en a Bridegroom that came there to be wedded,
(Like Venice's Doge) and to Thetis be bedded.

Impreſs'd

Impreſs'd with late danger, and narrow eſcape
From barbarous maiming, or mercileſs rape,
I aſk'd of the Guide, (as the minutes did paſs,
While he ſtood at the door to await my undreſs,)
What man firſt advis'd 'em, and who was that raſh one
Bade the Ladies to dip it in lonely queer faſhion?
Who bade them to lave, in thoſe waves clear as cryſtal,
With all the prude airs of a Nun or a Veſtal?
For the men all in buff, but the women in ſacks,
Did bathe once together—like hounds in full packs.
"Alas! my good maſter, no great revolution
E'er bred in a kingdom ſuch horrid confuſion,
As hath, in our town, this late curs'd innovation;—
What good, Sir, at beſt, can it bring to the Nation?
My three Fellow-guides, there, and I (to our coſt,)
Experience what ſums, by this change, here are loſt;
For Storks thin as you, and decrepit old age,
Are now all the Birds that e'er hop to our Cage;
For one that dips *now*, there us'd once to dip *ten*,
And moſt of them too, ſtout, ſtrong, able men.
It did my heart good, (tho' it made my teeth chatter,)
To ſee them flounce, tumble, and kick in the water;
To ſwim 'fore the women they were all ſo willing,
A pint they oft gave me along with my * ſhilling!
The old women, too, at the Eaſt of the Town,
(The Guides you ſaw dripping, each in her rough gown,)
Have loudly complain'd that their ſalt-dipping trade,
Since the late innovation, is greatly decay'd.
The Parſon, of whom we ſuſpected the leaſt,
(For where there is miſchief ſhou'd ne'er be a Prieſt)
'Twas

* A ſhilling is the common fare of a bathing machine, and a Guide to attend it, at Brighthelmſtone.

'Twas *He* firſt propounded this curs'd innovation;
He went to the Doctor, on deep conſultation:—
Quoth he, 'My good Doctor, I find that my health,
And ſtrength of my limbs are departed by ſtealth;
When firſt I did dip, or did dive in the ſea,
I ſtood briſk and hearty, and ſtiff as a tree;
A pleaſure to ſee me! I lik'd to be ſeen;
I car'd not if thouſands beheld me go in.
Lamentable change!—In my gait I now ſtoop;
Tho' often I dip it, (my head) it will droop;
No more the huge parſon! whoſe diving all prais'd,
At whoſe flouncing and plunging the women ſo gaz'd!
The worſt of the matter,—the older I'm grown,
Their glee is the greater to have my tricks ſhewn;
They want, in my ſtrokes, at the age that I be,
The ſame feats of flouncing and plunging to ſee:
With children by dozens†, (all by the ſame woman)
In me they expect the great ſtrength of a Roman.
Now, worthy, good friend, I confeſs to my ſhame,
I dread to outlive—(as ſome Heroes) my fame;
Then give me advice—(you've the beſt in the nation)
Till death, to preſerve this my great reputation.'—
"The advice, quoth the Doctor, is eaſy to give;
I'll tell you, my friend, how your fame may ſtill live:
We'll counſel (tho' ſome it ſhould grieve to the heart)
The men and the women to dip it *apart;*
Then laving unſeen by the eyes of the Fair,
Tho' you dip as old Gaffer, no mortal will care.'
"So planning the ſeparate baths that you've ſeen,
They baniſh'd the men from the end of the *Stene.*

But

† The Parſon was certainly an excellent ſwimmer, and the legal father of many children. For the reſt, though but a maker of rhymes, I claim the Poet's privilege of decorating my ſtory with fiction.

But Parſon and Doctor their trade have miſtaken,
For Brighton the dippers have moſtly forſaken;
Thence all the confuſion of which I complain,
And greater confuſion I'll ne'er ſee again."
Enough, my good fellow;—'twould make a Saint ſcold;
Enough of your tale;—for I'm ſhiv'ring with cold.—
With that he retir'd, and return'd with a horſe,
To drag my machine to the ocean, per force;
He bade me ſit faſt; and then ſhutting the door,
He tugg'd me along, as the billows did roar;
He tugg'd me along, with ſuch noiſe and ſuch clatter,
(While prated the people all round in the water)
I could not but think of the wonderful knocks
Which Gulliver heard on his great, wooden box,
When dropt in the ſea by the eagles in fight,
He was haul'd by a cable, and by a ſhip-wright
So ſtunn'd above hatches, he could not gueſs where
The tumult would end that erected his hair.——
Now, having a ſimile juſt at my hand,
My friend, I will uſe it, and then make a ſtand:—
Take me, in my cart, for—*the brain in your head*;
The guide and his horſe for—*theſe rhymes you have read*;
They have lugg'd it on ſlow, in a pace that did creep,
Into a ſea frothy, and not very deep;
But truſt me, dear Sir, as your ſlave or dog-keeper,
I wiſh you to dip in ſome thing that is *deeper*.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

Tuesday.

I Found, (as to Sermon one morning I went,)
The Church, on a hill of an easy ascent;
Yet not quite so easy, but, ere reach'd the top,
To breathe, your fat people, must, now and then, stop,
This makes folk the temple so eagerly fill,—
(All claiming great merit in climbing this hill,)
And I, tho' my carcase is sparing and thin,
With th' utmost exertion did squeeze myself in;
But, once *in*, I protest I would lose my best blood,
Than not see the people, at *Brighton*, so good,
So civil, so kind, and withal so polite!
When enters a person, attracting their sight,
They pause in their pray'r,—or they stop in their vow;
Then make a low courtesy, or still lower bow —
They think it is pleasing, perhaps, to their God,
Whilst praying, to deign a poor mortal a nod.
From this civil custom, at least, we descry,
They're humble *'fore God*,—and their minds are not *high*.—
My mind on a walk being fully intent,
To the *Stene*, after breakfast, this morning I went;
This *Stene*, or this green, I found cover'd with nets,
Round which sate the ladies in parties, or sets.
Oft having discover'd the wiles and the arts,
Made use of by women t' entrap people's hearts,
Quoth I to myself, who can tell but those snares
By women are laid, to catch men unawares?
So, shunning the nets, I went round to a stand;—
The high, wooden stage of our musical band;

Such,

Such, rev'rend, dear Sir, as you've ſeen in the North,
From which, as from pulpit, the parſon holds forth,
When his kirk is too little;—the good, worthy people
Then cough in the wind, 'round his thin, wooden
ſteeple.
But when to this white-painted ſtand I drew near,
Notes warlike, loud-ſounding, were blown to my ear;
Inſtead of the voice of proud parſon, pronouncing
Paul's ſermons to mortals, and hell-fire denouncing,—
Baſſoons, clarinets, with flute, hautboy, and horn,—
(Their like have not pleas'd me ſince e'er I was born)
Play'd a march, Sir, that made me to ſtrut on the
green;
With the air and the ſtep of theatrical queen.
I marvell'd to hear, from this muſical ſtand,
No ſcraping of cat-gut, to ſtrengthen the band;
So, aſking a friend the good cauſe there was none,
And why the *wind-muſic* thus pip'd it alone,—
He told me, the ladies thought none but a brute
Preferr'd a dry bit of a gut to a flute;
Them, therefore, to pleaſe, ev'ry pipe, from its throat,
Emits its ſoft muſic in rapturous note.
Thoſe hogs, replied I, grunting loud in the corn
Round the ſtand,—I ſuppoſe, are to aid the French-
horn:
Thoſe pigs and thoſe children, all trotting before us,
Aſſiſt, with their ſqueaking, to fill up the chorus;
Thoſe greyhounds and petts, ſkipping round with
blithe heart,
T' enliven our muſic, each barks out his part.
Let the dice, which from yonder ſmall houſes rough
rattle,
For kettle-drums ſound in a march to a battle;
Whilſt that Switzer cur, (with his viſage demure,
Attending his maſter in ſea-dipping cure,

And, following his Lordſhip, you never ſaw fail,
On the ladies' clean garments, to wipe his fox-tail,)--
Shall beat with his paw,—nod his head at his leiſure,
Of each novel tune to denote us the meaſure.—
Such a band, I defy, now, both *Abel* and *Bach*,
Of noiſy muſicians together to pack.

Of all the true things, my dear friend, I do write on,
In rhiming Epiſtles from this town of *Brighton*,
I like beſt the ſubject of eating and drinking,
Becauſe 'tis a topic that coſts me no thinking;
No thinking to *write of*, but much *to enjoy*,
For eating and drinking is, here, my employ.—
My breakfaſt, made after young widow's receipt,
Is nicer than ever weak dipper did eat:—
Pray take a neat's foot, friend, or elſe a fat calf's,
And cut it in bits, when you've ſplit it in halves;
In four quarts of milk then well boil'd let it be,
Till the four quarts of milk are boil'd down into *three*.
Whilſt you boil it, remember to ſkim off the fat;
Each ſcullion can give you his reaſons for that:
It cloys the beſt ſtomach, with fat to be fed;
Fat cumbers the members, and weakens the head,
And makes one do nothing,—but ſleep,—in his bed.
And thence, the fly Frenchmen this conſequence draw:
Bons cocs,—(and keen dippers,)—*ne ſont jamais gras*.
With my *ſoupe a la veuve*, (clean'd well with a ſkim,)
I'm friſky, awake,—and awake when I dream.
Each morn, after dipping, I make it then ſmart;
With bread in proportion, I eat up a quart;
Now, friend, as you wiſh to look big in your clo'es,
I beg, for your breakfaſt, you'll take the ſame doſe.—
On ending my meal, with ſome horſemen I troop,
And take a long ride, to digeſt *widow's ſoupe*.

So

So pleaſant the ride on a turf that's ſo green!
Refreſhing the breeze! and the air is ſo keen!
To fill my void ſtomach, I never can wait
Till dinner-bell tingles,—my hunger's ſo great;
So, lighting from horſe, as the clock has ſtruck one,
To bait at the Ship, Sir, I inſtantly run.—
A proof of the juſtice of this antient ſaying,
"The looks of the phyz are not, always, betraying."
At the *Old Ship*, in Ship-ſtreet, is now to be ſeen
In the face of the Lady who keeps the ſaid inn;—
I vow Mrs. Hicks is a lump of good nature,
Tho' not to be notic'd in any one feature.
From the looks of her daughters, alas! I muſt own,
Are inward ſenſations, Sir, as little known;
Tho' pretty, and civil in *outward* behaviour,
They ne'er granted, *inward*, one complaiſant favour;
They've fed me with coffee, with bread and with butter,
With choc'late and jellies,—and more I could utter;
Yet all from their hands, only forc'd me to mutter:—
"Your ſmiles, my ſweet fair! are but ſemblance "and art;
"And ſo are your *gifts*,—if you give not your heart."
At *Shergold's* I dine with a club, or a meeting
Of *damn'd honeſt fellows*, who deal in *ſhort eating;*
That name they but give to ſome delicate diſh;
For, *in fact*, they eat *long*, and they drink like dry fiſh.
But not for their eating or drinking, I ſwear,
When e'er I make one, I am glad to be there;
Their good-ſenſe and breeding brings me to their table,
To ſhare in their dinner as oft as I'm able;
Their affable tempers have gain'd my eſteem;
Their gay converſation has baniſh'd my ſpleen;—

For, tho' for the vapours I came to be dipt,
(For loſs of *Maria*, you know, I was hipt,)
To *their* converſation, I think it is ſu e,
And not to the bathing, I owe my late cure.—
As from dinner till ſupper's a long time to faſt,
I treat myſelf oft with an interim-repaſt:
For cards in the rooms when the weather's too hot,
Some evenings, on horſeback, to *Shoreham* I trot:
Regale myſelf their, Sir, as any dry drunkard,
With the ſcent of the ſhore, and a *ſpicy cool-tankard;*
At *Rottendean* often, with loving intent,
Drink tea with the ladies fair under the tent;
But oft'ner I trip it with ſome laughing maid,
To *Preſton*'s green grove;—there partake, in cool ſhade,
Of the cooleſt refreſhment I ever ſhall ſee,—
A ſweet frothy ſyllabub under the tree!—

The SYLLABUB under the Tree.

A New Song.

I.

FLOW joy to the ſouls of my friends, in full tide;
Sit each merry ſwain with a nymph at his ſide,
With ſmiles on their cheeks to betoken their glee,
While I ſing of my ſyllabub, under the tree!

II.

The wit of the beau, and the flights of the belle;
The gay converſations, in which they excel;

The

The *ſmart things* they ſay, and their *ſolidity*,
Compare with my ſyllabub under the tree.

III.

The joys of a court, and the bliſs of a king;
The ſtar on his breaſt, with its ribbon, or ſtring;
Though ſolid they ſeem,—alas! if you ſee,
They're too like my ſyllabub under the tree.

IV.

Moſt ſpeeches we hear, ſo ſonorous and ſtrong,
In the ſenate declaim'd by the patriot throng,
(What lurks at the *bottom?*—the *froth* we but ſee,)
Are too like my ſyllabub under the tree.

V.

The prieſt when he talks of his piety moſt;
When ſoldier and ſailor their feats often boaſt;
Merchant and lawyer, vaunting loud honeſty,
Compare with my ſyllabub under the tree.

VI.

Hard words of the ſcholar, in Latin or Greek,
Seeking thoughts of the *learn'd*, when his *own* he
ſhould ſpeak,
(His thoughts ſhould ſeek words, critics all muſt
agree,)
Compare with my ſyllabub under the tree.

VII.

When fops count us vainly the fair they have won;
How many they've kiſs'd ſince the laſt ſetting ſun;
Snorting praiſes, the prude, of her own chaſtity,
Compare with my ſyllabub under the tree.

When

VIII.

When John kiſſes Margery in guiſe of true love,
And vows, as he kiſſes, he'll conſtant e'er prove;
His vows and his kiſſes from froth are not free,—
They form but a ſyllabub, under the tree.

SUPPLEMENT

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

LEVELLER's CURSORY THOUGHTS.

The two following Fragments were in the hands of a diſtant friend, at the time the Curſory Thoughts *went to the Preſs. I cannot, however, omit them in this Publication. My* political *readers, having already ſeen how truly a cool, diſpaſſionate man could divine the Event of the American Taxes, will not, perhaps, be diſpleaſed to read his Sentiments on ſome Subjects, agitated in the late Petitions, as he publiſhed them nine years ago in the* Public Advertiſer. *—The quotation from Mr. Macpherſon will have its proper weight, tho' he has not drawn the parallel I have wrote to it.*

* * * * * * * * *

' When the Julian Family reduced the Roman Re-
' public into an Empire for themſelves, they did
' not change, in appearance, the ancient form
' of government. Though a new power ſtarted
' up in the State, all the old offices remained.
' Deſpotiſm had the decency to cover oppreſſion
' with

'with a mask, and to execute its most rigorous 'plans thro' channels neither unknown nor formi-'dable in the days of freedom. *The power of the 'first Cæsars consisted in* INFLUENCE; *and an over-'awed and* VENAL SENATE *were the obvious in-'struments of their Tyranny.*'

Macpherson's Introduction to the History of Great-Britain, page 261.

SO likewise shall fall the fabric of our British constitution. When some future King shall aspire at ruling the Nation according to his sovereign will and pleasure, he shall effect his purposes of despotism, through the means of a *venal Senate.* He shall bribe a majority, in both Houses of Parliament, with money, which they shall vote him unaccounted for by the Keepers of the public treasure. That majority of votes being secured, they shall, by *ex post facto* resolutions, expel whatever Member shall become offensive to the King; they shall for ever exclude that Member from the house, and in his place admit another against the voice of the people; against the written laws of the land. They shall behold their Countrymen butchered, by the military in the hands of the executive power, and shall suppress all inquiry into the cause of that bloody massacre; they shall with vengeance seize upon and commit to prison who ever shall give information of their Debates, or their secret Proceedings; they shall also imprison whatever Magistrate shall presume to act agreeable with the law, in opposition to their senatorial resolutions; they shall avail themselves of the privileges, first assumed to protect them from the power of the Crown, in order to oppress their Constituents, the People. In short, the King shall have but to issue his Royal Mandates

Mandates from the mouth of his Miniſter, and he ſhall find a Parliament *willing*, and an Army *able*, to enforce his commands throughout his kingdoms; and when theſe things ſhall come to paſs, and the people ſhall ſee that "every wanton and cauſeleſs reſtraint of the will of the ſubject, whether practiſed by a Monarch, a Nobility, or a popular Aſſembly, is a degree of tyranny," they ſhall loſe all reſpect for their Repreſentatives; they ſhall revile them, abuſe them, and wiſh them to be no more; they will ſuffer the King, in his turn, to tread on their Senate as on a footſtool, which, deprived of its ſupport, will be trodden like a rotten plank to the ground. All theſe ſhall come to paſs; but the time is not at hand. Virtue and Independence is yet with the People; and great muſt be the ſtruggle before they will ſubmit to the tyranny of a nobility and gentry, ſo vicious, profligate, and abandoned!

April, 1771.

'As for Parliaments, they are but the Shadows of 'what they were, or rather worſe; by which I 'mean that they are now become the Inſtruments 'of that Power they were inſtituted to reſtrain.'

Preſent State of Europe, 3d Edit. P. 290.

WHOEVER reflects on the paſt and preſent ſtate of France, muſt tremble for the liberties of Great Britain. Our preſent Sovereign is a good man, and, in all his ſpeeches, ſeems to wiſh well to the Britiſh Conſtitution; but if ever a wicked enterpriſing Prince ſhould aſcend the Throne of theſe

Kingdoms, either a revolution muſt take place, or the conſtitution will be entirely altered. A violent convulſion, however, muſt precede. The body of the Nobility, the bench of Biſhops, and the majority of the landed Gentry, will adhere to the Crown.—The Nobility, becauſe needy, profligate, or abandoned, will expect their loyal attachment to be rewarded with places and penſions; the Biſhops and the generality of the Clergy, from principle, will admoniſh us to ſubmiſſion and obedience to the will of him, whom Providence hath appointed to rule over us; and the majority of the Gentlemen of landed property will naturally pay their court to the head of the executive power, as being poſſeſſed of the beſt means of providing for the neceſſities of their younger children; for as the law of inheritance now ſtands, what readier proviſion is left for the younger ſprouts of the nobility and gentry, than the employments in the army, the navy, and the different departments of government.

But, on the other hand, the ancient conſtitution will be contended for by all the trading and manufacturing cities in the kingdom; by the whole monied intereſt in the nation; and by thoſe gentlemen of landed property who ſtill retain a ſpirit of independence. Thus, while ſome, from intereſt or principle, will ſupport the arbitrary will of the King; others, from the ſame motives, will contend that every law and every meaſure of government ſhould be formed from the ſenſe, or for the benefit of the people.—The King's Friends, not daring openly to diſavow this poſition, will attempt to bribe a majority of votes in the Parliament of Great-Britain; they will then maintain that every act is, in reality, the act of the people, tho' perhaps under the ſanction of that

that venal Parliament, the will of the King alone ſhall rule the nation. The free and independent part of the people, however, will behold this farce with a noble indignation; and, from foreſeeing their reſentment of it, proceeds, too, my apprehenſion of a revolution.

That, indeed, may happen in ſome future reign. But our preſent gracious Sovereign, intending nothing againſt the intereſts of his kingdoms, will never meet but with obedience and affection from all his people. *He* has no occaſion to employ the means of bribery and corruption to influence a Senate in his favour; and ſhould his favourite counſellors adviſe him to it, they would bring upon him much unneceſſary trouble. Had I his Majeſty's confidence, I ſhould direct him a far different conduct. I ſhould adviſe him to begin his firſt ſpeech to his Parliament in the following manner:

'*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

'Having no private purpoſe of my own to ſerve, 'in the aſſent I ſhall give to any bills you may pre- 'ſent for my approbation, I deſire you will, in all 'your deliberations, have nothing in view but the 'immediate good of my people. Sufficient to me is 'my prerogative of refuſing my aſſent to any law, 'you might propoſe, contrary to *their* intereſt; and 'ſhould you meditate any act contrary to *mine*, I 'ſhall refuſe my aſſent to that alſo; being confident 'I ſhall ever meet with the ſupport of my loyal and 'affectionate people. As you have already ſettled 'a revenue ſufficient for the expences of my family, 'I will not have the debt of the civil liſt increaſed, 'to the oppreſſion of my poorer ſubjects. I mean 'not to influence the deliberations of Parliament

'with a long list of sinecure places and pensions, by 'which the industrious are burthened with the sup- 'port of the indolent and abandoned. In these sen- 'timents I am happy to find I am supported by the 'votes and resolutions of my faithful Commons of 'Ireland; and I doubt not you will also concur with 'their opinion, when I declare I mean to leave you, 'as you have ever been, *free Agents*, to act for the 'welfare of my people. I shall look on none as ene- 'mies to my family and government, who consult 'not my will in the sentiments which they shall think 'proper to deliver. I shall regard none as *my Friends*, 'who are enemies to our noble constitution.'

January, 1772.

LETTERS

LETTERS

ON THE

CUSTOM of IMPRESSING SEAMEN.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Letters were firſt publiſhed at the time, when the affair of Falkland's Iſland threatened us with a war with Spain. The ſarcaſtical *Junius* then took notice of them in a Letter addreſſed to their Author; and, tho' I pretend not to ſay that *Junius* thought himſelf in the argument foiled, certain it is, he deemed them not equally deſerving of a republication with the Letters of *Sir William Draper*, and the *Reverend Mr. Horne.*— Yet, however inferior in compoſition, or how much ſoever beneath the *entertainment* of the Public, they may be eſteemed, their *ſubject* deſerves its *attention;* it merits the notice of every man who to Humanity has any claim.

LETTER

LETTER I.

To the PRINTER of the PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

WHEN the dreadful apprehenſion of any danger is paſt, we are often ſurpriſed, if not diverted, at the effects of our fear. When, therefore, the preſent alarm ſhall have ſubſided, and the Navy ſhall be ſufficiently manned for our national ſafety, I hope my countrymen will be in a temper to give the *Preſs Warrants* all due and attentive conſideration.—Impreſſing ſeamen into his Majeſty's ſervice, by a Warrant from the King, or his Commiſſioners of the Admiralty, has been practiſed ſo long, that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary; and having been received as a cuſtom by the tacit conſent of our forefathers, it is therefore in a manner become one of the *Leges non ſcriptæ* of theſe realms. But (*malus uſus abolendus eſt*) if it be not a good cuſtom, it ought to be no longer uſed; it ought to be aboliſhed; the Legiſlature ought to declare it *not to be the law of the land.* And ſuch a declaration ought to be paſſed, before we can truly call ourſelves a free people; for the natives of that country can never be called free, where one innocent man, maintaining himſelf by his own induſtry, can be impriſoned or reſtrained by the arbitrary will of a few.

The Liberties of a Briton conſiſt in the right of perſonal ſecurity; the right of perſonal liberty; and the

the right of private property. All these are wantonly violated in the execution of a Press-Warrant. An honest industrious man is attacked in the public street by a Press-gang; if he resist, he is maimed, wounded, or killed; his personal security is then gone: if he is overpowered, he is dragged on board a tender, is hurried away to sea, and is perhaps never heard of more.—Adieu then to his personal Liberty! it travels with him to the bottom of the sea. But how can his personal property be affected? What property can a low mechanic, or a day-labourer have? What hardship, pray, on him, to make him change his trade for a good birth on board of a man of war? I answer, that the wages of his labour are his property, and they ought to be as much at his disposal, as the great house in Bloomsbury-square is at the disposal of the most noble and most puissant Duke of Bedford. They are dearer to him, for they are his all. Set fire to the Duke of Bedford's house, and you burn but one of a thousand houses he is master of; His Grace can put his head into another the very next moment; but drag a labouring man from his work, and you leave his family exposed to misery and want, or to become a burden on their parish, than which nothing can be a greater hardship to a truly British mind. It may perhaps be called pride; but it is a noble and a commendable pride: The same man that disdains to take alms of his neighbour, would, in the station of Peer, scorn to receive a pension out of the revenue of this indebted State. 'Tis the soul that makes the free man in whatsoever degree. The same noble spirit of Independence, which has brought our Liberties to what they now are, burns in the breast of the mechanic as much as in that of the Lord. Have we not seen a Peer of

the

the realm, ſhot dead by Mungo Campbell, for offering to diſarm him of his gun? And have we not heard of the undaunted behaviour of a ſailor on board of an Eaſt-India ſhip, who, rather than be preſſed into a ſervice that he abhorred, ſingly oppoſed himſelf to the force of a whole Preſs-gang, and in the unequal conflict met with his untimely end? Think, Sir, what theſe men muſt have ſuffered, at the thoughts of having their inclinations forced, contrary to the natural Liberties of mankind, limited by no determinate law.

Agreeable then to the dictates of humanity, agreeable to the principles of civil Liberty, the practice of Preſs-warrants cannot be continued in this country. In what manner, without them, to man our navy, I do not preſume to preſcribe. I ſhall only remark, that notwithſtanding the late inceſſant uſe of them for theſe ſix weeks paſt, there are not found ſeamen enough to man twenty ſhips of the line. This circumſtance ought to be a ſufficient hint to Government, to propoſe ſome plan for keeping up a *ſtanding navy*. Every argument is for it that can be uſed in favour of a *ſtanding army*, and with ſo much the greater force, as our enemies muſt firſt croſs the ſeas, and encounter our navy, before their landing in this Iſland can render the army of material ſervice; and becauſe too, much longer time and experience is requiſite to train an able ſeaman, than to make a common ſoldier complete. Many are the duties of the former; the latter needs but to have a natural courage and ſtrength of body, and his trade is then learnt in the firing of a Gun. The Highlanders in the year 1745, and General Elliot's light-horſe in the laſt war, have ſhewn us what raw ſoldiers can do that have but Officers to lead them to ſlaughter. The laſt

defeat

defeat of the French fleet by Sir Edward Hawke, has, on the contrary, ſhewn of what little uſe a ſailor is that has not been taught his buſineſs at ſea.

AN ADVOCATE IN THE CAUSE OF THE PEOPLE.

LETTER II.

SIR,

WHEN I troubled you laſt on the ſubject of Preſs Warrants, little did I imagine I ſhould have three ſuch able lawyers as Mr. Glynn, Mr. Dunning, and Mr. Wedderburn, to agree with me in opinion, that the cuſtom of impreſſing men for his Majeſty's Navy was, by long uſage, and the tacit conſent of the people, become part of the law of the land. I own it is very flattering to my vanity, to find my ſentiments have ſo far coincided with thoſe of the three learned Gentlemen.—But, at the ſame time, it greatly mortifies me, as a Briton, to think what foreign nations will ſay of the freedom of our glorious Conſtitution, when they read the opinion of thoſe Gentlemen on the legality of preſſing, as it is delivered to us in your Paper. They have been told by the great Monteſquieu, in his Eſſay on the Britiſh Conſtitution, (Eſprit des Loix, Lib II. Ch. 5.)

" Il y a auſſi une Nation dans le monde, qui à " pour objet direct de ſa Conſtitution la Liberté " politique;"—and again, at the end of Chap. 6. of the ſame Book, " Ce n'eſt point à moi à exami- " ner ſi les Anglois jouiſſent actuellement de cette " Liberté, ou non. Il me ſuffit de dire, qu'elle eſt " etablie par leur Loix, et je n'en cherche pas d'avan- " tage." They are there aſſured by that great Lawyer, that Civil Liberty is eſtabliſhed in England by its laws.—They are now informed by three of our firſt Civiljans, that the perſonal liberty of a Briton is ſtill left, on the old plea of State neceſſity, at the arbitrary Will of the King. Will foreign Nations, with reaſon, not exclaim, " Where, Britons! is your boaſted Freedom? In what is it greater than our's, when the rich and the powerful are only to be free? Where, your ſo much vaunted patriotiſm, that formerly oppoſed the arbitrary taxation of ſhip-money, and aboliſhed the Star-Chamber, and but lately declared General Warrants illegal? Shall we ſay that ſelf intereſt alone animated your Patriots to thoſe noble deeds? Yes, 'twas nought but vile ſelf-intereſt that moved them to oppoſe the will of their Kings: The ſhip money affected the purſes of the rich as well as the poor; and the Star-Chamber and the uſe of General Warrants endangered the life and property of the Peer, alike with thoſe of the common man. If it be a love for the natural rights of mankind that fires the breaſts of your Patriots, Why do they not ſtand forth? Why do they not now raiſe their voices in the Senate againſt the inhuman oppreſſion of the poor—againſt the cruel, unconſtitutional cuſtom of preſſing men? No, it is ſordid ſelf-intereſt or ambition that animates them to action; for the rights of their fellow-creatures they can have but little regard.

They

They are, on the contrary, making daily sacrifices of them to their own ambitious designs. by enacting laws, which declare actions, in their nature inoffensive, to be crimes, and which direct the persons offending against such laws, to be tried otherwise than by a jury of their Peers. Ye short sighted generation of men! your own avarice and ambition will bring you to slavery in the end. You are daily depopulating the country by raising your rents, and enlarging your farms. You will thereby lose that weight in the State which accompanies a body of tenants, attached, by affection or dependence, to the interests of their Lords. These ties on the common people gone, which ensured you their support, how will you withstand the power of any arbitrary King? Self-interest and self-preservation (if a veneration for the natural rights of mankind guides you no more) ought to instruct you, to make it the interest of the poorest member of the community, to contend for the general good, and to support, with his life, the Liberties of his Country, and the safety of the Common-wealth.

" The same spirit which invigorated the armies of Rome, ought to animate the people of a free State. The Great Montesquieu makes this remark on the difference of a Roman army, from a modern band of mercenary troops: Each Roman trusted to the strength of his own arm, and put little confidence in the assistance of his neighbour; a modern soldier confides in the number and bravery of his companions, and the experience of his leaders. The first conquered; the latter is ignominiously put to flight. Then take not from your common people by unnecessary oppression, the power and inclination to stand in the support of Freedom. Remember the

fate of Denmark: The Commons, rather than submit to the tyranny of the Great, surrendered their liberties to the the King. Such may too soon be the case in Britain. But you will say, this custom of pressing men is only practised in case of necessity; in the time of war, when our enemies come unexpectedly upon us. And who cause that necessity but you, the very inhuman oppressors of whom we complain? You deal out places and pensions among yourselves, and plunder the State of that revenue which ought to be employed in its defence. Nay, some of your vile pensioners are not ashamed publicly to assert the legality and necessity of oppressing the poor. They openly declare, that the public safety depends on the continued custom of impressing men: But they should have considered, how many serviceable seamen, a pension of two or three thousand pounds a year could have maintained! how many brave men, for that sum, would have fought for the liberties of the State! They should have considered too, how much money could be saved, and the number of men that could be spared to the Navy, by disbanding part of that army that serves chiefly to garrison your territories abroad; and may hereafter be employed to awe the people into an obedience to laws, enacted against their real welfare by a corrupt Legislature, that shall be bribed into a compliance with the will of their King."

Such may be the sentiments of foreign Nations with regard to the boasted Liberty of the British Constitution; and with an envious and malignant satisfaction, they will behold the Britons fall from that Freedom, to which they themselves could never attain.

Junius

Junius having expreſſed himſelf, on the ſubject of Preſs-Warrants, in the following terms, drew from me the Letter addreſſed to him:

" I REGARD the legal liberty of the meaneſt man " in Britain, as much as my own, and would " defend it with the ſame zeal. I know we muſt ſtand " or fall together. But I never can doubt, that the " community has a right to command, as well as to " purchaſe the ſervice of its members. *I ſee that " right founded originally upon a neceſſity, which ſu- " perſedes all argument. I ſee it eſtabliſhed by uſage " immemorial, and admitted by more than a tacit aſſent " of the legiſlature. I conclude there is no remedy, " in the nature of things, for the grievance complain- " ed of; for, if there were, it muſt long ſince have " been redreſſed.* Though numberleſs opportunities " have preſented themſelves, highly favourable to " public liberty, no ſucceſsful attempt has ever been " made for the relief of the ſubject in this article. " Yet it has been felt and complained of, ever ſince " England had a navy."*

* See Junius's Letters Vol. ii. page 269.

LETTER

LETTER III.

To JUNIUS.

SIR,

THERE is a bigotry in Politics as well as in Religion. Precepts which, on examination, we ſhould have found to be erroneous, are often implicitly received by us, becauſe we have formed an opinion of the integrity and ſound judgment of thoſe by whom they were penned; but the majority of the people are biaſſed by thoſe principles entirely which they have imbibed in their youth, and pay deference to thoſe perſons and things which their parents inſtructed them to revere. The greater, therefore, the reputation of a writer, the ſtricter guard I muſt keep over my belief; for the eaſier he might lead my judgment aſtray. I even think it my duty, when ſuch a writer errs, to ſound the alarm, leſt my fellow-citizens be unwarily miſled.—Junius is their favourite political guide; but ſhall they follow him blindfold, becauſe he affirms it to be dark? No; let them walk with their eyes open, and ſee if there be not a ray of light.——Credulity and ſuperſtitious veneration have ever held in darkneſs the human mind. It was not till the Pope and his Prieſts had forfeited their character of Holineſs and Infallibility, that the Reformation took place in Religion, and mankind began to think for themſelves; the Scriptures began to be underſtood in their original meaning; though many

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to this day interpret them, not as they have conſidered them in their own minds, but as, by their Prieſt or their Parents, they are taught to believe. It was not till the Prerogative of the Crown was abuſed by the Houſe of Stuart, that the Revolution ſucceeded in the Government of Britain. Men then loſt that fear and reverence with which they uſed to behold their King; and they began to imagine it would be better for the Common-weal, that his power and prerogative were curtailed. The authority of Monarchical Law-writers became alſo diſregarded; and cuſtoms which, before that period, were peaceably received as the laws of the land, were then found to be illegal and inconſiſtent with the rights of a free man.——Our minds are becoming ſtill daily more enlightened: General Warrants have lately been aboliſhed as illegal; and you, Junius, have publicly arraigned the conduct of our Chief Magiſtrate, with a freedom hitherto unknown. A few years ago, a Jury of your own countrymen would have peruſed your ſentiments of their King, with almoſt the ſame horror and deteſtation as they would have read blaſphemy againſt their God. You have, indeed, Sir, been the greateſt reformer of our Political Creed, and I revere you for your enlarged mind; (not that I approve of any diſreſpectful language to the King, or of any perſonal ſatire on Miniſters, beyond their actions in a public character;) yet what you have written on the ſubject of Preſs Warrants does not become your pen.——I wiſh, Sir, for your own honour, you would give that matter a ſecond conſideration.—You ſay, 'I ſee the right (of preſſing men into the ſea-ſervice) founded originally upon a neceſſity which ſuperſedes all argument. I ſee it eſtabliſhed by uſage immemorial, and admitted by more than a tacit

cit aſſent of the Legiſlature. I *conclude* there is no remedy, in the nature of things, for the grievance complained of; for, if there were, it muſt long ſince have been redreſſed." Now really, Sir, this *concluſion* is more like the argument of a bigotted Prieſt of the Church of Rome, than the ſound reaſoning of a Proteſtant Divine. You might as well have told us to reverence the Pope, to believe in Tranſubſtantiation, and to kneel to all the images of the Popiſh Saints; becauſe, if it were not proper ſo to do, our anceſtors would not have done ſo before us. Would you not have been laughed at, if, in the debate on the legality of General Warrants, you had declared there was no remedy againſt them, becauſe, if there were, they muſt long ſince have been declared illegal? Were not General Warrants as much eſtabliſhed by uſage immemorial, as is the arbitrary cuſtom of preſſing men? And were they not as anciently admitted by the tacit aſſent of the Legiſlature? Surely, Sir, if you had been ſeriouſly diſpoſed to inveſtigate the truth, you would have delivered yourſelf in a more rational ſtile.

A man of your *fertile* imagination could eaſily have thought of a remedy againſt the grievance complained of, in the cuſtom of preſſing men. You could have ſhewn us, that a body of ſeamen, kept in conſtant pay, was much more neceſſary for the defence of their country than a ſtanding army. You could, during the peace, have found employment for thoſe ſeamen in the Dock-yards, in the Herring-fiſhery, in the Cuſtomhouſe-cutters, and in fully manning thoſe inactive men of war now moſt improperly called Guard-ſhips, tho' originally intended to guard our iſle. In ſhort, Sir, if thoſe ſeamen were to do *nothing* during the peace, they would ſtill be more requiſite than

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an army in peace, frequently employed to add force to the prerogative of the Crown. But Junius was not in earnest. He is perhaps one of our discarded Ministers (or rather one of their Secretaries, for Ministers seldom write so well). He expects to be employed again; and as he may then have occasion for men suddenly to put a fleet to sea, he must not deliver his opinion *against* Press Warrants; for, if it were received, he might hereafter find a difficulty to equip his fleet; the remedy, though found by him, being not yet applied to the grievances of which the nation would complain.

To an ADVOCATE in the CAUSE of the PEOPLE.

SIR, 18. *October*, 1771.

YOU do not treat *Junius* fairly. You would not have condemned him so hastily, if you had ever read *Judge Foster*'s argument upon the legality of pressing seamen. A man who has not read that argument is not qualified to speak accurately upon the subject. In answer to strong facts and fair reasoning, you produce nothing but a vague comparison between two things, which have little or no resemblance to each other. *General Warrants*, it is true, had been often issued, but they had never been regularly questioned or resisted, until the case of *Mr. Wilkes*. He brought them to trial, and the moment they were tried, they were declared *illegal*. This is

not the caſe of *Preſs Warrants*. They have been complained of, queſtioned, and reſiſted in a thouſand inſtances; but ſtill the legiſlature have never interpoſed nor has there ever been a formal deciſion againſt them in any of the ſuperior courts. On the contrary, they have been frequently recognized and admitted by Parliament, and there are judicial opinions given in their favour, by Judges of the firſt character. Under the various circumſtances, ſtated by *Junius*, he has a right to conclude, *for himſelf*, that there is no remedy. If you have a good one to propoſe, you may depend upon the aſſiſtance and applauſe of *Junius*. The magiſtrate, who guards the liberty of the individual, deſerves to be commended. But let him remember that it is alſo his duty to provide for, or at leaſt not to hazard, the ſafety of the community. If, in caſe of a foreign war and the expectation of an invaſion, you would rather keep your fleet in harbour, than man it by preſſing ſeamen, who refuſe the bounty, I have done.

You talk of diſbanding the army with wonderful eaſe and indifference. If a wiſer man held ſuch language, I ſhould be apt to ſuſpect his ſincerity.

As for keeping up a *much greater* number of ſeamen in time of peace, it is not to be done. You will oppreſs the merchant, you will diſtreſs trade, and deſtroy the nurſery of your ſeamen. He muſt be a miſerable ſtateſman, who, voluntarily, by the ſame act increaſes the public expence, and leſſens the means of ſupporting it.

PHILO JUNIUS.*

LETTER

* See Junius's Letters, Vol. ii. page 290.

LETTER IV.

To JUNIUS.

SIR,

SINCE you have confeſſed yourſelf to be the writer of Philo Junius, I ſhall make no apology for addreſſing you again.—You accuſe me with treating you unfairly. I ſhall retort the accuſation, and prove your want of candour to me.——It was the *neceſſity* of a Preſs Warrant, and *not* its *legality*, which I denied.

I never called in queſtion the *legality* of preſſing ſeamen; on the contrary, I have in a former letter admitted the cuſtom, as now become, by uſage immemorial, part of the common law of the land. I had therefore nothing to do with Judge Foſter's argument upon the legality of preſſing ſeamen, unleſs Junius, in his former Letter, had thus expreſſed himſelf: "I have read Judge Foſter's argument on the "legality of preſſing ſeamen; and I am ſo much con-"vinced by it of the legality of the cuſtom, and the "inexpediency of aboliſhing it, that I conclude there "is no remedy, in the nature of things, for the "grievance complained of." Had you delivered yourſelf to that effect, you might, for your juſtification, have referred me to Judge Foſter: but you reaſoned in a far different manner; you ſaid "I ſee the "right founded on a neceſſity, which ſuperſedes all

" argument. I see it established by usage immemo-
" rial, and admitted by more than a tacit assent of
" the legislature. I conclude there is no remedy, in
" the nature of things, for the grievance complained
" of; for, if there were, it must long since have been
" redressed."

It was in answer to these words that I affirmed, you did not mean to investigate the truth. You ought to have shewn the necessity was *real*, and could not be prevented; you ought to have proved, that *no* customs, transmitted to us from the ancient arbitrary government of our kings, had been lately declared illegal—before you made your hasty conclusion.

I agree with you, Sir, in your assertion, that General Warrants and Press Warrants have little or no resemblance to each other. The *first* affected the persons and property of the rich, as well as of the poor; every Member of the House of Commons brought the case of Mr. Wilkes home to himself; and General Warrants were consequently, on the resistance, declared illegal. But the case of a Press Warrant is entirely different;—*that* affects but the personal liberty of a poor mechanic, or the very *Scum of the Earth*:—and it is supported by the rich, on two principles, the first is, that if they do not raise men by force, they must procure them by pecuniary means, and pay a bounty out of their purse; the second is, that no rich man foresees in the custom any danger to himself: and, therefore, though Press Warrants have been, as you say, complained of questioned, and resisted, in a thousand instances, it does not follow, that they have ever met with a fair trial. No pressed man was ever tried by his Peers: I mean by free men, equal to him in his station of life; he is tried and condemned by Justices,

Judges,

Judges, and Senators, who can have no feelings for his ſtate. I except, however, ſome truly patriotic Magiſtrates of London, who lately and ſo nobly ſtood forth the defenders of the liberties of their fellow-citizens.—*Their* conduct proved, that Preſs Warrants can be effectually reſiſted, by thoſe who are willing to grant protection to the injured and oppreſſed. If then we admit the uſe of them, from ancient cuſtom, to be legal; we muſt alſo acknowledge, it is repugnant to the *modern* notions of the rights of man. Our *modern*, and I may add, our *juſt* ideas of liberty, do not admit of force or violence to be uſed againſt the meaneſt of our fellow-ſubjects, to detain him, but by the expreſs declaration of the written law of the land, or by cuſtoms received as laws, by the long continued aſſent and non reſiſtance of the people. We cannot ſay that Preſs Warrants have entirely that ſanction *now*.—

A man, detained by a Preſs Warrant, has not forfeited his liberty by the commiſſion of any crime: he has tranſgreſſed againſt no rule of conduct laid down to him; he is a priſoner at the arbitrary will of the king;—but he is *poor*, and that is accounted to him a ſufficient crime. The legiſlature, at leaſt, overlook him as unworthy of attention; no declaratory law is made for his relief; and the Oppreſſion of an ancient arbitrary government is continued to theſe times. How then ſhall he hope for protection? —A diſcontinuance and reſiſtance of the cuſtom, ſuch as were practiſed by the patriotic Magiſtrates of London, would protect him, and would ſoon render a Preſs Warrant both ineffectual and illegal.

But Junius will tell me, this is all but idle declamation, unleſs I propoſe to him ſome remedy againſt the grievance complained of, or a preventive for the

neceſſity

neceſſity of the caſe. I ſhould propoſe it to him, if a Newſpaper ſcheme was the moſt ready to meet with countenance and ſupport. But Junius muſt know, how averſe Miniſters are to adopt any ſcheme, that does not come forth as if projected by themſelves. Does any propoſed law, even in the Senate, meet with ſucceſs, until it be firſt approved of by a nod of miniſterial aſſent? And to obtain that too, it muſt be countenanced and ſupported by ſome great man. —I cannot, however, conclude, without obſerving, (in reply to the laſt paragraph of your letter) that a body of ſeamen, kept in conſtant pay, would oppreſs the merchants, and diſtreſs trade, far leſs, than does the occaſional ſudden preſs of all their ſailors, when their ſhips are ready to put to ſea.

In the firſt inſtance; the burthen on trade, towards defraying the expence, would, in this opulent kingdom, be but ſmall; and, in a very ſhort time, the *firſt* demand for ſeamen for the royal fleet, would not be felt by the mercantile ſhips at all.

In the ſecond inſtance; the ſtroke is unexpected, and relief unprovided for. The ſhips are then detained in port at an extraordinary, unforeſeen expence; their cargoes, by that expence, are raiſed in their original coſt; the market, for the ſale of thoſe cargoes, is perhaps loſt by the detention of the ſhips; and if thoſe ſhips are bound to parts, to which they can ſail only at particular ſeaſons of the year, their voyages are entirely loſt; and both the ſhips and their cargoes, with the intereſt on their prime coſt, remain dead weights in the merchant's hands.

A few Words more, Sir, and I have done.—You miſrepreſent me again, when you ſay, I talk with wonderful indifference about diſbanding the army. I only affirmed, that a body of ſeamen, kept in conſtant

ſtant pay, was more neceſſary than a ſtanding army, for the defence of our iſle; except what is abſolutely requiſite for our garriſons abroad, and to guard the body of our king, the reſt of the army, I ſtill maintain, might give place to an additional number of men for our fleet. I truſt in our militia as much as in raw recruits, or in ſoldiers unaccuſtomed to action. What better, after a long peace, would the regular troops be found? Their ſuperiority would exiſt but in the experience of their vetran officers; and in the advantage of that experience the militia might be made to participate; as, at ſome future opportuniy, ſhall (in our *theory*,) be ſufficiently ſhewn.

Three LETTERS

From a MERCHANT in LONDON, to his FRIEND at AMSTERDAM; containing a Sketch of BRITISH POLITICS in the Year 1779.

LETTER I.

My dear Friend,

I AM happy to learn, you are returned in good health to Amsterdam. It was so long since I had any accounts of you, that I was really apprehensive some misfortune had prevented you from writing; but how agreeably was I surprized to find, you had at last settled your affairs at Batavia, and were come to pass the remainder of your days in your native country!—You tell me, I have been most punctual in acknowledging the receipt of your remittances, and in my advices about the execution of your orders; yet you cannot help reproaching me for my total omission of public occurrences, and particularly for my unpardonable silence on the subject of British Politics. For what purpose, my dear friend, was I to trouble you, on the other side of the Globe, with the vile, despicable deeds of your antipodes? As long as their High Mightinesses, your States, preserved their neutrality, and lived in Christian peace and charity

charity with the reſt of mankind, you had no more to do with the Politics of Europe than an inhabitant of the Moon. But you will tell me, *Homo ſum*, &c. that you are a Man, and that nothing, which concerns the happineſs of mankind, can be unintereſting to you. Conſidering the matter in that light, I muſt own myſelf to blame; for ſurely nothing, in the hiſtory of mankind, has ever happened more intereſting to a generous mind, than this cruel and unnatural War with our American Colonies. What man of feeling, what friend to freedom can, without emotion, behold thouſands of lives ſacrificed, to deprive fellow citizens of their liberties, and erect a dominion of the ſword *?

I ſpeak as a *Citizen of the World*, which you know I have ever conſidered myſelf to be, ſince thoſe ſeven years of my youth I ſo pleaſantly paſſed on the Continent. An early and long reſidence abroad, will generally ſtrip a man of all prejudice in favour of his native country. The ſpot where he was born muſt, in time, be forgotten for the place where he has formed his connections. But a man, guided by the true ſpirit of the Chriſtian Religion, though he had never ſet his foot out of Britain, will regard all mankind as his kindred, to whom no injury muſt be done, even for the benefit of himſelf or his children. I ſhall perhaps be told, the ſcripture has particularly enjoined us to provide for our off-ſpring. True; but though a man with a numerous family be ſtarving, he is in no ſhape permitted to ſteal from his neighbour, in order to ſupport them. If then an individual is

* Such was certainly the object of the War at the beginning of it, and one ſucceſsful Campaign would make us haughtily avow it again.

not allowed to mantain his family by theft or robbery, why ſhould we ſuppoſe it lawful for one Nation to rob and plunder another, with a view to aggrandize itſelf, and debaſe its rival?

In the eye of the Almighty, the one deed muſt be as ſinful as the other, although cuſtom, with mankind, has not rendered them equally criminal. The number of aſſociates, in guilt, tends to diminiſh the conſciouſneſs of it; but, were we to be early and generally inſtructed in the principles of univerſal benevolence,—peace, juſtice and induſtry would reign on the earth, nor would barbarous War ſweep off to death ſo many of its inhabitants. The fault lies not in our Religion, as ſome Authors have inſinuated; the blame of thoſe maſſacres is with us, who do not follow its inſtructions. Obſerve, my friend, the people called Quakers; obſerve your own Nation, who, next to them, live neareſt to the pure principles of our Religion: Are they not more temperate, ſober, induſtrious, peaceable and juſt than the reſt of mankind? And are they, on that account the leſs happy and contented with their preſent earthly condition? The misfortune then is, that all Nations are not Chriſtians; and War is become at times unavoidable, on the juſtifiable plea of ſelf-defence, or reſiſtance.

I am making a ſermon of a letter; but to prove that I am tolerably well qualified to give you an impartial account of our American diſpute, it was not improper to expreſs theſe ſentiments of univerſal benevolence.

I ſhall not take up your time in arguing, which Party has juſtice on its ſide; for that queſtion is now loſt in the natural rancour, or bitter hatred, conſequent on a long conteſt. I ſhall endeavour to trace

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out the expediency, or inexpediency of the measures pursued to subjugate America, and the probable advantages or disadvantages that would accrue to this country from such a conquest. In the mean time, the means employed to obtain the end, strongly remind me of a story I have heard of one of your Countrymen, which, though it be not new, I cannot but relate to you, as you have never heard it.

"A Dutch Merchant, on a visit to his Friend in Yorkshire, was taken out one morning on horseback to shew him the diversion of hunting. He saw a very fine run with some excellent Harriers, and the Hare at last was killed. But when he got in at the death, instead of demonstrating any satisfaction at the sport, (of which he had not the least conception) he gravely asked the Master of the Pack, how much each Horse cost him? What were the wages he paid to his Huntsman and Whippers-in? And what was the charge of keeping so many Horses and Hounds? On being told the exorbitant sum.—What! cried he, so much money spent in killing a poor animal of a Hare! Why, give me an order, my friend, and I will send you from Holland as many Hares as you please, and they shall cost you no more than a shilling a-piece, delivered at your own house in town."

If the glory of hunting and worrying our fellow-creatures be our *sport*, thirty millions of money has been properly expended; if, on the contrary, our real object be to *fill the pot*, I think I shall make it appear, that instead of a *substantial* dish, we are providing for ourselves a very dear and a very bitter, but intoxicating Cup of Comfort.

I am, &c.

May 13, 1779.

LETTER II.

God loves from Whole to Parts; but human soul
Must rise from Individual to the Whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake:
The center mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race.—

POPE'S *Essay on Man*, Ep. 4th.

YOU see, my friend, I have not yet done with my favourite theme of Universal Benevolence. I cannot help dwelling on it; for, to me, Benevolence appears to be the most God-like of Virtues; and it is certainly the virtue that, of all others, the most distinguishes a Christian from a Jew, a Heathen, or a Turk.—But let us not misinterpret our poet in the lines I have quoted. He did not surely mean to recommend it as a virtue in mankind, to act contrary to one of the great attributes of God. He only meant to say, that, according to the *imperfection* of our nature, the human soul, in its benevolence, must rise from individual to the whole; for it is a weakness, and not a virtue, in us, to mete out our love according to friendship and consanguinity, and not according to the respect due to merit where-ever to be found.——Agreeable to my notion, then, I would compare the influence of benevolence on the human mind, to the touch of the finger on a musical glass, the tone of which is full in proportion as its circumference is wide; and whose sound gradually decreases

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as the ſtroke is given nearer the center, till, at laſt, the vibration becomes totally dead. The ſelfiſh man, with his narrow, contracted mind, may be induſtrious, may be an affectionate huſband, a tender parent, and, as an individual, a moſt uſeful member of the community; but it is impoſſible that he ſhould ever make an upright miniſter of ſtate. He can have no political opinion that will not be biaſſed by an attention to his own private intereſt. The public good is but a ſecond conſideration; his firſt concern will be to keep himſelf in place.—Mr. Pitt, who paid little attention to the œconomy of his family, had his mind wholly occupied with national affairs; and Great-Britain, under him, roſe to the ſummit of her greatneſs. Other miniſters have been accumulating wealth, or enriching their relations, while the kingdom has declined to a moſt deſpicable ſtate. In abilities we may grant them to be equal, but in independence they ſurely were not. The one would have an opinion of his own, and acted of himſelf; the others are guided by a *Cabinet*, and muſt ſubmiſſively do as they are bid.——But, though Pitt, as a *Patriot*, deſerves the higheſt commendation, as a *Chriſtian* he was liable to blame. His benevolence did not extend to the *outermoſt* circle; for, in the very laſt words he uttered, he breathed againſt the French a ſpirit of hatred and revenge.

I have ſaid, that univerſal benevolence is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of a Chriſtian; I may alſo add, it is the moſt ſtriking feature in the character of a Whig. As, in the government of theſe kingdoms in particular, a Whig is diſtinguiſhed from a Tory, by ſupporting the rights of the People againſt the arbitrary encroachments of the Crown; ſo is he alſo to be known by his mild and benevolent conduct

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to mankind in general, in oppoſition to that haughty, tyrannical ſpirit of government, by which a Tory, if he had his will, would rule the whole nations of the globe. That this ſpirit has been too prevalent in the cauſes and conduct of the American War, I ſhall hereafter demonſtrate to you in a ſummary account of it. But my attention is at preſent drawn off, by ſome late occurrences, which you will naturally be more anxious to be informed of.

Since my laſt letter, an account is arrived from Georgia of great ſucceſs attending the Britiſh arms in that colony. As, however, we are referred for ſome particulars to a verbal report to be delivered by Col. Campbell, and as it is uncertain whether the whole of that report has been publiſhed, we are left to believe that ſome ſecret diſtreſſes (ſuch as we read of in the Howe papers) have followed the detachment in Georgia.

By ſuch arts as theſe, my friend, has the nation been led on from one campaign to another, ſince firſt they were told to advance, becauſe they had paſſed the Rubicon; a reaſon for proceeding, which logically meant but this—Becauſe you have plunged into the river, my lads, you muſt attempt to ſwim over, although certain to periſh in the middle of it.

We have had much talk of the mediation of Spain to make up matters between France and us. But I very much doubt theſe appearances of friendſhip are but blinds to cover ſome approaching attack *.—— Men are willing to believe what they fervently wiſh to happen; and well do the French know, our Miniſtry wiſh for a peace.

You

* The Spaniſh Manifeſto appeared ſoon after this was written.

You will have heard of the Debates which have happened about turning out one of our Miniſters, for miſapplying the public money. It was ſhewn in Parliament, that the ſum, voted for the Navy for the laſt ſeven years, exceeded the ſum, voted for the ſame term of years laſt war, by near ſeven millions.

But the Miniſter, in his defence, affirmed, that he had now in the Dock-Yards materials to laſt for three years; which, on a moderate computation, we ought to allow to amount in value to the above ſum of ſeven millions; for which the Miniſter will ſhortly produce ſeventy good ſhips of the line, each ſhip only valued at 100,000l. ſterling: Then where is there any embezzlement? Like the Miſer in Moliere's Play, who reckoned all the enjoyments of life as already in his poſſeſſion, becauſe he had wherewithal to purchaſe them ſafely locked up in his ſtrong box, our Miniſters, wiſely conſidering that ſhips are liable to decay, to be taken, ſunk or loſt, have carefully hoarded up thoſe ſeven millions—equivalent to ſome grand fleet to be hereafter at their pleaſure produced.

Notwithſtanding this formidable fleet we are flattered with, I perceive our Miniſter at the Hague has delivered a Memorial to your State, or rather a Prohibition to their Subjects, againſt the tranſporting to France any naval or military ſtores in your neutral veſſels. This is now openly anulling the treaty, on the faith of which you traded, and the benefit of which we ourſelves enjoyed at the time it was made, when *we* were at Peace, and *you* were at War with the French Nation. Do you, then, obſerve it at your peril. You muſt acknowledge, my friend, that your States have long been guided by a falſe œconomy; for, inſtead of being provided with a powerful fleet,

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to throw into the ſcale as you ſhould think proper, to keep the balance even,—your ſhips have been idly rotting in their harbours; and, inſtead of being courted and reſpected by both Parties, you are inſulted as being uſeful to neither.

LETTER III.

IF I were to write for a newſpaper, and wiſhed to gratify the curioſity of the people, I would treat of nothing but temporary ſubjects, or the mere idle talk of the day. But writing to you, my friend, who are deſirous to form an opinion of what is likely to happen, from your judgment of what has already paſt, I will refer you, for *recent* occurrences, to *other* informants, and will endeavour to give you a little, abridged account, or *Hiſtoire raiſonnee*, of ſome paſt events connected with our American affairs. Nor would this be altogether uſeleſs in any of our public papers; for, ſince the commencement of this American war, thouſands of my fellow-ſubjects are grown up to manhood, and are entered into life, who can have no other conception of the original diſpute, than what they were taught, by their parents or teachers, implicitly to believe. Add to this, the Engliſh are a people who, in public as well as in private concerns, are univerſally allowed to be too generally guided by the caprice of the day. It is therefore become requiſite, frequently to remind them of their true intereſts, and as earneſtly to perſuade them to a deliberate

deliberate review of every occurrence in their national affairs. To rouse the *passions* of the people is but to wish to break the windows of a Minister;—to convince their *reason*, is to raise an effectual opposition to his wicked measures.

If you were to cast your eye, my friend, over the list of our privy counsellors, you would be astonished to think that our affairs have, for some years past, been so very unfortunate. But your surprise will cease, when I tell you, that every matter of national importance is first canvassed in a *secret cabinet* of *King's Friends*, who suffer none to be summoned to the privy council, but such as are known to be well affected to *their* government.—I must further inform you, that these *King's Friends* are *Tories* to a man; and you will remember, in my last letter, my definition of a Tory, to be a person who not only elevates the prerogative of his King, to the debasement of the rights of the people, but who would willingly enslave the whole human race, and make them to be subservient to his own will and pleasure. These men stick faithfully together; and whatever is done by any of them, is acknowledged only as the act of the whole council. The King can do no wrong; so sayeth the law, and *he* must not be censured. Nay, for so much as falls under his immediate inspection, his Majesty is greatly to be commended. I mean for the regulation of the army, which, in no reign, has had more attention paid to it. We have it under the hand of one of his Majesty's *Tory* Ministers, that "every officer who distinguishes himself, and is the "means of advancing the *glory of his Majesty's arms*, "may be certain that his services will not pass un-"noticed by his most gracious master *." To teach

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* See Lord George Germaine's Letter to Sir William Howe, March 3, 1777, in the Parliamentary Register, for 1779, p. 393.

an army to maſſacre at the will of their Sovereign, the *Grand Monarch* himſelf could not ſpeak in terms of better encouragement. Thus do we ſee, that, with a true Tory, the ſafety of the ſtate, and the ſervice of his country, are objects not worth the mentioning. The *glory of his Majeſty's arms* is diſplayed as the only ſtandard of a Britiſh ſoldier.—*Liberty* and *Property*, ye old, tattered, but honourable colours! ye ſhall not be entirely deſerted!—there is ſtill a reſerve for you in the militia of England.

The King, then, being ſo commendably attentive to the proſperity of the *army*, 'tis preſumed that his Majeſty truſts the management of his *civil* affairs entirely to his miniſters: but has the Firſt Lord of the Treaſury done any thing amiſs? He declares himſelf to be but a Clerk of the Council. Have the Secretaries of State, the Secretary of War, the Firſt Lord of the Admiralty, been charged with any miſconduct? Not one of them will acknowledge that he acts of himſelf. They are all the mere tools of the ſame council.

Formerly, my friend, a Miniſter could be impeached and puniſhed for the miſmanagement of his own department; it being *then* allowed, that as the King could do no wrong, no wrong could ever be done, unleſs by his inſtruments, the Miniſters; but *now* the caſe is altered; no Miniſter will confeſs that he acts of himſelf, or that he is reſponſible for any thing. So that if you lodge an accuſation againſt any one man, no redreſs can be obtained; for he is ſure to play againſt you the old-faſhioned game of hunting the ſlipper. When, therefore, you underſtand that our affairs are governed by a *Cabal*, and are not concerted by the free, unbiaſſed opinions of the Members of the Privy Council, your wonder will ceaſe at beholding

holding them so badly conducted. But what has become, you'll say, of the grand inquest of the Nation, that ought to controul or rectify every thing! Alas! it is a *pitiful* Parliament that has approved of every measure, out of compassion to an unfortunate Minister. When you shall have farther examined the principles of these Tories, who have got both the legislative and executive powers into their management, you will be less surprized that no reformation or amendment has yet been effected. Far from considering himself to be only the Steward of the public, a *Tory* Minister, with unparalleled self-sufficiency, erects himself into a mighty and infallible Ruler of the People, who are submissively to obey him, as the propereſt Judge of whatever is requisite for their public happiness. According to him, whosoever pretends to have an opinion of his own in politics, and to differ from him in his ideas of government, is a factious or rebellious subject; an enemy to his King and country.

Into the hands of *such* men did our good King fall, in his youth; and the consequence has been, that, transferring the patriarchial power of a parent, over his own family, to the government of a free and high-spirited people,—he has, since the first three years of his reign, had a constant struggle between the will of his Cabinet and the opposite opinions of his Subjects, who as constantly exercised their old accustomed rights of scrutinizing the measures judged the most expedient for the public benefit.

It will save me much writing, my dear friend, if you will take leisure to read the two volumes of *Junius's Letters*, which I have sent you by the last *London Trader*; for nothing, that I or any other scribbler can offer, will give such a complete notion of

of the Politics of this reign. When you have acquired a proper knowledge of those Politics, we will then proceed to the rise and progress of our American Dispute; which will appear to you as natural as that a shower shall fall after a squall of wind.

I cannot, however, conclude this Letter without replying to your observation, " that I must be un- " grateful, indeed, to the Government that protects " me, no, to wish success to its arms in every pur- " suit."—I acknowledge no gratitude to be due for a protection which is my right. Every member of a community surrenders to Government a *part* of his natural liberty, to be protected in the free exercise of the *rest;* and if the persons entrusted with the administering that protection, should prove either negligent, incapable, or unjust, I may, agreeable to the law of nature, at my peril resist;—first, with my pen; and, when opinions are collected, as readily with my sword. The *Revolution* shews this to be justifiable doctrine; and I am not yet disposed to relinquish my right.—But why should I not be a friend to Great Britain, unless I wish prosperity to every mad enterprize of its Ministers of State? As their wisdom is not infallible, I may be allowed to dissent from their opinions, and may shew the love of my country equally clear in wishing well to any improvement which an individual shall undertake. Sir James Lowther, for instance, is employing above four hundred men, in banking out the sea from two thousand acres of land, at the mouth of the river Tees. As a friend to my country, I must wish his embankment to succeed; for there will be an acquisition of so many acres of valuable land to the Kingdom, without one drop of human blood being laid to his charge. If, on the contrary, his project should fail,

fail, the labour of ſo many people, being loſt, is ſo much money thrown uſeleſs into the ſea. But we have this comfort left, that theſe four hundred men are ſtill ſaved to the State, and may, at any other work, be uſefully employed.—Mark the difference, my friend, in our *American* plan.—Many thouſands of men have been employed, in an attempt to conquer a Country that we could never keep, and to enſlave a people who had never done us harm. We have not only loſt that Country, but, in the death of the Soldiers who are ſlain, as well as in the vain occupation of them who are left, we have loſt the uſeful labour of ſo many men.—I wiſh they had been employed in embanking the Goodwin Sands!

Auguſt 3d, 1779.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 59, Line 15, for *requites* read requires
——104,——24, for *premiditated* read premeditated
——106,——34, erase *In private Life*,
——115,——23, for *uprn* read upon
——135,—— 9, erase *their*
——138,——16, for *vanty* read vanity
——141,——18, for *devont* read devout
——153,—— 3, for *perodical* read periodical
——169,——12, for *dimunition* read diminution
——235,—— 7, for *perodical* read periodical
——308,—— 9, for *their* read there
——326,—— 6, for *but* read while

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